

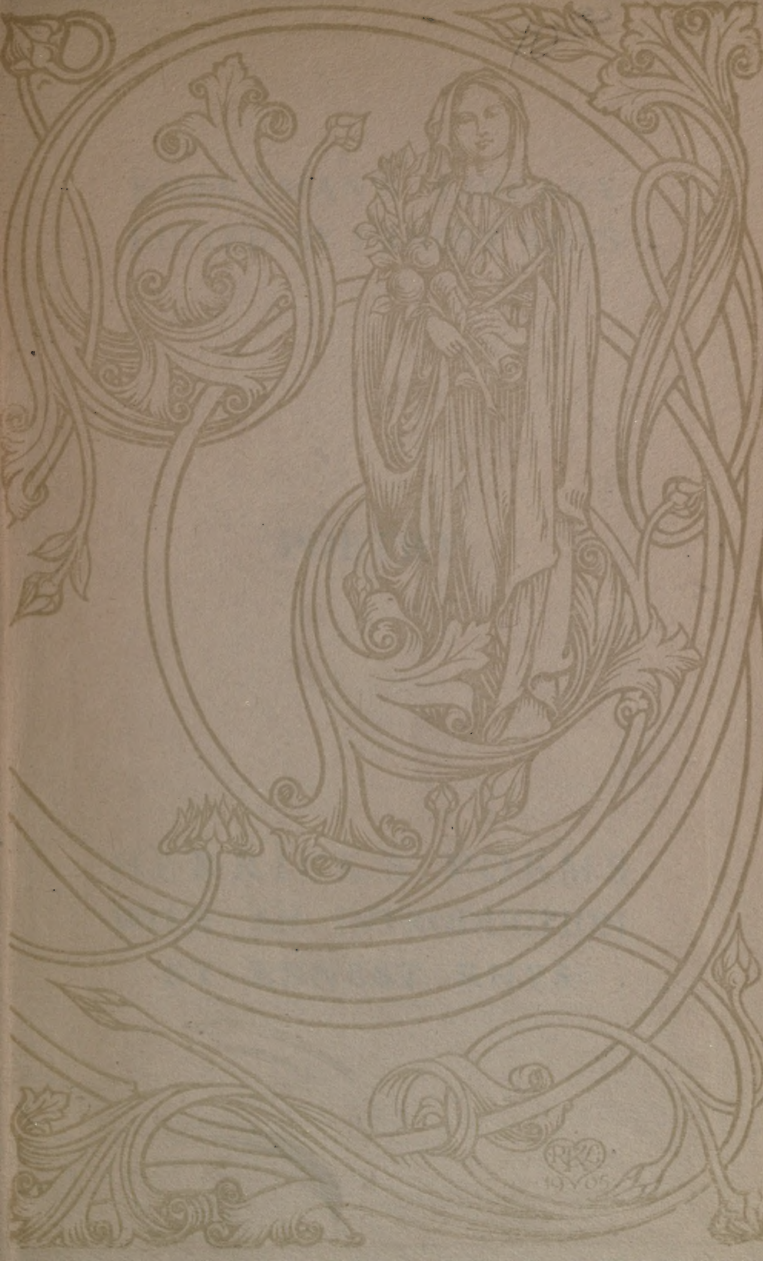
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EVERYMAN,  
I WILL GO WITH  
THEE,  
& BE THY GUIDE  
IN THY MOST NEED  
TO GO BY THY SIDE



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POETRY

HERRICK'S POEMS  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY ERNEST RHYS

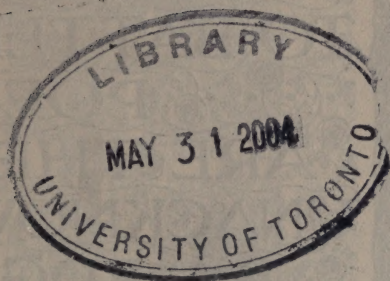
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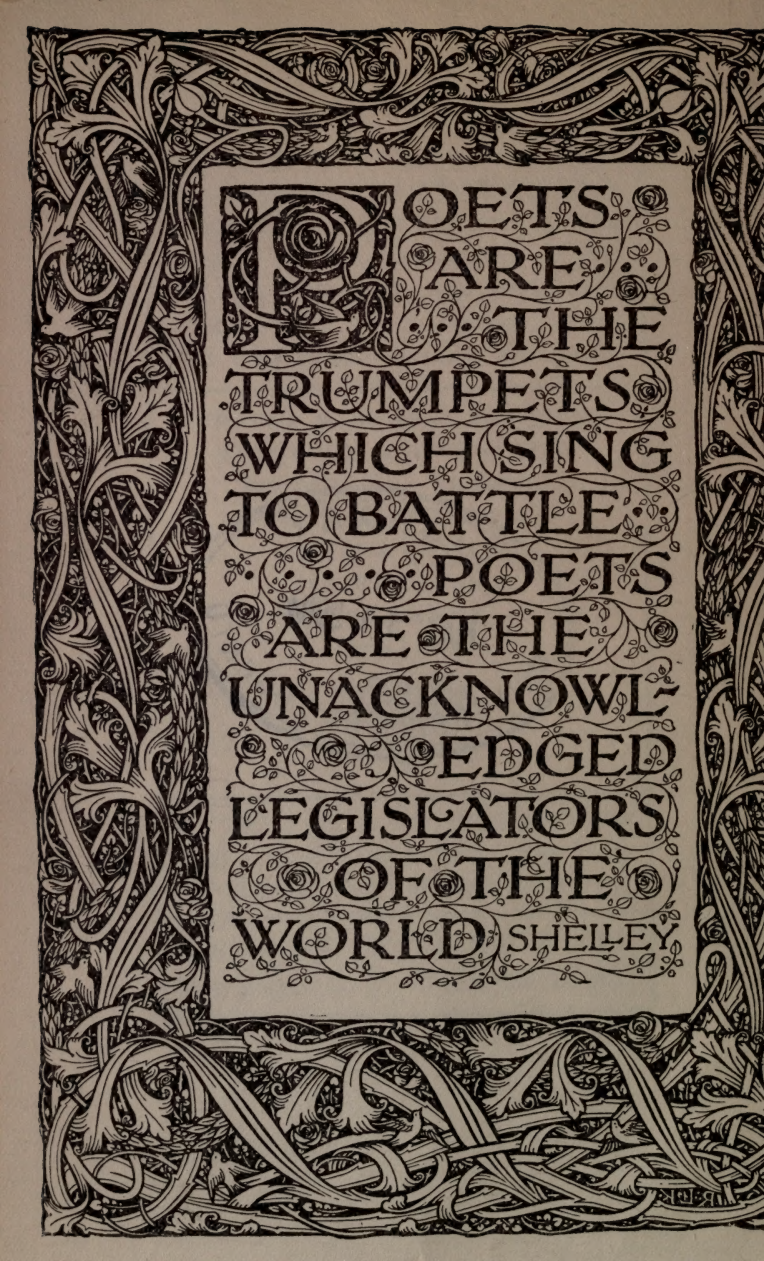


IN TWO STYLES OF BINDING, CLOTH  
FLAT BACK COLOURED TOP AND  
LEATHER ROUND CORNERS GILT TOP.

LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.  
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.







POETS  
ARE  
THE  
TRUMPETS  
WHICH SING  
TO BATTLE.  
POETS  
ARE THE  
UNACKNOWLEDGED  
LEGISLATORS  
OF THE  
WORLD. SHELLEY

# HERRICK'S HESPERIDES & NOBLE NUMBERS

EVERY  
MAN  
I WILL  
GO  
WITH  
THEE  
& BE  
THY  
GUIDE



IN  
THY  
MOST  
NEED  
TO  
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THY  
SIDE

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## INTRODUCTION

IN the natural order of the English poets, Herrick is to be counted, for all ordinary ends and purposes, among the redoubtable "Sons of Ben." His five poems addressed to Ben Jonson, especially his brief ode and the "lyric feasts" of which it speaks,—

"Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the Triple Tun,"

recall at once the famous Fleet Street Academe, in which he studied to some purpose. If, in that school for poets, Jonson's "Underwoods" may represent the academic groves, Herrick's "Hesperides" brought us late fruits from the same noble stock.

From his father in poetry, Herrick learnt admirable doctrine. He learnt to qualify the Elizabethan music with a Latin note, without losing too much of the finer impulse of his own tongue. He went much further than his master, indeed, in keeping a lyric simplicity in his lines. He never let the new influences, which waxed hot in Donne and grew cold in Cowley, so much as breathe upon his verse. Ben Jonson, and his own genius and born sense of the lyric style, defended him against the fleeting fashions of the pseudo-metaphysical poetry. For Herrick's poems, which casual readers have thought artless, are really the result of consummate art, and of the happiest combination of natural inspiration and conscious

craftsmanship. In earlier youth, he was for a time a goldsmith's apprentice, and it is not too fanciful, perhaps, to consider, as some critics have done, that he gained something of his sense of form, and his fine art of turning the lyric into a sort of tiny and finished jewel, from his experiences in his uncle's workshop in Golden Cheapside.

In Golden Cheapside ("Golden," partly because of the goldsmiths' shops that abounded there, partly because of the cross at the end of Wood Street and other such gilded splendours) he was born, in August 1591. On the 24th of that month he was baptised at St Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, where his father, Nicholas Herrick, also practised the goldsmith's craft. Nicholas died, under suspicion of suicide, by a fall from an upper window of his house, in 1592. The suspicion is borne out by the action of the Bishop of Bristol, who, as High Almoner, attempted to sequester the goods and chattels of the deceased on grounds of *felo-de-se*, and succeeded in compounding his claim for £220. Meanwhile the dead goldsmith's family, eight in number, left town for Hampton Court, where a posthumous child was born, "at Harry Campion's house," a name which under the circumstances sounds suggestive. Robert, who more than once recalls Hampton with delight in his poems, was the youngest but one in the family. His school-days, according to the little evidence we have, were probably passed between Hampton and London. When he left school, in 1607, he was apprenticed for ten years to his uncle William, a younger brother of Nicholas Herrick, who still carried on his business, in which, it is likely, the widow still retained an interest. With his uncle, the poet did not, evidently, find himself much in sympathy; and a lyric fancy is not the

best reconciler, when one is young, and one's elders and everyday avocation grow tedious.

Before his apprenticeship had run out, Herrick succeeded in persuading his uncle that the goldsmith's was not his destined rôle, and he was entered as an undergraduate of St John's College, Cambridge. It is quite possible that he affected this step by diplomatically hinting a decided leaning to the law; for with his guardian, who was on the way to make a fortune after gaining a knighthood, the law was like to be an intelligible argument; while he himself, no doubt, saw in the law only a convenient ladder to other things, with poetry at the top of all. At Cambridge his uncle kept him on a rather straitened allowance, as we find from more than one appeal, written in amusingly euphuistic terms, as if to make an impression on a guardian who was to be affected by a certain parade of Latin and fine phrases. On grounds of economy, the undergraduate presently converted himself from a law to an arts student, and migrated from St John's to Trinity Hall, on the time-honoured plea of the Church. This only shows again that he had no very clear idea of what he wanted to do, beyond putting himself in the liberal way to be a poet and a gentleman, and to get as much entertainment out of life as possible. But how did he live on leaving Cambridge? He did not take his M.A. till 1620. He did not receive his presentation to the vicarage of Dean Prior until nine years later. Probably he contrived to exist on the residue of the small means—some four or five hundred pounds—which came to him from his father's estate; and to study life and cultivate the lyric art in London in his own way, sitting at the feet of Ben Jonson. It is clear that he entered with zest into the life which some of his



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poems, actively or retrospectively inspired, written then or afterwards, suggest :

“ Wild I am now with heat ;  
O Bacchus, cool thy rays !  
Or frantic, I shall eat  
The thyrses, and bite the bays.

“ Round, round, the roof does run ;  
And being ravished thus,  
Come, I will drink a tun  
To my Propertius ! ”

This is no divinity student's note. In his “ Farewell unto Poetrie ” he is still more explicit. They kept it up in those days, as he reminds us in his most extravagant lines, morning, noon, and night ; nay, “ past noon of night,” and so on again, through “ the fresh and fairest flourish of the morn ” ; fleeting the time,

“ With flame and rapture, drinking to the odd  
Number of wine, which makes us full with God.  
And in that mystic frenzy, we have hurled  
(As with a tempest) nature through the world,  
And in a whirlwind twirl'd her home, aghast  
At that which in her ecstasy had past.”

Fortunately, if Ben Jonson lent his sanction to this valiant roystering, he did not let the illusions of sack disguise the true severity of poetry. He laid down the law for his sons with no uncertain sound. No son of mine, he said in effect, and how plainly one seems to hear him say it !—will think “ he can leap forth suddenly a poet by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or by having washt his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so ; for to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Study, Art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge much to themselves in the making up of our maker, it



is Art only can lead him to perfection." This is very good gospel, and in Herrick's case it fell on plastic ears.

"Let's strive to be the best ! the Gods, we know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet."

There is the same text, paraphrased from Horace by himself, excellently concentrated in a couplet. To these splendid follies and Jonsonian dissertations over liberal sack and the rarer vintage of the "Underwoods" and the "Forest," Herrick, all too soon for his own satisfaction, was to bid good-bye. His four or five hundred pounds could not last long, under stress of the lyric levees at "The Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun." In 1829, as we said, he was presented to Dean Prior, and Devonshire seemed the end of the world to him.

His "Farewell unto Poetrie," already quoted from, was written no doubt at this time ; evidently he thought he was bidding farewell not only to town but to poetry. As a matter of fact, his own poetry was only at its beginning. Almost all the poems which have done most to win him a familiar fame in our own time—such lyrics as "To Daffadils," "To Blossoms," and the rest—were written after he went

" . . . to banishment  
Into the loathèd West."

It was there, in the "dull Devonshire" that bored him often to extinction, that lyric moments came and inspired limpid rhymes of the country life, its festivals and its flowers. He carried his Catullus to the country with him, and the Devonshire daffodils and "July flowers," the village maids and rural feasts, did the rest. If he had remained in London, London might

in the end have known him less. Even as it was, fame took a couple of centuries to gild his laurel.

Of Dean Bourne itself, I cannot do better than quote from Grosart's pleasant account of the place. From Brent, which lies some sixteen miles from Plymouth, the road approaches by quiet hamlets and pleasant meadows, with here and there glimpses of distant hills; and presently, fording a stream, where a little stone foot-bridge crosses alongside, reaches the narrow lane which leads down to Dean Church. Here, looking down from the high-road, the traveller sees the church and vicarage, with surrounding farm-buildings and cottages, set amid trees in a deep and narrow valley. Dean Prior lies about a mile further on. The "rude River . . . by which sometime he lived,"—Dean Bourne, flows down through the court and passes close to Dean Prior.

There, in that lonely vicarage, with his maid and housekeeper, Prue; his spaniel, Tracy; his pet lamb or pet pig; his hens and his geese; and, if we take the plain testimony of his "Thanksgiving," his cows, he settled down into the pastoral life which suited his genius better than it did his London-bred tastes. Both his disgust and his delight are vigorously expressed by him at different moments, according to his mood. His memories of Golden Cheapside, and of Fleet-Street, and the tavern nights of old, continually haunt him.

"London my home is; though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment;  
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,  
O native country, repossess'd by thee!"

This he wrote in 1648, when, with his fellow-parsons, he was ejected on the coming of the Common-

wealth. He was then fifty-seven, and he returned to town, only to find it sadly changed. It seems the thought of London, and the necessity of reminding his friends there of his existence, and his present predicament, prompted him at last to collect his poems, previously only published, to the number of some sixty pieces, in "Wit's Recreations." In 1648 his book, "Hesperides," and "Noble Numbers," was published—not with any conspicuous success. His old circle, indeed, was by this time broken up. Ben Jonson was gone, and his influence had waned. So the "Hesperides," anything but "timely fortunate," as their poet wished, must be counted among the books that have missed, in their author's lifetime, their golden moment.

Three years before Herrick's return to London, Milton's earlier poems had appeared. It was not Milton, however, but Cowley, who marks for us the taste and fashion in poetry of the time. Cowley's poems, finely conceived, admirably phrased, but hardly inspired, ran through edition after edition in this period. Herrick's passed all but unnoticed. The same thing goes on in every period; and no doubt we have our over-indulged Cowleys and our overlooked Herricks to-day. There is the consolation of those who do not please their public, and wish to believe they write poems for posterity.

With the publication of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers," Herrick's career as a poet closes. The years intervening, ere the Restoration restored him, too, to his living at Dean Prior, were not, clearly, fortunate ones for him. His income, in spite of the stated provision for outlawed parsons, soon dwindled almost to nothing. He had rich relations, it is true; but what is the proverbial lot of the poor relation? And Herrick had a restless wit, quite apt to revenge



itself for meagre hospitalities and to alarm diffident hosts. In the end he was as glad to get back to his parishioners, and to his dull Devonshire, as he had previously been to leave them. He died at Dean Prior in 1674, at the ripe age of eighty-four, and was buried in the church, where now a memorial tablet commemorates him.

Of his fame, if he sometimes expressed a naïve mistrust of it, he felt fairly secure, it is clear, on the whole. Mr Andrew Lang once objected, in a lost leader, to the rhyming of "Herrick" with "lyric" by a modern rhymmer, but Herrick himself was fond of the rhyme, used it more than once, and in the following quatrain used it yet again, to emphasise his faith in himself and his poetry :

"Thou shalt not all die ; for while Love's fire shines  
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines ;  
And learn'd musicians shall, to honour Herrick's  
Fame, and his name, both set and sing his lyrics."

Herrick quite accepted the theory that lyric poetry must hold to music as well as to prosody. He was not, like Campion, a musician himself, but he shows in numerous places in the "Hesperides" how much music counted to him. To Henry Lawes, in particular, who set some six poems of his, Herrick wrote eight lines, in which he mentions also Jacques Gouter, and other famous lutenists and musicians of the time :

"Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear  
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere :  
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,  
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,  
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, canst thou be  
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three,  
Three unto whom the whole world gave applause ?  
Yet their three praises praise but one :  
That's Lawes."

In his valuable notes to his select volume of Herrick, Mr H. P. Horne reminds us that Lawes set to music poems by Milton, Lovelace, Carew, and Ben Jonson, and adds, "at the present day he is chiefly remembered for having composed, in 1634, the songs for 'Comus.' He published several books of music, and amongst them his 'Choice Psalms' in 1648, for which Milton wrote the sonnet addressed to him." Lawes, it is interesting to note, learnt music from that Coperio, or Coprario (John Cooper, to wit), who was associated with Campion. Beside those set by Lawes, it is evident that many other of Herrick's poems were specially written, and are perfectly devised, for music, as various settings, old and new, may show.

A natural ear for music in both kinds; a lyrical fancy; a consummate sense of words; a fortunate schooling at the hands of Ben Jonson and certain Elizabethans, or of Catullus, Horace, and Martial; a congenial life for poetry, although in a London that was perhaps too lively, and a Devonshire that was too dull: all these were Herrick's, and went to make him what he was. Like Campion, he had an ear for music, but he never sacrificed a single song to the exigencies of a lute or theorbo. Like Donne, he had a subtle wit, but he rarely sacrificed a poem for the sake of even a finest conceit. And if his pastoral tunes have a classic accompaniment, and his love-lyrical note recalls other Julias than those of a Jacobean London, everything he wrote, good and bad, is unmistakably "toucht (like lawful plate)," as he claims; unmistakably and inimitably his own.

In all English lyric poetry, there are very few to compare with him. You may begin with Tennyson, and count only a score of names backwards, and then reduce the score to a scant half dozen, and still

his note is heard, clear, distinct among them all. Indeed, that note, so long neglected, is now grown almost too familiar, so that we are in danger, perhaps, of forgetting how fine it is. This as it may be, Herrick, as much as Burns or Shelley, can count to-day on that greater public, who know not Campion, and to whom his rare master, Ben Jonson, is little more than a name.

E. R.



## HESPERIDES



THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

Nos. 1-2

I SING of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and  
Bowers :

Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.

I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails,  
Wakes,

Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-  
cakes.

I write of Youth, of Love, and have Accessse  
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse.

I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece  
Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.

I sing of Times trans-shifting ; and I write  
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.

I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing  
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.

I write of Hell ; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, Mad maiden, wilt thou roame ?

Farre safer 'twere to stay at home :

Where thou mayst sit, and piping please

The poore and private Cottages.

Since Coats, and Hamlets, best agree

With this thy meaner Minstralsie.

There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse

The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :

Nos. 2-4 And with thy Eclogues intermixe  
 Some smooth, and harmlesse Beucolicks.  
 There on a hillock thou mayst sing  
 Unto a handsome Shephardling;  
 Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)  
 With breath more sweet than Violet.  
 There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These  
 May take the simple Villages.  
 But for the Court, the Country wit  
 Is despicable unto it.  
 Stay then at home, and doe not goe  
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
 Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;  
 No Critick haunts the Poore mans Cell:  
 Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read  
 By no one tongue, there, censurèd.  
 That man's unwise will search for Ill,  
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

#### TO HIS BOOKE.

WHILE thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd,  
 Deere I lov'd thee; as my first-borne child:  
 But when I saw thee wantonly to roame  
 From house to house, and never stay at home;  
 I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe,  
 Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.  
 On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be;  
 If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for Thee.

#### ANOTHER.

To read my Booke the Virgin shie  
 May blush, (while Brutus standeth by;)  
 But when He's gone, read through what's writ,  
 And never staine a cheek for it.

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## TO THE SOURE READER.

IF thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first ;  
 Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst :  
 But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,  
 And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :  
 O Perverse man ! If All disgustfull be,  
 The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

COME thou not neere those men, who are like  
 Bread  
 O're-leven'd ; or like Cheese o're-renetted.

## WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse  
 The holy incantation of a verse ;  
 But when that men have both well drunke, and  
 fed,  
 Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.  
 When Laurell spirits i' th' fire, and when the  
 Hearth  
 Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth ;  
 When up the Thyse is rais'd, and when the sound  
 Of sacred Orgies flyes, A round, A round ;  
 When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments  
 shine,  
 Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.



Nos. 9-11

UPON JULIAS RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye Roses almost witherèd ;  
 New strength, and newer Purple get,  
 Each here declining Violet.  
 O Primroses ! let this day be  
 A Resurrection unto ye ;  
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,  
 Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood :  
 For Health on Julia's cheek hath shed  
 Clarret, and Creame comminglèd.  
 And those her lips doe now appeare  
 As beames of Corral, but more cleare.

TO SILVIA TO WED.

LET us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed ;  
 And loving lie in one devoted bed.  
 Thy Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste ;  
 No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.  
 Then sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay ;  
*True love, we know, precipitates delay.*  
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove ;  
*No man at one time, can be wise, and love.*

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I DREAMT the Roses one time went  
 To meet and sit in Parliament :  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :  
 Over the which a State was drawne  
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne ;  
 Then in that Parly, all those powers  
 Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.

But so, as that her self should be  
The maide of Honour unto thee.

Nos. 11-14

## NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside ;  
*Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.*

## THE FROZEN HEART.

I FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing dwells  
In me but Snow, and ysicles.  
For pitties sake, give your advice,  
To melt this snow, and thaw this ice ;  
I'le drink down Flames, but if so be  
Nothing but love can supple me ;  
I'le rather keepe this frost, and snow,  
Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

## TO PERILLA.

AN, my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see  
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?  
Age calls me hence, and my gray haire bid come,  
And haste away to mine eternal home ;  
'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this,  
That I must give thee the supremest kisse :  
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring  
Part of the creame from that Religious Spring ;  
With which (Perilla) wash my hands and feet ;  
That done, then wind me in that very sheet  
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou  
didst implore  
The Gods protection, but the night before)  
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there  
Let fall a Primrose, and with it a teare :

## 6 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 15-17 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be  
Devoted to the memory of me :  
Then shall my Ghost not walk about, but keep  
Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

### A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

COME down, and dance ye in the toyle  
Of pleasures, to a Heate ;  
But if to moisture, Let the oyle  
Of Roses be your sweat.

Not only to your selves assume  
These sweets, but let them fly ;  
From this, to that, and so Perfume  
E'ne all the standers by.

As Goddesses Isis (when she went,  
Or glided through the street)  
Made all that touch't her, with her scent,  
And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

### TO PERENNA.

WHEN I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie  
In any one, the least indecencie :  
But every Line and Limb diffusèd thence,  
A faire, and unfamiliar excellence :  
So, that the more I look, the more I prove,  
Ther's still more cause, why I the more should  
love.

### TREASON.

THE seeds of Treason choake up as they spring,  
*He Acts the Crime, that gives it Cherishing.*

## TWO THINGS ODISIOUS.

Nos. 18-20

Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd,  
A lying Rich man, and a Poore man proud.

## TO HIS MISTRESSES.

HELPE me! helpe me! now I call  
To my pretty Witchcrafts all;  
Old I am, and cannot do  
That, I was accustom'd to.  
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,  
To enflsh my thighs, and armes:  
Is there no way to beget  
In my limbs their former heat?  
Æson had (as Poets faine)  
Baths that made him young againe:  
Find that Medicine (if you can)  
For your drie-decrepid man:  
Who would faine his strength renew,  
Were it but to pleasure you.

## THE WOUNDED HEART.

COME bring your sampler, and with Art,  
Draw in't a wounded Heart:  
And dropping here, and there:  
Not that I thinke, that any Dart,  
Can make your's bleed a teare:  
Or peirce it any where;  
Yet doe it to this end: that I,  
May by  
This secret see,  
Though you can make  
That Heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake  
For me.



## 8 Herrick's Poems

Ncs. 21-23

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy, I approve,  
*No Dislike there is in love :*  
 Be my Mistresse short or tall,  
 And distorted there-withall :  
 Be she likewise one of those,  
 That an Acre hath of Nose :  
 Be her forehead, and her eyes  
 Full of incongruities :  
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
 As to shew her Tongue wag through :  
 Be her lips ill hung, or set,  
 And her grinders black as jet ;  
 Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,  
 She's to me a Paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

IF, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be  
 To live some few-sad-howers after thee :  
 Thy sacred Corse with Odours I will burne ;  
 And with my Lawrell crown thy Golden Vrne.  
 Then holding up (there) such religious Things,  
 As were (time past) thy holy Filitings :  
 Nere to thy Reverend Pitcher I will fall  
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall :  
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,  
 Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I SAW a Cherry weep, and why ?  
     Why wept it ? but for shame,  
 Because my Julia's lip was by,  
     And did out-red the same.

But, pretty Fondling, let not fall  
 A teare at all for that :  
 Which Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets, all  
 For tincture, wonder at.

Nos. 23-27

## SOFT MUSICK.

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound  
 The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBIECTS.

TWIXT Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty  
 odds,  
 Subjects are taught by Men ; Kings by the Gods.

## HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

SOME would know  
 Why I so  
 Long still doe tarry,  
 And ask why  
 Here that I  
 Live, and not marry ?  
 Thus I those  
 Doe oppose ;  
 What man would be here,  
 Slave to Thrall,  
 If at all  
 He could live free here ?

## UPON JULIA'S FALL.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,  
 She rather took, then got a fall :  
 The wanton Ambler chanc'd to see  
 Part of her leggs sinceritie :

Nos. 27-31

And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,  
 The Nagge (like to the Prophets Asse,)  
 Began to speak, and would have been  
 A telling what rare sights h'ad seen :  
 And had told all ; but did refraine,  
 Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

## EXPENCES EXHAUST.

LIVE with a thrifty, not a needy Fate ;  
*Small shots paid often, waste a vast estate.*

## LOVE WHAT IT IS.

LOVE is a circle that doth restlesse move  
 In the same sweet eternity of love.

## PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

WHEN what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring ;  
 But being absent, Love lies languishing.

## NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOUR I will  
 Live as I have liv'd still,  
 And never take a wife  
 To crucifie my life ;  
 But this I'le tell ye too,  
 What now I meane to doe ;  
 A Sister (in the stead  
 Of Wife) about I'le lead ;  
 Which I will keep embrac'd,  
 And kisse, but yet be chaste.

# Hesperides

II

## THE POMANDER BRACELET.

Nos. 32-35

To me my Julia lately sent  
A Bracelet richly Redolent :  
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her  
That did perfume the Pomander.

## THE SHOOE TYING.

ANTHEA bade me tye her shooe ;  
I did ; and kist the Instep too :  
And would have kist unto her knee,  
Had not her Blush rebukèd me.

## THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of Orient Pearls, of Jet,  
I sent my Love a Karkanet :  
About her spotlesse neck she knit  
The lace, to honour me, or it :  
Then think how wrapt was I to see  
My Jet t'enthrall such Ivorie.

## HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm  
gone  
Unto that watrie Desolation :  
Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,  
That my wing'd Ship may meet no Remora.  
Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,  
And look upon our dreadfull passages,  
Will from all dangers re-deliver me,  
For one drink offering pourèd out by thee.  
Mercie and Truth live with thee ! and forbear  
(In my short absence) to unsluce a teare :



## 12 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 35-38 But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,  
Give my dead picture one engendering kisse :  
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell  
In thy remembrance (Julia). So farewell.

### HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this Flower is now call'd so,  
List' sweet maids, and you shal know.  
Understand, this First-ling was  
Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,  
Kept as close as Danae was :  
Who a sprightly Springall lov'd,  
And to have it fully prov'd,  
Up she got upon a wall,  
Tempting down to slide withall :  
But the silken twist unty'd,  
So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.  
Love, in pitty of the deed,  
And her loving-lucklesse speed,  
Turn'd her to this Plant, we call  
Now, The Flower of the Wall.

### WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

THESE fresh beauties (we can prove)  
Once were Virgins sick of love,  
Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some  
Colours goe, and colours come.

### TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER TOYING OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play  
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.  
You blame me too, because I cann't devise  
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes :

By Loves Religion, I must here confesse it,      Nos. 38-40  
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.  
*Small griefs find tongues* : Full Casques are ever  
 found

To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.  
*Deep waters noyse-lesse are* ; And this we know,  
*That chiding streams betray small depth below.*  
 So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse  
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.  
 Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,  
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these  
 Many dainty Mistresses :  
 Stately Julia, prime of all ;  
 Sapho next, a principall :  
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin  
 White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline:  
 Sweet Electra, and the choice  
 Myrha, for the Lute, and Voice.  
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,  
 And the graceful use of it :  
 With Perilla : All are gone ;  
 Onely Herrick's left alone,  
 For to number sorrow by  
 Their departures hence, and die.

THE DREAM.

ME thought (last night) Love in an anger came,  
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same :  
 Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply,  
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.

# 14 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 40-42 Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,  
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.  
 Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring  
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

## THE VINE.

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine  
 Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine ;  
 Which crawling one and every way,  
 Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

About her head I writhing hung,  
 And with rich clusters (hid among  
 The leaves) her temples I behung :  
 So that my Lucia seem'd to me  
 Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.  
 My curles about her neck did craule,  
 And armes and hands they did enthrall :  
 So that she could not freely stir,  
 (All parts there made one prisoner).

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

## TO LOVE.

I'M free from thee ; and thou no more shalt  
 heare  
 My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare :

Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be) Nos.42-45  
Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.  
He loves his bonds, who when the first are  
    broke,  
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

## ON HIMSELF.

YOUNG I was, but now am old,  
But I am not yet grown cold ;  
I can play, and I can twine  
'Bout a Virgin like a Vine :  
In her lap too I can lye  
Melting, and in fancie die :  
And return to life, if she  
Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;  
Thus, and thus it now appears  
That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

## LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day  
At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play :  
I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,  
Love prickt my finger with a golden pin :  
Since which, it festers so, that I can prove  
'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :  
Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;  
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

## THE ROSARIE.

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ?  
    I bade him not goe seek ;  
But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
    A bud in either cheek.



# 16 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 46-48

UPON CUPID.

OLD wives have often told, how they  
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea :  
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,  
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound :  
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some  
To bring him Lint, and Balsamum,  
To make a Tent, and put it in,  
Where the Steletto pierc'd the skin :  
Which being done, the fretfull paine  
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMELET.

THREE lovely Sisters working were  
(As they were closely set)  
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,  
A curious Armelet.  
I smiling, ask'd them what they did ?  
(Faire Destinies all three)  
Who told me, they had drawn a thred  
Of Life, and 'twas for me.  
They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun :  
And I reply'd thereto,  
I care not now how soone 'tis done,  
Or cut, if cut by you.

SORROWES SUCCEED.

WHEN one is past, another care we have,  
*Thus woe succeeds a woe ; as wave a wave.*

## CHERRY-PIT.

Nos. 49-52

JULIA and I did lately sit  
Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit :  
She threw ; I cast ; and having thrown,  
I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

## TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be  
With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me :  
And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps  
inter,  
Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister !  
For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,  
*Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.*

## DISCONTENTS IN DEVON. ♡

MORE discontents I never had  
Since I was born, then here ;  
Where I have been, and still am sad,  
In this dull Devon-shire :  
Yet justly too I must confesse ;  
I ne'r invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the Presse,  
Then where I loath'd so much.

## TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

O EARTH! Earth! Earth! heare thou my voice,  
and be  
Loving, and gentle for to cover me :  
Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,  
Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an Urne.

Nos. 53-55

CHERRIE-RIPE.

CHERRIE-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,  
 Full and faire ones ; come and buy :  
 If so be, you ask me where  
 They doe grow ? I answer, There,  
 Where my Julia's lips doe smile ;  
 There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile :  
 Whose Plantations fully show  
 All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

PUT on your silks ; and piece by piece  
 Give them the scent of Amber-Greece :  
 And for your breaths too, let them smell  
 Ambrosia-like, or Nectarell ;  
 While other Gums their sweets perspire,  
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

TO ANTHEA.

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;  
 And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him  
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me  
 Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree :  
 Where (though thou see'st not) thou may'st think  
     upon  
 Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession :  
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe  
 In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome.  
 For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be  
 No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

## THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

Nos. 56-60

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed  
Of Roses, almost smotherèd :  
The warmth and sweetnes had me there  
Made lovingly familiar ;  
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,  
Faults done by night, will blush by day :  
I kist thee (panting), and I call  
Night to the Record ! that was all.  
But ah ! if empty dreames so please,  
Love, give me more such nights as these.

## DREAMES.

HERE we are all, by day : By night w'are hurl'd  
By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

## AMBITION.

IN man, Ambition is the common'st thing ;  
Each one, by nature, loves to be a king.

## HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die  
Ere I print my Poetry ;  
I most humbly thee desire  
To commit it to the fire :  
Better 'twere my Book were dead,  
Then to live not perfected.

## MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

FIGHT thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome,  
When no force else can get the masterdome.



Nos. 61-64

## THE SCAR-FIRE.

WATER, water I desire,  
 Here's a house of flesh on fire :  
 Ope' the fountains and the springs,  
 And come all to Buckittings :  
 What ye cannot quench pull downe ;  
 Spoile a house, to save a towne :  
 Better 'tis that one shu'd fall,  
 Then by one to hazard all.

## UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE.

WHEN some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was ;  
 Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Looking-  
     glasse :  
 Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was  
     green ;  
 And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been :  
 Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,  
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE : OR,  
THE SWEET SACRIFICE.

Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies  
 Can please those Heav'nly Deities,  
 If the Vower don't express  
 In his Offering, Cheerfulness.

## ONCE POORE, STILL PENURIOUS.

GOES the world now, it will with thee goe hard :  
 The fattest Hogs we grease the more with Lard.  
*To him that has, there shall be added more ;  
 Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.*

## SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE.

Nos. 65-69

'Tis not greatness they require,  
 To be offer'd up by fire :  
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please  
 Those *Eternall Essences*.

## STEAME IN SACRIFICE.

If meat the Gods give, I the steame  
 High-towring wil devote to them :  
 Whose easie natures like it well,  
 If we the roste have, they the smell.

## UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,  
 As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make  
     no noise ;  
 But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)  
 Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.

## AGAIN.

WHEN I thy singing next shall heare,  
 Ile wish I might turne all to eare,  
 To drink in Notes, and Numbers ; such  
 As blessed soules cann't heare too much :  
 Then melted down, there let me lye  
 Entranc'd, and lost confusedly ;  
 And by thy Musique stricken mute,  
 Die and be turn'd into a Lute.

## ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

*All things decay with Time : The Forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees ;*

**Nos. 69-73** That Timber tall, which three-score lusters stood  
 The proud Dictator of the State-like wood :  
 I meane (the Sovereigne of all Plants) the Oke  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showrs  
 Opens the way for early flowers ;  
 Then after her comes smiling May,  
 In a more rich and sweet aray ;  
 Next enters June, and brings us more  
 Jems, then those two, that went before :  
 Then (lastly) July comes, and she  
 More wealth brings in, then all those three.

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND.

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here ;  
 Nor wrack or Bulging thou hast cause to feare :  
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ;  
 Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure  
 (Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure ;  
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE  
 ELIZAB : HERRICK.

FIRST, for Effusions due unto the dead,  
 My solemne Vowes have here accomplishèd :  
 Next, how I love thee, that my grieve must tell,  
 Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare farewell.

OF LOVE. A SONET.

How Love came in, I do not know,  
 Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;

Or whether with the soule it came  
 (At first) infused with the same ;  
 Whether in part 'tis here or there,  
 Or, like the soule, whole every where :  
 This troubles me : but I as well  
 As any other, this can tell ;  
 That when from hence she does depart  
 The out-let then is from the heart.

Nos. 73-75

## TO ANTHEA.

AN my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ?  
*(Love makes me write, what shame forbids to  
 speak.)*

Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score ;  
 Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more :  
 A thousand to that hundred : so kisse on,  
 To make that thousand up a million.  
 Treble that million, and when that is done,  
 Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.  
 But yet, though Love likes well such Scenes as  
 these,  
 There is an Act that will more fully please :  
 Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way  
 But to the acting of this private Play :  
 Name it I would ; but being blushing red,  
 The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES : AND THE QUARRIE OF  
PEARLS.

SOME ask'd me where the Rubies grew ?  
 And nothing I did say :  
 But with my finger pointed to  
 The lips of Julia.

Nos. 75-78 Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where ?  
 Then spoke I to my Girle,  
 To part her lips, and shew'd them there  
 The Quarelets of Pearl.

## CONFORMITIE.

CONFORMITY was ever knowne  
 A foe to Dissolution :  
 Nor can we that a ruine call,  
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS  
ARMY INTO THE WEST.

WELCOME, most welcome to our Vowes and us,  
 Most great, and universall Genius !  
 The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood  
 As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,  
 Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,  
 Newly refresh't, both by the Sun, and showers.  
 War, which before was horrid, now appears  
 Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !  
 A deale of courage in each bosome springs  
 By your accesse ; (O you the best of Kings !)  
 Ride on with all white Omens ; so that where,  
 Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

## UPON ROSES.

UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,  
 Some ruffled Roses nestling were :  
 And snugging there, they seem'd to lye  
 As in a flowrie Nunnery :  
 They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers  
 Quickned of late by Pearly showers ;  
 And all, because they were possest



But of the heat of Julia's breast :  
Which as a warme, and moistned spring,  
Gave them their ever flourishing.

Nos. 70-81

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR  
UNHAPPY DISTANCES.

Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)  
Doe, and have parted here a Man and Wife :  
CHARLS the best Husband, while MARIA strives  
To be, and is, the very best of Wives :  
Like Streams, you are divorc'd ; but 't will come,  
when  
These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.  
Thus speaks the Oke, here ; C. and M. shall  
meet,  
Treading on Amber, with their silver-feet :  
Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;  
The words found true, C. M. remember me.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne,  
So oft, we'll think, we see a King new born.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR, THE UNGENTLE  
GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that (said I) beats there,  
And troubles thus the Sleepie ?  
Cast off (said he) all feare,  
And let not Locks thus keep ye.

No. 81

For I a Boy am, who  
By Moonlesse nights have swerved ;  
And all with showrs wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,  
And soon a Taper lighted ;  
And did my selfe disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,  
And Wings too, which did shiver ;  
And looking down below,  
I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine  
Brought him (as Love professes)  
And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
And dry'd his dropping Tresses :

But when he felt him warm'd,  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harm'd,  
Said he, with these late showrs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying,  
Adieu, mine Host, Adieu,  
Ile leave thy heart a dying.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS FATHER. Nos. 82-83

THAT for seven Lusters I did never come  
To doe the Rites to thy Religious Tombe ;  
That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
By me, o'r thee, (as justments to the dead)  
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know  
Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no.  
But now 'tis known, Behold ; behold, I bring  
Unto thy Ghost th' Effusèd Offering :  
And look, what Smallage, Night-shade, Cypresse,  
Yew,

Unto the shades have been, or now are due,  
Here I devote ; And something more then so ;  
I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.  
Thou gav'st me life (but Mortall) ; For that one  
Favour, Ile make full satisfaction ;  
For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,  
And take a life immortall from my Verse.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse  
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
A Lawne about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction :  
An erring Lace, which here and there  
Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher :  
A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
A winning wave (deserving Note)  
In the tempestuous petticoat :  
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye  
I see a wilde civility :  
Doe more bewitch me, then when Art  
Is too precise in every part.

*How different*

*from 18<sup>th</sup> Century  
spirit.*

*cf. Janson -*

*"Still to be neat."*

Nos. 84-86

TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse  
 To Christen thee, the Bride, the Bashfull Muse,  
 Or Muse of Roses: since that name does fit  
 Best with those Virgin-verses thou hast writ:  
 Which are so cleane, so chast, as none may feare  
 Cato the Censor, sho'd he scan each here.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
 The burning of my heart;  
 To signifie, in Love my share  
 Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he  
 Wo'd but that heat recall:  
 That joynt to ashes burnt sho'd be,  
 Ere I wo'd love at all.

TO DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON:  
 BY WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell; I never look to see  
 Deane, or thy warty incivility.  
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,  
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames;  
 To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
 Rockie thou art; and rockie we discover  
 Thy men; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
 O men, O manners; There and ever knowne  
 To be A Rockie Generation!  
 A people currish; churlish as the seas;  
 And rude (almost) as rudest Salvages:  
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when  
 Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

## KISSING USURIE.

Nos. 87-88

BIANCHA, Let  
Me pay the debt  
I owe thee for a kisse  
Thou lend'st to me ;  
And I to thee  
Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,  
Ten will not pay  
For that so rich a one ;  
Ile cleare the summe,  
If it will come  
Unto a Million.

By this, I guesse,  
Of happinesse  
Who has a little measure ;  
He must of right,  
To th'utmost mite,  
Make payment for his pleasure.

## TO JULIA.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art,  
In each thy dainty, and peculiar part !  
First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set  
Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet :  
About thy neck a Carkanet is bound,  
Made of the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond :  
A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :  
About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium.



Nos. 88-91      Between thy Breasts (then Doune of Swans  
                              more white)  
 There playes the Saphire with the Chrysolite.  
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,  
 But by the Topaze, Opal, Calcedon.

TO LAURELS.

A FUNERALL stone,  
 Or Verse I covet none,  
 But onely crave  
 Of you, that I may have  
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :  
                              Which being seen,  
                              Blest with perpetuall greene,  
                              May grow to be  
                              Not so much call'd a tree,  
 As the eternall monument of me.

HIS CAVALIER.

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride  
 The active sea-horse, & with pride,  
 Through that huge field of waters ride :

Who, with his looks too, can appease  
 The ruffling winds and raging Seas,  
 In mid'st of all their outrages.

This, this a virtuous man can doe,  
 Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;  
 I! and a world of Pikes passe through.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE doe my best to win, when'ere I woove :  
*That man loves not, who is not zealous too.*

## THE BAG OF THE BEE.

Nos. 92-94

ABOUT the sweet bag of a Bee,  
 Two Cupids fell at odds ;  
 And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,  
 They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,  
 And for their boldness stript them :  
 And taking thence from each his flame ;  
 With rods of Mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,  
 When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,  
 She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes ;  
 And gave the Bag between them.

## LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

LET me be warme ; let me be fully fed :  
*Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourishèd.*  
 Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown  
 poore,  
 I shall dislike, what once I lov'd before.

## TO HIS MISTRESSE.

CHOOSE me your Valentine :  
 Next, let us marry :  
 Love to the death will pine,  
 If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,  
 Or vow ye never :  
 Loves doctrine disallows  
 Troth-breakers ever.

*Love murder  
 of ideal lyric*

Nos. 94-98

You have broke promise twice  
 (Deare) to undoe me ;  
 If you prove faithlesse thrice,  
 None then will wooe ye.

## TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie  
 Some Aberrations in my Poetry ;  
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse  
 Hide, and with them, their Father's nakedness.  
 Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to  
 keep :  
 Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

## TO CRITICKS.

Ile write, because Ile give  
 You Criticks means to live :  
 For sho'd I not supply  
 The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

## DUTY TO TYRANTS.

GOOD princes must be pray'd for : for the bad  
 They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had.  
 Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?  
*Good children kisse the rods, that punish sin.*  
 Touch not the Tyrant ; Let the Gods alone  
 To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

## BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCHA.

WHEN age or Chance has made me blind,  
 So that the path I cannot find :  
 And when my falls and stumblings are  
 More then the stones i'th' street by farre :

Gee thou afore ; and I shall well  
 Follow thy Perfumes by the smell :  
 Or be my guide ; and I shall be  
 Led by some light that flows from thee.  
 Thus held, or led by thee, I shall  
 In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

Nos. 98-  
 102

#### UPON BLANCH.

BLANCH swears her Husband's lovely ; when a  
 scald  
 Has blear'd his eyes : Besides, his head is bald.  
 Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern wings full  
 spread,  
 Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

#### NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

To Bread and Water none is poore ;  
 And having these, what need of more ?  
 Though much from out the Cess be spent,  
*Nature with little is content.*

#### BARLY-BREAK : OR, LAST IN HELL.

WE two are last in Hell : what may we feare  
 To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here ?  
 Alas ! If kissing be of plagues the worst,  
 We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

#### THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, no other thing is, then a Beame  
 Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

Nos. 103-  
105

## TO DIANEME.

DEARE, though to part it be a Hell,  
Yet, Dianemè, now farewell :  
Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe ;  
But whither, onely Grief do's know.  
I doe beseech thee, ere we part,  
(If mercifull, as faire thou art ;  
Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell  
Thy pittie by Loves-Chronicle)  
O Dianemè, rather kill  
Me, then to make me languish stil !  
'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,  
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :  
Yet there's a way found (if thou please)  
By sudden death to give me ease :  
And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
Bequeath to me one parting kisse :  
So sup'rabundant joy shall be  
The Executioner of me.

## TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,  
Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies :  
Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,  
That Roses shew, when misted o're with Lawn.  
Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way ;  
Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect  
day.

## TO ELECTRA.

MORE white then whitest Lillies far,  
Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are :  
More white then are the whitest Creames,  
Or Moone-light tinselling the streames :



More white then Pearls, or Juno's thigh ;  
Or Pelops Arme of Yvorie.

Nos. 105-  
106

True, I confesse ; such Whites as these  
May me delight, not fully please :  
Till, like Ixion's cloud you be  
White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A COUNTRY-LIFE : TO HIS BROTHER,  
M. THO : HERRICK.

THRICE, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art  
thou,

In thy both Last, and Better Vow :  
Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see  
The Countries sweet simplicity :  
And it to know, and practice ; with intent  
To grow the sooner innocent :  
By studying to know vertue ; and to aime  
More at her nature, then her name :  
The last is but the least ; the first doth tell  
Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :  
And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st  
live

Led by thy conscience ; to give  
Justice to soone-pleas'd nature ; and to show,  
Wisdome and she together goe,  
And keep one Centre: This with that conspires,  
To teach Man to confine desires :  
And know, that Riches have their proper stint,  
In the contented mind, not mint.  
And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch  
Of craving more, are never rich.  
These things thou know'st to'th'height, and dost  
prevent  
That plague ; because thou art content

No. 106 With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,  
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)  
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright ;  
To coole, not cocker Appetite.  
Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie  
The belly chiefly ; not the eye :  
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,  
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.  
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,  
Is, the fruition of a wife :  
Whom (stars consenting with thy Fate) thou hast  
Got, not so beautifull, as chast :  
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep  
(While Love the Centinell doth keep)  
With those deeds done by day, which ne'r affright  
Thy silken slumbers in the night.  
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in  
Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.  
But still thy wife, by chast intentions led,  
Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.  
The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames  
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :  
The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-  
weav'd Bows,  
With fields enamelèd with flowers,  
Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses  
Millions of Lillies mixt with Roses.  
Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat  
Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :  
While Faunus in the Vision comes to keep,  
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.  
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet  
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :  
Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare,  
As not to rise when Chanticlere

Warnes the last Watch ; but with the Dawne No. 106  
dost rise

To work, but first to sacrifice ;  
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,  
With Holy-meale, and spiriting-salt.  
Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence  
tells us,

*Jove for our labour all things sells us.*

Nor are thy daily and devout affaires  
Attended with those desp'rate cares,  
Th' industrious Merchant has ; who for to find  
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,  
And back again, (tortur'd with fears) doth fly,  
Untaught to suffer Poverty.

But thou at home, blest with securest ease,  
Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,  
And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,  
But sees these things within thy Map.  
And viewing them with a more safe survey,  
Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,  
*A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and brasse, that*

*man*

*Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.*

But thou at home without or tyde or gale,  
Canst in thy Map securely saile :  
Seeing those painted Countries ; and so guesse  
By those fine Shades, their Substances :  
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,  
Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.  
Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst  
heare,  
(Far more with wonder, then with feare)  
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and  
Kings ;  
And beleeve there be such things :

No. 106 When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,  
     More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.  
 And when thou hear'st by that too-true-Report,  
     Vice rules the Most, or All at Court :  
 Thy pious wishes are, (though thou not there)  
     Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.  
 But thou liv'st fearlesse; and thy face ne'r shewes  
     Fortune when she comes, or goes.  
 But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,  
     To take her by the either hand :  
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;  
     *A wise man ev'ry way lies square.*  
 And like a surly Oke with storms perplex ;  
     Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.  
 Be so, bold spirit ; Stand Center-like, unmov'd ;  
     And be not onely thought, but prov'd  
 To be what I report thee ; and inure  
     Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :  
 And so thou dost : for thy desires are  
     Confin'd to live with private Larr :  
 Not curious whether Appetite be fed,  
     Or with the first, or second bread.  
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :  
     Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.  
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,  
     Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;  
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate  
     These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?  
 While soft Opinion makes thy Genius say,  
     *Content makes all Ambrosia.*  
 Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size  
     So much for want, as exercise .  
 To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd  
     sinne haste it,  
     Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.

Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire      Nos. 106-  
Of singing Crickits by thy fire :      107

And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with  
crums,

Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.

Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape

The sudden danger of a Rape.

And thus thy little-well-kept stock doth prove,

*Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.*

Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend

(Counsell concurring with the end)

As well as spare : still conning o'r this Theame,

To shun the first and last extreame.

Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,

Or to exceed thy Tether's reach :

But to live round, and close, and wisely true

To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.

Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be

Elizium to thy wife and thee ;

There to disport your selves with golden measure :

*For seldome use commends the pleasure.*

Live, and live blest ; thrice happy Paire ; Let

Breath,

But lost to one, be th' others death.

And as there is one Love, one Faith, one

Troth,

Be so one Death, one Grave to both.

Till when, in such assurance live, ye may

Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

#### DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

WHEN a Daffadill I see,

Hanging down his head t'wards me ;

Guesse I may, what I must be :



Nos. 107-  
110

First, I shall decline my head ;  
Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
Lastly, safely buryèd.

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take  
Thy Bice, thy Vmber, Pink, and Lake ;  
And let it be thy Pensils strife,  
To paint a Bridgeman to the life :  
Draw him as like too, as you can,  
An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :  
His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;  
His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.  
Then for an easie fansie ; place  
A Burling iron for his face :  
Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,  
And for to speak, if possible :  
But do not so ; for feare, lest he  
Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

CUFFE comes to church much ; but he keeps his  
bed  
Those Sundayes onely, whenas Briefs are read.  
This makes Cuffe dull ; and troubles him the  
most,  
Because he cannot sleep i'th' Church, free-cost.

UPON FONE, A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

FONE sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare  
Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there :  
If so, we'll think too (when he do's condemne  
Boyes to the lash) that he do's whip with them.

## A LYRICK TO MIRTH.

Nos. III-  
114

WHILE the milder Fates consent,  
 Let's enjoy our merriment :  
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;  
 Kisse our Dollies night and day :  
 Crown'd with clusters of the Vine ;  
 Let us sit, and quaffe our wine.  
 Call on Bacchus ; chaunt his praise ;  
 Shake the Thyrses, and bite the Bayes :  
 Rouze Anacreon from the dead ;  
 And return him drunk to bed :  
 Sing o're Horace ; for ere long  
 Death will come and mar the song :  
 Then shall Wilson and Gotiere  
 Never sing, or play more here.

## TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age must die,  
 Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity :  
 Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,  
 Shor'd up by you, (Brave Earle of Westmerland).

## AGAINST LOVE.

WHEN ere my heart, Love's warmth, but enter-  
 taines,  
 O Frost ! O Snow ! O Haile ! forbid the Banes.  
 One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same  
 Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame  
 Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;  
 Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

## UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd ;  
 So smiles that Riband 'bout my Julia's waste :  
 Or like—Nay 'tis that Zonulet of love,  
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

Nos. 114-  
117

THE FROZEN ZONE : OR, JULIA DISDAINFULL.

WHITHER ? Say, whither shall I fly,  
To slack these flames wherein I frie ?  
To the Treasures, shall I goe,  
Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow ?  
Shall I search the under-ground,  
Where all damps and mists are found ?  
Shall I seek (for speedy ease)  
All the floods, and frozen seas ?  
Or descend into the deep,  
Where eternall cold does keep ?  
These may coole ; but there's a Zone  
Colder yet than any one :  
That's my Julia's breast : where dwels  
Such destructive Ysicles ;  
As that the Congelation will  
Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

WITH blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,  
To th' (almost) sev'n and fortieth yeare.  
Stout sons I had, and those twice three ;  
One onely daughter lent to me :  
The which was made a happy Bride,  
But thrice three Moones before she dy'd.  
My modest wedlock, that was known  
Contented with the bed of one.

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END: PORTER.

LET there be Patrons ; Patrons like to thee,  
Brave Porter ! Poets ne'r will wanting be :  
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live  
In thee, thou Man of Men ! who here do'st  
give

Not onely subject-matter for our wit,  
But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it :  
For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe  
Our Thyrese, for Scepter ; and our Baies for  
Crown.

Nos. 117-  
119

For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due ;  
The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S  
SICKNESSE.

LILLIES will languish ; Violets look ill ;  
Sickly the Prim-rose ; Pale the Daffadill :  
That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,  
Like to a Virgin newly ravishèd.  
Pansies will weep ; and Marygolds will wither ;  
And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,  
If Sapho droop ; Daisies will open never,  
But bid Good-night, and close their lids for  
ever.

LEANDERS OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd,  
No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;  
But on a Rock himselfe sate by,  
There weeping sup'rabundantly.  
Sighs numberlesse he cast about,  
And all his Tapers thus put out :  
His head upon his hand he laid ;  
And sobbing deeply, thus he said,  
Ah, cruell Sea ! and looking on't,  
Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.  
And sure his tongue had more exprest,  
But that his teares forbad the rest.

Nos. 120-

HOPE HEARTENS.

123

NONE goes to warfare, but with this intent ;  
The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men ;  
A gentle disposition then :  
Next, to be rich by no by-ways ;  
Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.

HIS PARTING FROM MRS DOROTHY KENEDAY.

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,  
Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.  
Thou did'st not mind it ; though thou then  
might'st see

Me turn'd to tears ; yet did'st not weep for me.  
'Tis true, I kist thee ; but I co'd not heare  
Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.

Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard  
sho'dst prove,

Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake  
love.

Prethee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say  
Thou shed'st one teare, whenas I went away ;  
And that will please me somewhat: though I know,  
And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare  
Along with you my teare

To that coy Girle ;

Who smiles, yet slayes

Me with delayes ;

And strings my tears as Pearle.

See! see, she's yonder set,  
Making a Carkanet  
Of Maiden-flowers!  
There, there present  
This Orient,  
And Pendant Pearle of ours.

No. 123

Then say, I've sent one more  
Jem to enrich her store;  
And that is all  
Which I can send,  
Or vainly spend,  
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply  
Of them, the spring's once drie;  
But Ile devise  
(Among the rest)  
A way that's best  
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say; sho'd she condemne  
Me to surrender them;  
Then say; my part  
Must be to weep  
Out them, to keep  
A poore, yet loving heart.

Say too, She wo'd have this;  
She shall: Then my hope is,  
That when I'm poore,  
And nothing have  
To send, or save;  
I'm sure she'll ask no more.



# 46 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 124- UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID  
127 CALL'D ROSE.

WHAT times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-  
shows,  
Whenas the Lilly marries with the Rose!  
What next is lookt for? but we all sho'd see  
To spring from these a sweet Posterity.

## AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,  
That they wo'd each Primrose-tide,  
Duely, Morne and Ev'ning come,  
And with flowers dresse my Tomb.  
Having promis'd, pay your debts,  
Maids, and here strew Violets.

## UPON SCOBLE. EPIG.

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## THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT Houre-glasse, which there ye see  
With Water fill'd, (Sirs, credit me)  
The humour was, (as I have read)  
But Lovers tears inchristallèd.  
Which, as they drop by drop doe passe  
From th' upper to the under-glasse,  
Do in a trickling manner tell,  
(By many a watrie syllable)  
That Lovers tears in life-time shed,  
Do restless run when they are dead.

## HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK.

No. 128

FAREWELL thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so  
deare

To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,  
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man,  
wife,

Male to the female, soule to body : Life  
To quick action, or the warme soft side  
Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.  
The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;  
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-  
head :

These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be  
So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.  
O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine  
That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest  
shine,

More radiant than the Summers Sun-beams  
shows :

Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those  
Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents,  
Fore-tell the comming of some dire events :  
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,  
Throwing about his wild, and active fires.

'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !  
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule  
That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;  
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.

'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,  
Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature  
can,

To rouse the sacred madnesse ; and awake  
The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make  
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through  
The soule, like lightning, and as active too.

**Nos. 128-** 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three

129 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.

Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,  
Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.  
Phœbean splendour! and thou Thespian spring!  
Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they  
sing

Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,  
Which makes them worthy Cedar, and the bayes.

But why? why longer doe I gaze upon

Thee with the eye of admiration?

Since I must leave thee; and enforc'd, must say  
To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.

But if thy whimpering looks doe ask me why?

Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.

'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine

Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,

As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile :

Or smile more inly ; lest thy looks beguile

My vows denounc'd in zeale, which thus much  
show thee,

That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know  
thee.

Let others drink thee freely ; and desire

Thee and their lips espous'd; while I admire,

And love thee ; but not taste thee. Let my

## Muse

Faile of thy former helps ; and onely use

Her inadult'rate strength: what's done by me

Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.

UPON GLASCO. EPIG.

GLASCO had none, but now some teeth has got ;  
Which though they furre, will neither ake, or rot.

Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known Nos. 129-  
 Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone. 132  
 Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,  
 He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at  
 night.

UPON MRS ELIZ: WHEELER, UNDER THE  
 NAME OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET Amarillis, by a Spring's  
 Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
 Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew  
 A Robin-red-brest; who at view,  
 Not seeing her at all to stir,  
 Brought leaves and mosse to cover her:  
 But while, perking, there did prie  
 About the Arch of either eye;  
 The lid began to let out day;  
 At which poore Robin flew away:  
 And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd;  
 He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

THE CUSTARD.

FOR second course, last night, a Custard came  
 To th'board, so hot, as none co'd touch the same:  
 Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did  
 blow  
 Upon the Custard, and thus coolèd so;  
 It seem'd by this time to admit the touch:  
 But none co'd eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine armes; and hang the head,  
 Like to a Lillie witherèd:  
 Next, look thou like a sickly Moone;  
 Or like Jocasta in a swoone.

Nos. 132-  
134

Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,  
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe :  
Or like a Virgin full of ruth,  
For the lost sweet-heart of her youth :  
And all because, Faire Maid, thou art  
Insensible of all my smart ;  
And of those evill dayes that be  
Now posting on to punish thee.  
The Gods are easie, and condemne  
All such as are not soft like them.

#### THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven ; and make me there  
Many a lesse and greater spheare.  
Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;  
The Motions, Latitudes, and the Signes.  
Make me a Chariot, and a Sun ;  
And let them through a Zodiac run ;  
Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there ;  
With all the Seasons of the Yeaere.  
Make me a Sun-set ; and a Night :  
And then present the Mornings-light  
Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.  
To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine ;  
With weather foule, then faire againe.  
And when, wise Artist, that thou hast,  
With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;  
Ah ! what is then this curious skie,  
But onely my Corinna's eye ?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR J. WARR.

WHAT Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,  
Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,  
Rests here with him ; who was the Fame,  
The Volumne of himselfe, and Name.

If, Reader, then, thou wilt draw neere,  
And doe an honour to thy teare ;  
Weep then for him, for whom laments  
Not one, but many Monuments.

Nos. 134-  
136

## UPON GRYLL.

GRYLL eates, but ne're says Grace ; To speak  
the troth,  
Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth ;  
Or else because Grill's roste do's burn his Spit,  
Gryll will not therefore say a Grace for it.

THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMILIARITY  
WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

AND must we part, because some say,  
Loud is our love, and loose our play,  
And more then well becomes the day ?  
Alas for pitty ! and for us  
Most innocent, and injur'd thus !  
Had we kept close, or play'd within,  
Suspition now had been the sinne,  
And shame had follow'd long ere this,  
T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.  
But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,  
As faultlesse ; will not wish undone,  
What now is done : since *where no sin*  
*Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.*  
Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,  
Be you more warie, then afraid  
Of these Reports ; because you see  
The fairest most suspected be.  
The common forme have no one eye,  
Or eare of burning jealousie



Nos. 136-  
139

To follow them : but chiefly, where  
 Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere  
 To dance and play in : (Trust me) there  
 Suspicion questions every haire.  
 Come, you are faire ; and sho'd be seen  
 While you are in your sprightfull green :  
 And what though you had been embrac't  
 By me,—were you for that unchast ?  
 No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,  
 Which shining in her perfect Noone ;  
 In all that great and glorious light,  
 Continues cold, as is the night.  
 Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire ;  
 And as for me, my chaste desire  
 Shall move t'wards you ; although I see  
 Your face no more : So live you free  
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

SUSPICION, Discontent, and Strife,  
 Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

GOE, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return  
 To see the small remainders in mine Urne :  
 When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust ;  
 And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust  
 Of Womans beauty ? and with hand more rude  
 Rifle the Flowers which the Virgin strew'd :  
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind  
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.

CUPID as he lay among  
 Roses, by a Bee was stung.

Whereupon in anger flying  
To his Mother, said thus crying ;  
Help ! O help ! your Boy's a dying.  
And why, my pretty Lad, said she ?  
Then blubbering, replyèd he,  
A wingèd Snake has bitten me,  
Which Country people call a Bee.  
At which she smil'd ; then with her hairs  
And kisses drying up his tears :  
Alas ! said she, my Wag ! if this  
Such a pernicious torment is :  
Come tell me then, how great's the smart  
Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart !

Nos. 139-  
142

TO DEWES. A SONG.

I BURN, I burn ; and beg of you  
To quench, or coole me with your Dew.  
I frie in fire, and so consume,  
Although the Bile be all perfume.  
Alas ! the heat and death's the same ;  
Whether by choice, or common flame :  
To be in Oyle of Roses drown'd,  
Or water ; where's the comfort found ?  
Both bring one death ; and I die here,  
Unlesse yqu coole me with a Teare :  
Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see  
Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall  
By th'hand of him who is the Generall.

THE VISION.

SITTING alone (as one forsook)  
Close by a Silver-shedding Brook ;

Nos. 142-  
144

With hands held up to Love, I wept ;  
And after sorrowes spent, I slept :  
Then in a Vision I did see  
A glorious forme appeare to me :  
A Virgins face she had ; her dresse  
Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.  
A silver bow with green silk strung.  
Down from her comely shoulders hung :  
And as she stood, the wanton Aire  
Dangled the ringlets of her haire.  
Her legs were such Diana shows,  
When tuckt up she a-hunting goes ;  
With Buskins shortned to descrie  
The happy dawning of her thigh :  
Which when I saw, I made accesse  
To kisse that tempting nakednesse :  
But she forbad me, with a wand  
Of Mirtle she had in her hand :  
And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,  
Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong ;  
Pray love me little, so you love me long.  
Slowly goes farre : the meane is best : Desire  
Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'Twas but a single Rose,  
Till you on it did breathe ;  
But since (me thinks) it shows  
Not so much Rose, as Wreathe

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH JEALOUSIE. Nos. 145-146

IN this little Vault she lyes,  
Here, with all her jealousies :  
Quiet yet ; but if ye make  
Any noise, they both will wake,  
And such spirits raise, 'twill then  
Trouble death to lay agen.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S IMPRISONMENT.

NEVER was Day so over-sick with showres,  
But that it had some intermitting houres.  
Never was night so tedious, but it knew  
The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too.  
Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep,  
Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.  
Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,  
But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe.  
So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay,  
Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe ; you  
may

Spring up afresh ; when all these mists are spent,  
And star-like, once more, gild our Firmament.  
Let but That Mighty Cesar speak, and then,  
All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave ; as when  
That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the  
stout

Apostles, way (unshackled) to goe out.  
This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;  
Though you (my Lord) have been unkind to me :  
To wound my heart, and never to apply,  
(When you had power) the meanest remedy :  
Well ; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the  
more ;

Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your sore.

Nos. 147-  
149

## DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,  
That ye may good doctrine heare.  
Play not with the maiden-haire;  
For each Ringlet there's a snare.  
Cheek and eye, and lip, and chin;  
These are traps to take fooles in.  
Armes, and hands, and all parts else,  
Are but Toiles, or Manicles  
Set on purpose to enthrall  
Men, but Slothfulls most of all.  
Live employ'd, and so live free  
From these fetters; like to me  
Who have found, and still can prove,  
*The lazie man the most doth love.*

## UPON STRUT.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL  
AND HIS LADIE.

## I.

Now, now's the time; so oft by truth  
Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.  
Then Faire ones, doe not wrong  
Your joyes, by staying long:  
Or let Love's fire goe out,  
By lingring thus in doubt:  
But learn, that Time once lost,  
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.  
Then away; come, Hymen guide  
To the bed the bashfull Bride.

## II.

No. 149

Is it (sweet maid) your fault, these holy  
Bridall-Rites goe on so slowly?

Deare, is it this you dread,  
The losse of Maiden-head?

Beleeve me; you will most

Esteeme it when 'tis lost:

Then it no longer keep,

Lest Issue lye asleep.

Then away; come, Hymen guide

To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## III.

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,

But spring from ceremonious feares.

And 'tis but Native shame,

That hides the loving flame:

And may a while controule

The soft and am'rous soule;

But yet, Loves fire will wast

Such bashfulnesse at last.

Then away; come, Hymen guide

To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind;

Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd!

'Tis strange, ye will not flie

To Love's sweet mysterie.

Might yon Full-Moon the sweets

Have, promis'd to your sheets;

She soon wo'd leave her spheare,

To be admitted there.

Then away; come, Hymen guide

To the bed, the bashfull Bride.



# 58 Herrick's Poems

No. 149

v.

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;  
 While Domiduca leads the way :  
 And Genius who attends  
 The bed for luckie ends :  
 With Juno goes the houres,  
 And Graces strewing flowers.  
 And the boyes with sweet tune sing,  
 Hymen, O Hymen bring  
 Home the Turtles ; Hymen guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

vi.

Behold ! how Hymens Taper-light  
 Shews you how much is spent of night.  
 See, see the Bride-grooms Torch  
 Halfe wasted in the porch.  
 And now those Tapers five,  
 That shew the womb shall thrive :  
 Their silv'rie flames advance,  
 To tell all prosp'rous chance  
 Still shall crown the happy life  
 Of the good man and the wife.

vii.

Move forward then your Rosie feet,  
 And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet.  
 May all, like flowrie Meads  
 Smell, where your soft foot treads ;  
 And every thing assume  
 To it, the like perfume :  
 As Zephyrus when he 'spires  
 Through Woodbine, and Sweet-bryers.  
 Then away ; come, Hymen guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## VIII.

No. 149

And now the yellow Vaile, at last,  
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to expresse  
A bashfull willingnesse :  
Shewing a heart consenting ;  
As with a will repenting.  
Then gently lead her on  
With wise suspicion :

For that, Matrons say, a measure  
Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.

## IX.

You, you that be of her neerest kin,  
Now o're the threshold force her in.

But to avert the worst ;  
Let her, her fillets first  
Knit to the posts : this point  
Remembring, to anoint  
The sides : for 'tis a charme  
Strong against future harme :

And the evil deeds, the which  
There was hidden by the Witch.

## X.

O Venus ! thou, to whom is known  
The best way how to loose the Zone  
Of Virgins ! Tell the Maid,  
She need not be afraid :  
And bid the Youth apply  
Close kisses, if she cry :  
And charge, he not forbears  
Her, though she wooe with teares.  
Tel them, now they must advenyer,  
Since that Love and Night bid enter.

# 60 Herrick's Poems

No. 149

XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps,  
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps;  
 No Furies, here about,  
 To put the Tapers out,  
 Watch, or did make the bed:  
 'Tis Omen full of dread:  
 But all faire signs appeare  
 Within the Chamber here,  
 Juno here, far off, doth stand  
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when,  
 As she, so you'l be ripe for men.  
 Then grieve her not, with saying  
 She must no more a Maying:  
 Or by Rose-buds devine,  
 Who'l be her Valentine.  
 Nor name those wanton reaks  
 Y've had at Barly-breaks.  
 But now kisse her, and thus say,  
 Take time Lady while ye may.

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts  
 The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.  
 And now, both Love and Time  
 To their full height doe clime:  
 O! give them active heat  
 And moisture, both compleat:  
 Fit Organs for encrease,  
 To keep, and to release  
 That, which may the honour'd Stem  
 Circle with a Diadem.

## xiv.

No. 149

And now, Behold ! the Bed or Couch  
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,  
Feels in it selfe a fire ;  
And tickled with Desire,  
Pants with a Downie brest,  
As with a heart possest :  
Shrugging as it did move,  
Ev'n with the soule of love.  
And (oh ! ) had it but a tongue,  
Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

## xv.

O enter then ! but see ye shun  
A sleep, untill the act be done.  
Let kisses, in their close,  
Breathe as the Damask Rose :  
Or sweet, as is that gumme  
Doth from Panchaia come.  
Teach Nature now to know,  
Lips can make Cherries grow  
Sooner, then she, ever yet,  
In her wisdome co'd beget.

## xvi.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,  
Drop the fat blessing of the sphears.  
That good, which Heav'n can give  
To make you bravely live ;  
Fall, like a spangling dew,  
By day, and night on you.  
May Fortunes Lilly-hand  
Open at your command ;  
With all luckie Birds to side  
With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

## 62 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 149-  
152

XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full  
Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.  
Let them not cut the thred  
Of life, untill ye bid.  
May Death yet come at last ;  
And not with desp'rate hast :  
But when ye both can say,  
Come, Let us now away.  
Be ye to the Barn then born,  
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

### TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,  
As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.  
Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare ;  
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare :  
By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,  
Teares are the noble language of the eye.  
And when true love of words is destitute,  
The Eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is  
mute.

### UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

LET all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see  
My num'rous issue : Praise, and pittie me.  
Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe :  
Pity me too, who found so soone a Tomb.

### TO ELECTRA.

ILE come to thee in all those shapes  
As Jove did, when he made his rapes :

Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,  
As he did once to Semele.  
Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,  
To talk with thee familiarly.  
Which done, then quickly we'll undresse  
To one and th'others nakednesse.  
And ravisht, plunge into the bed,  
(Bodies and souls comminglèd)  
And kissing, so as none may heare,  
We'll weary all the Fables there.

Nos. 152-  
155

#### HIS WISH.

IT is sufficient if we pray  
To Jove, who gives, and takes away :  
Let him the Land and Living finde ;  
Let me alone to fit the mind.

#### HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

NOONE-DAY and Midnight shall at once be seene :  
Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene :  
Fire and water shall together lye  
In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
Summer and Winter shall at one time show  
Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eaes in snow :  
Seas shall be sandlesse ; Fields devoid of grasse ;  
Shapelesse the world (as when all Chaos was)  
Before, my deare Perilla, I will be  
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

#### LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kisse Anthea's brest,  
There I smell the Phenix nest :  
If her lip, the most sincere  
Altar of Incense, I smell there.



## 64 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 155-  
159

Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all  
Richly Aromaticall.  
Goddesse Isis cann't transfer  
Musks and Ambers more from her :  
Nor can Juno sweeter be,  
When she lyes with Jove, then she.

### TO JULIA.

PERMIT me, Julia, now to goe away ;  
Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.  
If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee :  
Here shall my endless Tabernacle be :  
If not, (as banisht) I will live alone  
There, where no language ever yet was known

### ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure  
A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.  
Ah me ! I try ; and trying, prove,  
*No Herbs have power to cure Love.*  
Only one Sovereign salve, I know,  
And that is Death, the end of Woe.

### VERTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustaine ;  
His vertue still is sensible of paine :  
Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,  
He feeles when Packs do pinch him ; and the  
where.

### THE CRUELL MAID.

AND, Cruell Maid, because I see  
You scornfull of my love, and me :  
Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
My way, where you shall never know

What is become of me : there I  
Will find me out a path to die ;  
Or learne some way how to forget  
You, and your name, for ever : yet  
Ere I go hence ; know this from me,  
What will, in time, your Fortune be :  
This to your coynesse I will tell ;  
And having spoke it once, Farewell.  
The Lillie will not long endure ;  
Nor the Snow continue pure :  
The Rose, the Violet, one day  
See, both these Lady-flowers decay :  
And you must fade, as well as they.  
And it may chance that Love may turn,  
And (like to mine) make your heart burn  
And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,  
That my last Vow commends to you :  
When you shall see that I am dead,  
For pittie let a teare be shed ;  
And (with your Mantle o're me cast)  
Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
That I shall stir, or live more here.  
Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover  
Me ; me, the most despisèd Lover :  
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

Nos. 159-  
160

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :  
Nor be you proud, that you can see  
All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :  
Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :

Nos. 160-  
162

Whenas that Rubie, which you weare,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
Will last to be a precious Stone,  
When all your world of Beautie's gone.

### TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed,  
And Leaves did heale, all sicke of humane seed :  
To finde Bethesda, and an Angel there,  
Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here,  
At last, I find, (after my much to doe)  
The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too :  
And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the  
powers  
Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.  
To that soft Charm, that Spell, that Magick  
Bough,  
That high Enchantment I betake me now :  
And to that Hand, (the Branch of Heavens  
faire Tree)  
I kneele for help ; O ! lay that hand on me,  
Adorèd Cesar ! and my Faith is such,  
I shall be heal'd, if that my KING but touch.  
The Evill is not Yours : my sorrow sings,  
Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the KINGS.

### HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE.

WATER, Water I espie :  
Come, and coole ye ; all who frie  
In your loves ; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be  
Still a falling, yet I see  
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
For to quench ye, or some ease  
From your kinder Mistresses.

Nos. 162-  
164

I have one, and she alone,  
Of a thousand thousand known,  
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
Both the cause, and make the heat  
More by Provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire  
Of my cure, doe you beware  
Of those Girles, which cruell are.

UPON JOLLIES WIFE.

FIRST, Jollies wife is lame ; then next, loose-hipt :  
Squint ey'd, hook-nos'd; and lastly, Kidney-lipt.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM

HIS GRAY HAIRE.

AM I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day:  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire;  
And when (though long, it comes to passe)  
You question with your Looking-glasse;  
And in that sincere Christall seek,  
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek:  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare Carnation grew.  
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,  
It will be told  
That you are old;  
By those true teares y'are weeping.

# 68 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 165-  
168

## TO CEDARS.

IF 'mongst my many Poems, I can see  
One, onely, worthy to be washt by thee :  
I live for ever ; let the rest all lye  
In dennes of Darkness, or condemn'd to die.

## UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a Gypsie, lately came ;  
And did me much importune  
To see my hand ; that by the same  
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He saw my Palme ; and then, said he,  
I tell thee, by this score here ;  
That thou, within few months, shalt be  
The youthfull Prince D'Amour here.

I smil'd ; and bade him once more prove,  
And by some crosse-line show it ;  
That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,  
Though here the Princely Poet.

## HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

VIRGINS, time-past, known were these,  
Troubled with Green-sicknesses,  
Turn'd to flowers : Stil the hieu,  
Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

## TO JOS: LO: BISHOP OF EXETER.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can  
Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan ?  
And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare  
To see my Lines Excathedrated here.  
Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;  
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.

If then, (my Lord) to sanctifie my Muse  
One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse ;  
And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,  
'Tis Good Confirm'd ; for you have Bishop't it.

Nos. 168-  
171

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME  
OF THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

I saw about her spotlesse wrist,  
Of blackest silk, a curious twist ;  
Which, circumvolving gently, there  
Enthrall'd her Arme, as Prisoner.  
Dark was the Jayle ; but as if light  
Had met t'engender with the night ;  
Or so, as Darknesse made a stay  
To shew at once, both night and day.  
One fancie more ! but if there be  
Such Freedome in Captivity ;  
I beg of Love, that ever I  
May in like Chains of Darknesse lie.

ON HIMSELFE.

I FEARE no Earthly Powers ;  
But care for crowns of flowers :  
And love to have my Beard  
With Wine and Oile besmear'd.  
This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;  
Who knowes to live to morrow ?

UPON PAGGET.

PAGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then  
He vow'd Destruction both to Birch, and Men :  
Who wo'd not think this Yonker fierce to fight ?  
Yet comming home, but somewhat late, (last night)  
Untrusse, his Master bade him ; and that word  
Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.



No. 172

## A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

JULIA, I bring  
To thee this Ring,  
Made for thy finger fit ;  
To shew by this,  
That our love is  
(Or sho'd be) like to it.

Close though it be,  
The joynt is free :  
So when Love's yoke is on,  
It must not gall,  
Or fret at all  
With hard oppression.

But it must play  
Still either way ;  
And be, too, such a yoke,  
As not too wide,  
To over-slide ;  
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,  
This beame, must reare  
Our selves to such a height :  
As that the stay  
Of either may  
Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flaw, or else to sever :  
So let our love  
As endless prove ;  
And pure as Gold for ever.

# Hesperides 71

## TO THE DETRACTER.

Nos. 173-  
175

WHERE others love, and praise my Verses ; still  
Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out for  
ill :

A fellow take it, or some Whit-flaw come  
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !  
But cry thee Mercy : Exercise thy nailes  
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railles :  
Some numbers prurient are, and some of these  
Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill  
please.

## UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'Ų thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The  
dead.

I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;  
Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

## JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY Azure Robe, I did behold,  
As ayrie as the leaves of gold :  
Which erring here, and wandring there,  
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :  
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,  
As if to stir it scarce had leave :  
But having got it ; thereupon,  
'Two'd make a brave expansion.  
And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me  
Like a Celestiall Canopie.  
Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,  
Like to a flame growne moderate :  
Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling ;  
Then to thy thighs so closely cling,

Nos. 175-  
178

That some conceit did melt me downe,  
As Lovers fall into a swoone :  
And all confus'd, I there did lie  
Drown'd in Delights ; but co'd not die.  
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,  
Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;  
But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move  
To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

#### TO MUSICK.

BEGIN to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares  
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.  
Then let thy active hand scu'd o're thy Lyre ;  
And make my spirits frantick with the fire.  
That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine ;  
And make me smooth as Balme, and Oile againe.

#### DISTRUST.

To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing  
must  
Be truer to him, then a wise Distrust,  
And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne,  
*Heare all men speak ; but credit few or none.*

#### CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
See how Aurora throwes her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see  
The Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the  
East,  
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

No. 178

When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,  
And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis  
sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,  
Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and  
greene;

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire: '  
Feare not; the leaves will strew  
Gemms in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:  
And Titan on the Eastern hill  
Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be brieft  
in praying:

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke  
How each field turns a street; each street a Parke  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see  
how

Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere  
this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

No. 178

Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see't?  
 Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey  
 The Proclamation made for May :  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
 But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
 A deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
 Back, and with White-thorn laden home.  
 Some have dispatcht their Cakes and  
 Creame,  
 Before that we have left to dreame :  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted  
 Troth,  
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
 Many a green-gown has been given ;  
 Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
 Many a glance too has been sent  
 From out the eye, Love's Firmament :  
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a  
 Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;  
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
 We shall grow old apace, and die  
 Before we know our liberty.  
 Our life is short ; and our dayes run  
 As fast away as do's the Sunne :  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
 Once lost, can ne'r be found again :  
 So when or you or I are made  
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;

All love, all liking, all delight  
 Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

Nos. 178-  
 181

## ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest,  
 Nay more, I'll deeply sweare,  
 That all the Spices of the East  
 Are circumfusèd there.

## UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

BUT borne, and like a short Delight,  
 I glided by my Parents sight.  
 That done, the harder Fates deny'd  
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.  
 If pittying my sad Parents Teares,  
 You'll spil a tear or two, with theirs:  
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,  
 Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA,  
 TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET BY MR  
 RO: RAMSEY.

*Hor.* WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,  
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me  
 To hug thy whitest neck: Then I,  
 The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

*Lyd.* While thou no other didst affect,  
 Nor Cloe was of more respect;  
 Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,  
 I flourish't more then Roman Ilia.



## 76      Herrick's Poems

**Ncs. 181-** *Hor.* Now Thracian Cloe governs me,  
**182**      Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie :  
 For whose affection, Lydia, I  
 (So Fate spares her) am well content to die.

*Lyd.* My heart now set on fire is  
 By Ornithes sonne, young Calais ;  
 For whose commutuell flames here I  
 (To save his life) twice am content to die.

*Hor.* Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,  
 And sever'd, joyne in brazen yoke :  
 Admit I Cloe put away,  
 And love again love-cast-off Lydia ?

*Lyd.* Though mine be brighter then the Star ;  
 Thou lighter then the Cork by far ;  
 Rough as th' Adratick sea, yet I  
 Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

### THE CAPTIV'D BEE : OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay,  
 It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,  
 (After a dew, or dew-like shower)  
 To tipple freely in a flower.  
 For some rich flower, he took the lip  
 Of Julia, and began to sip ;  
 But when he felt he suckt from thence  
 Hony, and in the quintessence :  
 He drank so much he scarce co'd stir ;  
 So Julia took the pilferer.  
 And thus surpriz'd (as Filchers use)  
 He thus began himsef t'excuse :  
 Sweet Lady-Flower, I never brought  
 Hither the least one theeving thought :  
 But taking those rare lips of yours  
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers :

I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing :  
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay  
For Honie, that I beare away.  
This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of hony, 'fore her Ladiship :  
And told her, (as some tears did fall)  
That that, he took, and that was all.  
At which she smil'd ; and bade him goe  
And take his bag ; but thus much know,  
When next he came a-pilfring so,  
He sho'd from her full lips derive,  
Hony enough to fill his hive.

Nos. 182-185

## UPON PRIG.

PRIG now drinks Water, who before drank Beere:  
What's now the cause? we know the case is cleere:  
Look in Prig's purse, the chev'rell there tells you  
Prig many wants, either to buy, or brew.

UPON BATT.

• • • • •

AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON  
HIS BROTHERS DEATH.

Nor all thy flushing Sunnes are set,  
Herrick, as yet:  
Nor doth this far-drawn Hemisphere  
Frown, and look sullen ev'ry where.  
Daies may conclude in nights ; and Suns may rest,  
As dead, within the West ;  
Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant East.

## 78 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 185-  
186

Alas for me! that I have lost  
   E'en all almost :  
 Sunk is my sight ; set is my Sun ;  
 And all the loome of life undone :  
 The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall  
   Whereon my Vine did crawle,  
 Now, now, blowne downe ; needs must the old  
   stock fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,  
   In death I thrive :  
 And like a Phenix re-aspire  
 From out my Narde, and Fun'rall fire :  
 And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I  
   Doe mar'l how I co'd die,  
 When I had Thee, my chiefe Preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand,  
   Which makes me stand  
 Now as I doe ; and but for thee,  
 I must confesse, I co'd not be.  
 The debt is paid : for he who doth resigne  
   Thanks to the gen'rous Vine ;  
 Invites fresh Grapes to fill his Presse with Wine.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM  
   HERRICK.

LIFE of my life, take not so soone Thy flight,  
 But stay the time till we have bade Good night.  
 Thou hast both Wind and Tide with thee ; Thy  
   way  
 As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.  
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe  
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.  
 There's paine in parting ; and a kind of hell,  
 When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.

What? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here **Nos. 186-**  
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare? **188**

He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth  
 proved,

*Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.*

Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part,  
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart  
 Into thy loving hands: For Ile keep none  
 To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art  
 gone.

No, here Ile last, and walk (a harmless shade)  
 About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,  
 To guard it so, as nothing here shall be  
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

#### THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,  
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:  
 And as I went my private way,  
 An Olive-branch before me lay:  
 And seeing it, I made a stay.  
 And took it up, and view'd it; then  
 Kissing the Omen, said Amen:  
 Be, be it so, and let this be  
 A Divination unto me:  
 That in short time my woes shall cease;  
 And Love shall crown my End with Peace.

#### UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

MUCH-MORE, provides, and hoords up like an  
 Ant;  
 Yet Much-more still complains he is in want.  
 Let Much-more justly pay his tythes; then try  
 How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.

Nos. 189-  
191

TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMES.

YE may simper, blush, and smile,  
And perfume the aire a-while :  
But (sweet things) ye must be gone ;  
Fruit, ye know, is comming on :  
Then, Ah ! Then, where is your grace,  
When as Cherries come in place ?

HOW LILLIES CAME WHITE.

WHITE though ye be ; yet, Lillies, know,  
From the first ye were not so :  
    But Ile tell ye  
    What befell ye ;  
Cupid and his Mother lay  
In a Cloud ; while both did play,  
He with his pretty finger prest  
The rubie niplet of her breast ;  
Out of the which, the creame of light,  
    Like to a Dew,  
    Fell downe on you,  
And made ye white.

TO PANSIES.

AH, cruell Love ! must I endure  
Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?  
Say, are thy medicines made to be  
Helps to all others, but to me ?  
Ile leave thee, and to Pansies come ;  
Comforts you'l afford me some :  
You can ease my heart, and doe  
What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

## ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

Nos. 192-  
193

WHAT was't that fell but now  
From that warme kisse of ours?  
Look, look, by Love I vow  
They were two Gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen;  
For if so be our closes  
Make Gelli-flowers, then  
I'm sure they'l fashion Roses.

## THE LILLY IN A CHRISTAL.

You have beheld a smiling Rose  
When Virgins hands have drawn  
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne:  
And here, you see, this Lilly shows,  
Tomb'd in a Christal stone,  
More faire in this transparent case,  
Then when it grew alone;  
And had but single grace.

You see how Creame but naked is;  
Nor daunces in the eye  
Without a Strawberrie:  
Or some fine tincture, like to this,  
Which draws the sight thereto,  
More by that wantoning with it;  
Then when the paler hieu  
No mixture did admit.

You see how Amber through the streams  
More gently stroaks the sight,  
With some conceal'd delight;  
Then when he darts his radiant beams



No. 193

Into the boundlesse aire :  
Where either too much light, his worth  
Doth all at once impaire,  
Or set it little forth.

Put Purple grapes, or Cherries in-  
To Glasse, and they will send  
More beauty to commend  
Them, from that cleane and subtile skin,  
Then if they naked stood,  
And had no other pride at all,  
But their own flesh and blood,  
And tinctures naturall.

Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame,  
And Straw-berry do stir  
More love, when they transfer  
A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;  
Then if they sho'd discover  
At full their proper excellence ;  
Without some Scean cast over,  
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this Christal'd Lillie be  
A Rule, how far to teach,  
Your nakednesse must reach :  
And that, no further, then we see  
Those glaring colours laid  
By Arts wise hand, but to this end  
They sho'd obey a shade ;  
Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,  
And have the power to move  
A world of men to love :  
Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow ;

And that white cloud divide  
 Into a doubtful Twi-light ; then,  
 Then will your hidden Pride  
 Raise greater fires in men.

Nos. 193-  
 197

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last,  
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :  
 Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one  
 Deservelesse of the name of Paragon :  
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set  
 Some Pearls on Queens, that have been counterfet.

UPON SOME WOMEN.

THOU who wilt not love, doe this ;  
 Learne of me what Woman is.  
 Something made of thred and thrumme ;  
 A meere Botch of all and some.  
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ;  
 In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.  
 Out-side silk, and out-side Lawne ;  
 Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.  
 False in legs, and false in thighes ;  
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :  
 False in head, and false enough ;  
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

WHILE leanest Beasts in Pastures feed,  
*The fattest Oxe the first must bleed.*

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder  
 smiles  
 Meet after long divorcement by the Iles :

No. 197 When Love (the child of likeness) urgeth on  
 Their Christal natures to an union.  
 So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights  
 Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights :  
 So Kings & Queens meet, when Desire convinces  
 All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes,  
 As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !  
 Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame  
 Out-glares the Heav'ns Osiris ; and thy gleams  
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.  
 Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse ;  
 Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes :  
 I ! far more welcome then the happy soile,  
 The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,  
 Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray  
 The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.  
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,  
 Poore pittyed Exile ? Tell me, did thy Graces  
 Flie discontented hence, and for a time  
 Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?  
 Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move  
     me,  
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?  
 Why frowns my Sweet ? Why won't my Saint  
     confer  
 Favours on me, her fierce Idolater ?  
 Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which  
     have been  
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in  
 Like a dull Twi-light ? Tell me ; and the fault  
 Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt :  
 And with the Christal humour of the spring,  
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.  
 Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse ?  
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,

Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has No. 197  
desire

To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire  
Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark  
To testify the glowing of a spark?  
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine  
In hot Adult'ry with another Wine?  
True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale  
'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,  
And double my affection on thee; as doe those,  
Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes.  
But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be  
A thought of such like possibilitie?  
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack  
Grapes, before Herrick leaves Canarie Sack.  
Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,  
Like Iphycus upon the tops of Corn.  
Thou mak'st me nimble, as the wingèd howers,  
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,  
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing  
Under the heavenly Isis, that can bring  
More love unto my life, or can present  
My Genius with a fuller blandishment?  
Illustrious Idoll! co'd th' Ægyptians seek  
Help from the Garlick, Onyon, and the Leek,  
And pay no vovoes to thee? who wast their best  
God, and far more transcendent then the rest?  
Had Cassius, that weak Water-drinker, known  
Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one  
Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He  
As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee.  
Had not Joves son, that brave Tyrinthian Swain,  
(Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne  
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his spright  
Ne'r had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.

Nos. 197- Come, come and kisse me ; Love and lust com-  
198 mends

Thee, and thy beauties ; kisse, we will be friends  
Too strong for Fate to break us ; Look upon  
Me, with that full pride of complexion,  
As Queenes meet Queenes ; or come thou unto  
me,

As Cleopatra came to Anthonie ;  
When her high carriage did at once present  
To the Triumvir, Love and wonderment.  
Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood  
Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.  
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe  
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.  
And till I turne Apostate to thy love,  
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove  
Thy Fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse  
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse ;  
When these Circumstants shall but live to see  
The time that I prevaricate from thee.  
Call me The sonne of Beere, and then confine  
Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe ; Let Wine  
Ne'r shine upon me ; May my Numbers all  
Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.  
And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,  
Ne'r may Prophetique Daphne crown my Brow.

#### IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

My faithful friend, if you can see  
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree :  
If you can see the colour come  
Into the blushing Peare or Plum :  
If you can see the water grow  
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :

If you can see, that drop of raine  
 Lost in the wild sea, once again :  
 If you can see, how Dreams do creep  
 Into the Brain by easie sleep ;  
 Then there is hope that you may see  
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

Nos. 198-  
 201

## UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

## UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

GUBBS calls his children Kitlings : and wo'd  
 bound  
 (Some say) for joy, to see those Kitlings drown'd.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO  
 GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,  
 Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe :  
 For with the flowrie earth,  
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come ;  
 For now each tree do's weare  
 (Made of her Pap and Gum)  
 Rich beads of Amber here.

Now raignes the Rose, and now  
 Th' Arabian Dew besmeares  
 My uncontrollèd brow,  
 And my retortèd haire.



No. 201

Homer, this Health to thee,  
In Sack of such a kind,  
That it wo'd make thee see,  
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ile call forth,  
To pledge this second Health  
In Wine, whose each cup's worth  
An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ile drink  
To Ovid ; and suppose,  
Made he the pledge, he'd think  
The world had all one Nose.

Then this immensive cup  
Of Aromatike wine,  
Catullus, I quaffe up  
To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat ;  
O Bacchus ! coole thy Raies !  
Or frantick I shall eate  
Thy Thyrese, and bite the Bayes.

Round, round, the roof do's run ;  
And being ravisht thus,  
Come, I will drink a Tun  
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,  
This flood I drink to thee :  
But stay ; I see a Text,  
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies  
Here burnt, whose smal return  
Of ashes, scarce suffice  
To fill a little Urne.

Trust to good Verses then ;  
They onely will aspire,  
When Pyramids, as men,  
Are lost, i'th'funerall fire.

Nos. 201-  
203

And when all Bodies meet  
In Lethe to be drown'd ;  
Then onely Numbers sweet,  
With endless life are crown'd.

FAIRE DAYES : OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL.

FAIRE was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the  
Skies  
Shew'd like to Creame, enspir'd with Straw-  
berries :

But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone  
That smil'd in that first-sweet complexion.  
Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conspire  
To tear the world, or set it all on fire.  
What trust to things below, whenas we see,  
As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie ?

LIPS TONGUELESSE.

For my part I never care  
For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are :  
Tell-tales I wo'd have them be  
Of my Mistresse, and of me.  
Let them prattle how that I  
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie :  
Let them tell how she doth move  
Fore or backward in her love :  
Let them speak by gentle tones,  
One and th'others passions :  
How we watch, and seldome sleep ;  
How by Willowes we doe weep :

Nos. 203-  
205

How by stealth we meet, and then  
Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.  
This the lips we will permit  
For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

TH'AST dar'd too farre ; but Furie now forbear  
To give the least disturbance to her haire :  
But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon  
Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.  
'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet  
Quite dispossess of either fray, or fret.  
Come thou not neere that Filmne so finely spred,  
Where no one piece is yet unlevellèd.  
This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,  
He send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and  
Snow,  
Such fears, quakes, Palsies, and such Heates as  
shall  
Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.  
And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be  
More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by  
thee.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, Maids of Honour,  
You doe bring  
In the Spring ;  
And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,  
Fresh and faire ;  
Yet you are  
More sweet then any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
 And so grac't,  
 To be plac't,  
 'Fore Damask Roses.

Nos. 205-  
 208

Yet though thus respected,  
 By and by  
 Ye doe lie,  
 Poore Girles, neglected.

UPON BUNCE. EPIG.

MONEY thou ow'st me ; Prethee fix a day  
 For payment promis'd, though thou never pay :  
 Let it be Doomes-day ; nay, take longer scope ;  
 Pay when th'art honest ; let me have some hope.

TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

STAY while ye will, or goe ;  
 And leave no scent behind ye :  
 Yet trust me, I shall know  
 The place, where I may find ye :

Within my Lucia's cheek,  
 (Whose Livery ye weare)  
 Play ye at Hide or Seek,  
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME. ✱

GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying :  
 And this same flower that smiles to day,  
 To morrow will be dying.

Nos. 208-  
210

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting ;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,  
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
And while ye may, goe marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

#### SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONES SELFE.

FOR my neighbour Ile not know,  
Whether high he builds or no :  
Onely this Ile look upon,  
Firm be my foundation.  
Sound, or unsound, let it be ;  
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.  
He who to the ground do's fall,  
*Has not whence to sink at all.*

#### TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

PLAY I co'd once ; but (gentle friend) you see  
My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.  
Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too enspire,  
(With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre.  
Draw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones,  
Amphion-like) men made of flesh and bones,

Whether I wo'd ; but (ah ! ) I know not how,    Nos. 210-  
I feele in me, this transmutation now.        211

Griefe, (my deare friend) has first my Harp un-  
strung ;

Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

ONLY a little more  
    I have to write,  
    Then Ile give o're,  
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,  
    That I must stay,  
    Or linger in it ;  
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all !  
    And scarce leav'st here  
    Memoriall  
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot  
    In Vaults beneath ?  
    And piece-meale rot  
Without a fame in death ?

Behold this living stone,  
    I reare for me,  
    Ne'r to be thrown  
Downe, envious Time by thee.

Pillars let some set up,  
    (If so they please)  
    Here is my hope,  
And my Pyramides.



Nos. 212-

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

213

WHAT though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore:

Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't before.

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES, PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR NIC: LANIERE.

*The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.*

*Amin.* Good day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no lesse:

And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.

*Amar.* With all white luck to you. *Mirt.*

But say, what news

Stirs in our Sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my Ewes,

My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,

Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:

Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast

For his Sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* True, these are the least.

But, dear Amintas, and, sweet Amarillis, Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.

And lend a gentle eare to one report

The Country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.*

From whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three dayes before the Shutting in of May,

(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)

To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,

More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

*Chor.* Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs No. 213  
and sheep,

Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep !

*Mirt.* And that his birth sho'd be more singular,  
At Noone of Day, was seene a Silver Star,  
Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided  
them

To God's sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;  
While Golden Angels (some have told to me)  
Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

*Amin.* O rare ! But is't a trespassse if we three  
Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see ?

*Mirt.* Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance  
to prove

At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

*Amar.* But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it  
told,

Those learned men brought Incense, Myrrhe, and  
Gold,

From Countries far, with store of Spices, (sweet)  
And laid them downe for Offerings at his feet.

*Mirt.* 'Tis true indeed ; and each of us will  
bring

Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,  
A neat, though not so great an Offering.

*Amar.* A Garland for my Gift shall be  
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th' theeving Bee :  
And all most sweet ; yet all lesse sweet then  
he.

*Amin.* And I will beare along with you  
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,  
With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.

*Mirt.* And I a Sheep-hook will bestow,  
To have his little King-ship know,  
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.

# 96 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 213-  
215 *Chor.* Come let's away, and quickly let's be  
drest,  
And quickly give, *The swiftest Grace is best.*  
And when before him we have laid our treasures,  
We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie  
pleasures.

## TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day  
Betimes my Mattens say :  
Because I doe  
Begin to wooe :  
Sweet singing Lark,  
Be thou the Clark,  
And know thy when  
To say, Amen.  
And if I prove  
Blest in my love ;  
Then thou shalt be  
High-Priest to me,  
At my returne,  
To Incense burne ;  
And so to solemnize  
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

## THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares  
Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs, and tears.  
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,  
And (like a blasting Planet) found her out ;  
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare  
Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire :

Next, when thou dost perceive her fixèd sight,      Nos. 215-  
For thy revenge to be most opposite ;      216  
Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,  
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

## A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

You are a Tulip seen to day,  
But (Dearest) of so short a stay ;  
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,  
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
Will force you hence, (and in an houre).

You are a sparkling Rose i'th'bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,  
And can with Tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosèd (well)  
In Amber, or some Chrystall shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty Violet,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the Virgins Coronet.

You are the Queen all flowers among,  
But die you must (faire Maid) ere long,  
As He, the maker of this Song.

Nos. 217-  
219

THE BLEEDING HAND: OR, THE SPRIG OF  
EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of Eglantine.  
Which (though sweet unto your smell)  
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

GOLD I've none, for use or show,  
Neither Silver to bestow  
At my death; but thus much know,  
That each Lyrick here shall be  
Of my love a Legacie,  
Left to all posterity.  
Gentle friends, then doe but please,  
To accept such coynes as these;  
As my last Remembrances.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT  
VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART.

HENCE, hence, profane; soft silence let us  
have;  
While we this Trentall sing about thy Grave.  
Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,  
They wo'd have shew'd civility;  
And, in compassion of thy yeeres,  
Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.  
But since th'art slaine; and in thy fall,  
The drooping Kingdome suffers all.

*Chor.* This we will doe; we'll daily come  
And offer Tears upon thy Tomb:

And if that they will not suffice,  
Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Nos. 219-  
222

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume  
thee,

And Cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee

Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?

*Soules doe not with their bodies die :*

Ignoble off-springs, they may fall

Into the flames of Funerall :

Whenas the chosen seed shall spring

Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

*Chor.* And times to come shall, weeping,  
read thy glory,

Lesse in these Marble stones, then in  
thy story.

#### TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

DEARE Perenna, prethee come,  
And with Smallage dresse my Tomb :  
Adde a Cypresse-sprig thereto,  
With a teare ; and so Adieu.

#### GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

OF Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth Gorrell  
boast

He has at home ; but who tasts boil'd or rost ?  
Look in his Brine-tub, and you shall find there  
Two stiffe-blew-Pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

#### UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

WITHER'D with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes ;  
Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.



Nos. 223- THE FAIRIE TEMPLE: OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL.  
 224 DEDICATED TO MR JOHN MERRIFIELD,  
 COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

*Fancy how  
full play.*

RARE Temples thou hast seen, I know,  
 And rich for in and outward show :  
 Survey this Chappell, built, alone,  
 Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone :  
 Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine  
 Then this, the Fairies once, now Thine.

#### THE TEMPLE.

AWAY enchac't with glasse & beads  
 There is, that to the Chappel leads :  
 Whose structure (for his holy rest)  
 Is here the Halcion's curious nest :  
 Into the which who looks shall see  
 His Temple of Idolatry :  
 Where he of God-heads has such store,  
 As Rome's Pantheon had not more.  
 His house of Rimmon this he calls,  
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.  
 First, in a Neech, more black then jet,  
 His Idol-Cricket there is set :  
 Then in a Polisht Ovall by  
 There stands his Idol-Beetle-flie :  
 Next in an Arch, akin to this,  
 His Idol-Canker seated is :  
 Then in a Round, is plac't by these,  
 His golden god, Cantharides.  
 So that where ere ye look, ye see,  
 No Capitoll, no Cornish free,  
 Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.  
 Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,  
 Theirs is a mixt Religion.

And some have heard the Elves it call  
Part Pagan, part Papisticall.  
If unto me all Tongues were granted,  
I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.  
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,  
Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac't here right is.  
Saint Will o'th' Wispe (of no great bignes)  
But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.  
Saint Fripp, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,  
Neither those other-Saint-ships will I  
Here goe about for to recite  
Their number (almost) infinite,  
Which one by one here set downe are  
In this most curious Calendar.  
First, at the entrance of the gate,  
A little Puppet-Priest doth wait,  
Who squeaks to all the commers there,  
*Favour your tongues, who enter here.*  
*Pure hands bring hither, without staine.*  
A second pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*  
Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,  
The Holy-water there is put :  
A little brush of Squirrils haire,  
(Compos'd of *modde*, not even paires)  
Stands in the Platter, or close by,  
To purge the Fairie Family.  
Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,  
There off'ring up the Holy-Grist :  
Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,  
With (much-good-do't him) reverence.  
The Altar is not here foure-square,  
Nor in a forme Triangular ;  
Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,  
But of a little Transverce bone ;  
Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call

No. 224 (Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.  
 Whose Linnen-Drapery in a thin  
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin;  
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,  
 With little Seale-work Damaskèd.  
 The Fringe that circumbinds it too,  
 Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,  
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,  
 Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.  
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand  
 Something for Shew-bread, and at hand  
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)  
 Upon an end, the Fairie-Psalter,  
 Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,  
 Which serve for watchèd Ribbanings.  
 Now, we must know, the Elves are led  
 Right by the Rubrick, which they read.  
 And if Report of them be true,  
 They have their Text for what they doe;  
 I, and their Book of Canons too.  
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,  
 They have their Book of Articles:  
 And if that Fairie Knight not lies,  
 They have their Book of Homilies:  
 And other Scriptures, that designe  
 A short, but righteous discipline.  
 The Bason stands the board upon  
 To take the Free-Oblation:  
 A little Pin-dust; which they hold  
 More precious, then we prize our gold:  
 Which charity they give to many  
 Poore of the Parish, (if there's any).  
 Upon the ends of these neat Railes  
 (Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,)  
 The Elves, in formall manner, fix

Two pure, and holy Candlesticks :  
In either which a small tall bent  
Burns for the Altars ornament.  
For sanctity, they have, to these,  
Their curious Copes and Surplices  
Of cleanest Cobweb, hanging by  
In their Religious Vesterie.  
They have their Ash-pans, & their Brooms  
To purge the Chappel and the rooms :  
Their many mumbling Masse-priests here,  
And many a dapper Chorister.  
There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise,  
Their Canons, and their Chaunteries :  
Of Cloyster-Monks they have enow,  
I, and their Abby-Lubbers too :  
And if their Legend doe not lye,  
They much affect the Papacie :  
And since the last is dead, there's hope,  
Elve Boniface, shall next be Pope.  
They have their Cups and Chalices ;  
Their Pardons and Indulgences :  
Their Beads of Nits, Bels, Books, & Wax  
Candles (forsooth) and other knacks :  
Their Holy Oyle, their Fasting-Spittle ;  
Their sacred Salt here, (not a little.)  
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, & bones ;  
Beside their Fumigations,  
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece  
Of the Fryar, (of work an odde-piece.)  
Many a trifle too, and trinket,  
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.  
Next, then, upon the Chanters side  
An Apples-core is hung up dry'd,  
With ratling Kirnils, which is rung  
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.

# 104 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 224-  
226

The Saint, to which the most he prayes  
And offers Incense Nights and dayes,  
The Lady of the Lobster is,  
Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse ;  
And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,  
For his most cheerfull offerings.  
When, after these, h'as paid his vows,  
He lowly to the Altar bows :  
And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,  
(Like a Turks Turbant on his head),  
And reverently departeth thence,  
Hid in a cloud of Frankincense :  
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,  
Goes to the Feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESSE KATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,  
THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,  
Sitting and sorting severall sorts of flowers,  
To make for others garlands : and to set  
On many a head here, many a Coronet :  
But, amongst All encircled here, not one  
Gave her a day of Coronation ;  
Till you (sweet Mistresse) came and enterwove  
A Laurel for her, (ever young as love);  
You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,  
Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

If after rude and boystrous seas,  
My wearyed Pinnacle here finds ease :  
If so it be I've gain'd the shore  
With safety of a faithful Ore :  
If having run my Barque on ground,  
Ye see the agèd Vessell crown'd :

What's to be done? but on the Sands  
 Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.  
 The first Act's doubtfull, (but we say)  
 It is the last commends the Play.

Nos. 226-  
 228

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT,  
 WHO MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

WHEN I through all my many Poems look,  
 And see your selfe to beautifie my Book;  
 Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare  
 A Light ful-filling all the Region here.  
 Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be  
 A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.  
 Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,  
 'Twas by your splendour (Lady), not by mine.  
 The Oile was yours; and that I owe for yet:  
*He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.*

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy Delicious Numbers;  
 That being ravisht, hence I goe  
 Away in easie slumbers.  
 Ease my sick head,  
 And make my bed,  
 Thou Power that canst sever  
 From me this ill:  
 And quickly still:  
 Though thou not kill  
 My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
 From a consuming fire,  
 Into a gentle-licking flame,  
 And make it thus expire.



Nos. 228-  
230

Then make me weep  
My paines asleep ;  
And give me such repose,  
That I, poore I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongst Roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those Maiden showrs,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
A Baptime o're the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines,  
With thy soft straines ;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light ;  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A  
SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute,  
We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there sate  
mute.  
But when your Playing, and your Voice came in.  
'Twas no more you then, but a Cherubin.

UPON CUPID.

As lately I a Garland bound,  
'Mongst Roses, I there Cupid found :  
I took him, put him in my cup,  
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.  
Hence then it is, that my poore brest  
Co'd never since find any rest.

# Hesperides 107

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

Nos. 231-  
233

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia, there let me.  
Behold that circummortall purity :  
Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,  
Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they, who never know  
How the times away doe goe :  
But for us, who wisely see  
Where the bounds of black Death be :  
Let's live merrily, and thus  
Gratifie the Genius.

THE CHANGES TO CORINNA.

BE not proud, but now encline  
Your soft eare to Discipline.  
You have changes in your life,  
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife :  
You have ebbes of face and flowes,  
As your health or comes, or goes ;  
You have hopes, and doubts, and feares  
Numberlesse, as are your haire.  
You have Pulses that doe beat  
High, and passions lesse of heat.  
You are young, but must be old,  
And, to these, ye must be told,  
Time, ere long, will come and plow  
Loathèd Furrowes in your brow :  
And the dimnesse of your eye  
Will no other thing imply,  
But you must die  
As well as I.

# 108 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 234-  
238

## NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

## NEGLECT.

*ART quickens Nature ; Care will make a face ;  
Neglected beauty perishes apace.*

## UPON HIMSELFE.

MOP-EY'D I am, as some have said,  
Because I've liv'd so long a maid :  
But grant that I sho'd wedded be,  
Sho'd I a jot the better see ?  
No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,  
Rather then mend, put out the light.

## UPON A PHYSITIAN.

THOU cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my  
cold,  
And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty  
fold :  
Prethee goe home ; and for thy credit be  
First cur'd thy selfe ; then come and cure me.

## UPON SUDDS A LAUNDRESSE.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

# Hesperides 109

## TO THE ROSE. SONG.

Nos. 239-  
242

GOE, happy Rose, and enterwove  
With other Flowers, bind my Love.

Tell her too, she must not be,  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands  
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands:

Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have Mirtle rods, (at will)  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,  
And tell her this, but doe not so,

Lest a handsome anger flye,  
Like a Lightning, from her eye,  
And burn thee up, as well as I.

## UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

GUESSE cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about  
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout:  
But 'tis no Gout (beleeve it) but hard Beere,  
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

THOU art a plant sprung up to wither never,  
But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

## UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true  
But (Hark!) we praise the Painter now, not you

110 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 243-  
246

UPON A CROOKED MAID.

CROOKED you are, but that dislikes not me ;  
So you be straight, where Virgins straight sho'd be.

DRAW GLOVES.

AT Draw-Gloves we'l play,  
And prethee, let's lay  
A wager, and let it be this ;  
Who first to the Summe  
Of twenty shall come,  
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK-YOUTH.

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her  
sphere,  
On this sick youth work your enchantments here :  
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,  
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.  
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep :  
That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,  
Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE, GEORGE,  
DUKE, MARQUESSE, AND EARLE OF BUCKINGHAM.

NEVER my Book's perfection did appeare,  
Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.  
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,  
I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.  
Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,  
Your sober Hand-maid ; who doth wisely chuse,  
Your Name to be a Laureat-Wreathe to Hir,  
Who doth both love and feare you Honour'd Sir.

# Hesperides

III

## HIS RECANTATION.

Nos. 247-  
249

LOVE, I recant,  
And pardon crave,  
That lately I offended,  
But 'twas,  
Alas,  
To make a brave,  
But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,  
For now I see,  
Thou onely hast the power,  
To find,  
And bind  
A heart that's free,  
And slave it in an houre.

## THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good-luck came, and on my rooffe did  
light,  
Like noyse-lesse Snow ; or as the dew of night :  
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

## THE PRESENT: OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

FLY to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee,  
And say, thou bring'st this Hony-bag from  
me :  
When on her lip, thou hast thy sweet dew  
plac't,  
Mark, if her tongue, but slily, steale a taste.  
If so, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,  
Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.



# 112 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 250-  
251

## ON LOVE.

LOVE bade me aske a gift,  
And I no more did move,  
But this, that I might shift  
Still with my clothes, my Love :  
That favour granted was ;  
Since which, though I love many,  
Yet so it comes to passe,  
That long I love not any.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME : TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE, MILDMAY, EARLE OF  
WESTMORLAND.

COME, Sons of Summer, by whose toile,  
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile :  
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,  
We rip up first, then reap our lands.  
Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,  
And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home.  
Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart  
Drest up with all the Country Art.  
See, here a Maukin, there a sheet,  
As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet :  
The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,  
(Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)  
The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound  
For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown'd.  
About the Cart, heare, how the Rout  
Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout ;  
Pressing before, some coming after,  
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.  
Some blesse the Cart ; some kisse the sheaves ;  
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves :

Some crosse the Fill-horse ; some with great      No. 251  
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :  
While other Rusticks, lesse attent  
To Prayers, then to Merryment,  
Run after with their breeches rent.  
Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lords Hearth,  
Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,  
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe :  
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale  
And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)  
With sev'rall dishes standing by,  
As here a Custard, there a Pie,  
And here all-tempting Frumentie.  
And for to make the merry cheere,  
If smirking Wine be wanting here,  
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere ;  
Which freely drink to your Lords health,  
Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)  
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts ;  
Then to the Maids with Wheaten-Hats :  
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,  
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.  
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,  
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat  
(As you) may have their fill of meat.  
And know, besides, ye must revoke  
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,  
And all goe back unto the Plough  
And Harrow, (though they'r hang'd up now.)  
And, you must know, your Lords word's true,  
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
And that this pleasure is like raine,  
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
But for to make it spring againe.

# 114 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 252-  
255

## THE PERFUME.

TO-MORROW, Julia, I betimes must rise,  
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice :  
The Altar's ready ; Fire to consume  
The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich  
perfume.

## UPON HER VOICE.

LET but thy voice engender with the string,  
And Angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

## NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love, must be  
My Scholar, and learn this of me :  
There be in Love as many feares,  
As the Summers Corne has eares :  
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more  
Then the sand, that makes the shore :  
Freezing cold, and fire heats,  
Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;  
Now an Ague, then a Fever,  
Both tormenting Lovers ever.  
Wods't thou know, besides all these,  
How hard a woman 'tis to please ?  
How crosse, how sullen, and how soone  
She shifts and changes like the Moone.  
How false, how hollow she's in heart ;  
And how she is her owne least part :  
How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;  
Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

## TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming  
spel,  
That strik'st a stilnesse into hell :

Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise) Nos. 255-257

With thy soule-melting Lullabies :

Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming  
spheres,

To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,

(Made rivall with the aire)

To give Perenna's lip a kisse,

And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,

Instead of common showers,

Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,

And all beset with flowers.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.

AN ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare  
To work Love's Sampler onely here,  
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare ?  
Are not here Rose-buds, Pinks, all flowers,  
Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,  
Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spread  
The body of the under-dead ?  
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,  
O ! may no eye distill a Teare  
For you once lost, who weep not here !  
Had Lesbia (too-too-kind) but known  
This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :  
And for this dead which under-lies,  
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.

# 116 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 257-  
258 But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep  
My Phill, the time he has to sleep,  
And thousand Virgins come and weep,  
To make these flowrie Carpets show  
Fresh, as their blood ; and ever grow,  
Till passengers shall spend their doome,  
Not Virgil's Gnat had such a Tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet Babes ? can Tears  
Speak grieve in you,  
Who were but borne  
Just as the modest Morne  
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?  
Alas, you have not known that shower,  
That marres a flower ;  
Nor felt th'unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind ;  
Nor are ye worne with yeares ;  
Or warpt, as we,  
Who think it strange to see,  
Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young,)  
To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whim'ring Younglings, and make  
known  
The reason, why  
Ye droop, and weep ;  
Is it for want of sleep ?  
Or childish Lullabie ?  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The Violet ?  
Or brought a kisse  
From that Sweet-heart, to this ?

No, no, this sorrow shown

By your teares shed,

Wo'd have this Lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares  
brought forth.

Nos. 258-  
260

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES at first were white,

Till they co'd not agree,

Whether my Sapho's breast,

Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,

A blush their cheeks bespred ;

Since which (beleeeve the rest)

The Roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH  
OF HER HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with  
sorrows raine ;

Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again.

Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile ;

But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.

Winds have their time to rage ; but when they  
cease,

The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.

Your storme is over ; Lady, now appeare

Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.

Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on ;

And flow, and flame, in your Vermillion.

Upon your cheek sate Ysicles awhile ;

Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

# 118 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 261-  
263

## HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

LOVE on a day (wise Poets tell)  
Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,  
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,  
Poore Girles, she fell on you ;  
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)  
Her blowes did make ye blew.

## UPON GROYNES. EPIG.

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## TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,  
The onely true plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the Lovers Rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorne ;  
Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with Neglect, (the Lover's bane)  
Poore Maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost ; their onely gaine  
Is but a Wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
(When weary of the light)  
The love-spent Youth, and love-sick Maid,  
Come to weep out the night.



MRS ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE Nos. 264-  
LOST SHEPARDASSE. 265

AMONG the Mirtles, as I walkt,  
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :  
Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,  
Where I may find my Shepardesse.  
Thou foole, said Love, know'st thou not this ?  
In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
In yond' Carnation goe and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :  
In that ennamel'd Pansie by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye :  
In bloome of Peach, and Roses bud,  
There waves the Streamer of her blood.  
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
I went to pluck them one by one,  
To make of parts an union ;  
But on a sudden all were gone.  
At which I stopt ; Said Love, these be  
The true resemblances of thee ;  
For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,  
And in the turning of an eye ;  
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

TO THE KING.

IF when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare,  
And that Apollo shall so touch Your eare,  
As for to make this, that, or any one  
Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;  
That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be  
The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry.*

Nos. 266-  
267

## TO THE QUEENE.

*GODDESSE of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,  
(Most fit to be the Consort to a King)*  
Be pleas'd to rest you in This Sacred Grove,  
Beset with Mirtles; whose each leafe drops  
Love.

Many a sweet-fac't Wood-Nymph here is seene,  
Of which chast Order You are now the Queene :  
Witness their Homage, when they come and strew  
Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns  
to you.

Your Leavie-Throne (with Lilly-work) possesse;  
And be both Princesse here, and Poetresse.

THE POETS GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST HOPE-  
FULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE, THE DUKE  
OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty Duke-ship grow  
Like t' a Rose of Jericho :  
Sweeter far, then ever yet  
Showrs or Sun-shines co'd beget.  
May the Graces, and the Howers  
Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers :  
And so dresse him up with Love,  
As to be the Chick of Jove.  
May the thrice-three-Sisters sing  
Him the Sovereaine of their Spring :  
And entitle none to be  
Prince of Hellicon, but He.  
May his soft foot, where it treads,  
Gardens thence produce and Meads :  
And those Meddowes full be set  
With the Rose, and Violet.

May his ample Name be knowne  
To the last succession :  
And his actions high be told  
Through the world, but writ in gold.

Nos. 267-  
268

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND  
HIM ANY THING.

BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be :  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy Decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
Under that Cypresse tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me :  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

# 122 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 269-  
273

## PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

*THAT Prince takes soone enough the Victors  
roome,  
Who first provides, not to be overcome.*

## OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

*THE Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway :  
The Subjects onely glory to obey.*

## MORE POTENT, LESSE PECCANT.

*HE that may sin, sins least ; Leave to transgresse  
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse.*

## UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE WAS MARRIED.

*THAT Morne which saw me made a Bride,  
The Ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.  
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide  
Unto the bed the bashfull Bride ;  
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,  
And light my Reliques to their Urne.  
This Epitaph, which here you see,  
Supply'd the Epithalamie.*

## UPON PINK, AN ILL-FAC'D PAINTER. EPIG.

*To paint the fiend, Pink would the Devill see ;  
And so he may, if he'll be rul'd by me :  
Let but Pink's face i' th' Looking-glasse be  
showne,  
And Pink may paint the Devill's by his owne.*

## UPON BROCK. EPIG.

Nos. 274-  
276

To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe,  
 But not his mouth (the fouler of the two).  
 A clammie Reume makes loathsome both his eyes:  
 His mouth, worse furr'd with oathes and  
 blasphemies.

## TO MEDDOWES.

YE have been fresh and green,  
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers:  
 And ye the Walks have been  
 Where Maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they  
 With Wicker Arks did come  
 To kisse, and beare away  
 The richer Couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a Round:  
 Each Virgin, like a Spring,  
 With Hony-succles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,  
 Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
 And with dishevell'd Haire,  
 Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having spent  
 Your stock, and needy grown,  
 Y'are left here to lament  
 Your poore estates, alone.

## CROSSES.

THOUGH good things answer many good intents;  
*Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.*

Nos. 277-  
281

MISERIES.

THOUGH hourly comforts from the Gods we see,  
*No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.*

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN.

Y'AVE laught enough (sweet), vary now your  
Text;  
And laugh no more; or laugh, and lie down next.

TO HIS HOUSHOLD GODS.

RISE, Houshold-gods, and let us goe;  
But whither, I my selfe not know.  
First, let us dwell on rudest seas;  
Next, with severest Salvages;  
Last, let us make our best abode,  
Where humane foot, as yet, n'er trod:  
Search worlds of Ice; and rather there  
Dwell, then in lothèd Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN RED-BREST.

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,  
Thou pittifull, and pretty Philomel:  
And when I'm laid out for a Corse; then be  
Thou Sexton (Red-brest) for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS  
FUNERALL.

BOTH you two have  
Relation to the grave:  
And where  
The Fun'rall-Trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made  
Ere long a fleeting shade :  
Pray come,  
And doe some honour to my Tomb.

Nos. 281-  
284

Do not deny  
My last request ; for I  
Will be  
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

I CALL AND I CALL.

I CALL, I call : who doe ye call ?  
The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball :  
But since these Cowslips fading be,  
Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.  
Yet, if that neither you will doe,  
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

ON A PERFUM'D LADY.

You say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know  
Whether that you be sweet or no ?  
From Powders and Perfumes keep free ;  
Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON SIR  
CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT's that we see from far ? the spring of  
Day  
Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd  
May  
Blowne out of April ; or some New-  
Star fill'd with glory to our view,  
Reaching at heaven,  
To adde a nobler Planet to the seven ?



# 126 Herrick's Poems

No. 284

Say, or doe we not descrie  
Some Goddess, in a cloud of Tiffanie  
To move, or rather the  
Emergent Venus from the Sea ?

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more Divine  
Enlightned substance ; mark how from the  
Shrine

Of holy Saints she paces on,  
Treading upon Vermilion  
And Amber ; Spice-  
ing the Chafte-Aire with fumes of Paradise.

Then come on, come on, and yeeld  
A savour like unto a blessed field,  
When the bedabled Morne  
Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes ; and smell how all the  
street

Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats : O how  
sweet !

As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,  
Perspiring pounded Cynamon.

The Phenix nest,  
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein wo'd not consume  
His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume ?

Bestroaking Fate the while  
He burnes to Embers on the Pile.

Himen, O Himen ! tread the sacred ground ;  
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram  
crown'd :

Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch  
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,  
In his desires

More trowing, more disparkling then thy fires ;

Shew her how his eyes do turne  
And roule about, and in their motions burne  
    Their balls to Cindars : haste,  
Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe  
The Shewers of Roses, lucky foure-leav'd  
    grasse :

    The while the cloud of younglings sing,  
And drown yee with a flowrie Spring :

        While some repeat  
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with  
    Wheat :

    While that others doe divine ;  
*Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth  
    shine ;*

        And thousands gladly wish  
You multiply, as doth a Fish.

And beautious Bride we do confess y'are wise,  
In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies :

    In Lov's name do so ; and a price  
Set on your selfe, by being nice :

        But yet take heed ;  
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,

    And turne Apostate : Love will  
Part of the way be met ; or sit stone-still.

    On then, and though you slowly  
go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled Cook  
Runs from his Torrid Zone, to prie, and look,  
    And blesse his dainty Mistresse : see,  
The Aged point out, This is she,

# 128 Herrick's Poems

No. 284

Who now must sway  
The House (Love shield her) with her Yea  
and Nay:  
And the smirk Butler thinks it  
Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to express his wit;  
Each striving to devise  
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write  
This the short'st day, and this the longest  
night;  
But yet too short for you: 'tis we,  
Who count this night as long as three,  
Lying alone,  
Telling the Clock strike Ten, Eleven, Twelve,  
One.  
Quickly, quickly then prepare;  
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids  
share  
Your Garters; and their joynts  
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.

By the Brides eyes, and by the teeming life  
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no  
strife,  
(Farther then Gentlenes tends) gets place  
Among ye, striving for her lace:  
O doe not fall  
Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call  
Discord in, and so divide  
The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant  
Bride:  
Which Love fore-fend; but spoken  
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring- No. 284  
maids,

Now Autumne's come, when all those flowrie  
aids

Of her Delayes must end ; Dispose  
That Lady-smock, that Pansie, and that  
Rose

Neatly apart ;  
But for Prick-madam, and for Gentle-heart ;  
And soft Maidens-blush, the Bride  
Makes holy these, all others lay aside :  
Then strip her, or unto her  
Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where  
About the Roofe a Syren in a Sphere ;  
(As we think) singing to the dinne  
Of many a warbling Cherubin :

O marke yee how  
The soule of Nature melts in numbers : now  
See, a thousand Cupids flye,  
To light their Tapers at the Brides bright eye.  
To Bed ; or her they'l tire,  
Were she an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud  
Plumpe Bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,  
Tempting the two too modest ; can  
Yee see it brusle like a Swan,  
And you be cold

To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold  
The Armes to hugge it ? throw, throw  
Your selves into the mighty over-flow  
Of that white Pride, and Drowne  
The night, with you, in floods of Downe.

130 Herrick's Poems

No. 284      The bed is ready, and the maze of Love  
 Lookes for the treaders ; every where is wove  
                  Wit and new misterie ; read, and  
                  Put in practise, to understand  
                                  And know each wile,  
 Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile ;  
                  And do it to the full ; reach  
 High in your own concept, and some way  
                  teach  
                          Nature and Art, one more  
                  Play then they ever knew before.

If needs we must for Ceremonies-sake,  
 Blesse a Sack-posset ; Luck go with it ; take  
                  The Night-Charme quickly ; you have  
                                  spells,  
                  And magicks for to end, and hells,  
                                  To passe ; but such  
 And of such Torture as no one would grutch  
                  To live therein for ever : Frie  
 And consume, and grow again to die,  
                  And live, and in that case,  
                  Love the confusion of the place.

But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe  
 Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so  
                  It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse,  
                  Ye Towre her up, as Danae was ;  
                                  Thinke you that this,  
 Or hell it selfe a powerfull Bulwarke is ?  
                  I tell yee no ; but like a  
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,  
                  And rend the cloud, and throw  
                  The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is husht in silence ; Midwife-moone, Nos. 284-  
 With all her Owle-ey'd issue begs a boon 286

Which you must grant ; that's entrance ;  
 with

Which extract, all we can call pith  
 And quintiscence

Of Planetary bodies ; so commence

All faire Constellations

Looking upon yee, That two Nations

Springing from two such Fires,

May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

#### THE SILKEN SNAKE.

FOR sport my Julia threw a Lace

Of silke and silver at my face :

Watchet the silke was ; and did make

A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake :

The suddenness did me affright ;

But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

#### UPON HIMSELFE.

I AM Sive-like and can hold

Nothing hot, or nothing cold.

Put in Love, and put in too

Jealousie, and both will through :

Put in Feare, and hope, and doubt ;

What comes in runnes quickly out :

Put in secrecies withall,

Whatere enters, out it shall :

But if you can stop the Sive,

For mine own part, I'de as lieve

Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing,

Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

# 132 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 287-  
290

## UPON LOVE.

LOVE's a thing, (as I do heare)  
Ever full of pensive feare;  
Rather then to which I'le fall,  
Trust me, I'le not like at all:  
If to love I should entend,  
Let my haire then stand an end:  
And that terrour likewise prove,  
Fatall to me in my love.  
But if horroure cannot slake  
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make;  
Then the next thing I desire,  
Is to love, and live i' th' fire.

## REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the Income must be our expence;  
*Mans fortune must be had in reverence.*

## DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

*WHO forms a Godhead out of Gold or Stone.  
Makes not a God; but he that prayes to one.*

## TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I COULD wish you all, who love,  
That ye could your thoughts remove  
From your Mistresses, and be,  
Wisely wanton (like to me.)  
I could wish you dispossess  
Of that Fiend that marres your rest;  
And with Tapers comes to fright  
Your weake senses in the night.  
I co'd wish, ye all, who frie  
Cold as Ice, or coole as I



But if flames best like ye, then  
Much good do't ye Gentlemen.  
I a merry heart will keep,  
While you wring your hands and weep.

Nos. 290-  
293

## THE EYES.

'Tis a known principle in War,  
The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

## NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women to refuse  
The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.  
No fault in women, to confesse  
How tedious they are in their dresse.  
No fault in women, to lay on  
The tincture of Vermillion :  
And there to give the cheek a die  
Of white, where nature doth deny.  
No fault in women, to make show  
Of largeness, when th'are nothing so :  
(When true it is, the out-side swels  
With inward Buckram, little else.)  
No fault in women, though they be  
But seldome from suspition free :  
No fault in womankind, at all,  
If they but slip, and never fall.

## UPON SHARK. EPIG.

SHARK when he goes to any publick feast,  
Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the least.  
What saves the master of the House thereby?  
When if the servants search, they may descry  
In his wide Codpeece, (dinner being done)  
Two Napkins cram'd up, and a silver Spooone.

## OBERONS FEAST.

SHAPCOT! to thee the Fairy State  
 I with discretion, dedicate.  
 Because thou prizest things that are  
 Curious, and un-familiar.  
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;  
 Wee'l see the Fairy-Court anon.

A LITTLE mushroome-table spread,  
 After short prayers, they set on bread;  
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,  
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate  
 His choyce bitts with; then in a trice  
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.  
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,  
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:  
 But that there was in place to stir  
 His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper;  
 The merry Cricket, puling Flie,  
 The piping Gnat for minstralcy.  
 And now, we must imagine first,  
 The Elves present to quench his thirst  
 A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,  
 Brought and besweetned in a blew  
 And pregnant violet; which done,  
 His kitling eyes begin to runne  
 Quite through the table, where he spies  
 The hornes of paperie Butterflies:  
 Of which he eates, and tastes a little  
 Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.  
 A little Fuz-ball pudding stands  
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,  
 That was too coorse; but then forthwith  
 He ventures boldly on the pith

Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge  
 And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge :  
 Gladding his pallat with some store  
 Of Emits eggs ; what wo'd he more ?  
 But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,  
 A bloated Earewig, and a Flie ;  
 With the Red-capt worme, that's shut  
 Within the concave of a Nut,  
 Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,  
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth :  
 With withered cherries ; Mandrakes eares ;  
 Moles eyes ; to these, the slain-Stags teares :  
 The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile ;  
 The broke-heart of a Nightingale  
 Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine,  
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,  
 But gently prest from the soft side  
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,  
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which  
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
 His blood to height ; this done, commended  
 Grace by his Priest ; *The feast is ended.*

Nos. 294-  
 297

#### EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can,  
 Th'event is never in the power of man.

#### UPON HER BLUSH.

WHEN Julia blushes, she do's show  
 Cheeks like to Roses, when they blow.

#### MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

OUR Honours, and our Commendations be  
 Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.

# 136 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 298-  
301

## TO VIRGINS.

HEARE, ye Virgins, and Ile teach,  
What the times of old did preach.  
Rosamond was in a Bower  
Kept, as Danae in a Tower :  
But yet Love (who subtile is)  
Crept to that, and came to this.  
Be ye lockt up like to these,  
Or the rich Hesperides ;  
Or those Babies in your eyes,  
In their Christall Nunneries ;  
Notwithstanding Love will win,  
Or else force a passage in :  
And as coy be, as you can,  
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

## VERTUE.

EACH must, in vertue, strive for to excell ;  
*That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.*

## THE BELL-MAN.

FROM noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
From Murders *Benedicite*.  
From all mischances, that may fright  
Your pleasing slumbers in the night :  
Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one aclock, and almost two,  
My Masters all, *Good day to you.*

## BASHFULNESSE.

OF all our parts, the eyes expresse  
The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER Nos. 302-  
EDWARD NORSGATE, CLARK OF THE SIGNET 305  
TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;  
For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts ;  
Long have I sought for : but co'd never see  
Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.  
Thus, thou, that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd  
To make but one (and that's thy selfe) admir'd.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER SICKNESSE.

PRUE, my dearest Maid, is sick,  
Almost to be Lunatick :  
Æsculapius ! come and bring  
Means for her recovering ;  
And a gallant Cock shall be  
Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE.

PHŒBUS ! when that I a Verse,  
Or some numbers more rehearse ;  
Tune my words, that they may fall,  
Each way smoothly Musically :  
For which favour, there shall be  
Swans devoted unto thee.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, let me drink no more ;  
Wild are Seas, that want a shore.  
When our drinking has no stint,  
There is no one pleasure in't.  
I have drank up for to please  
Thee, that great cup Hercules :  
Urge no more ; and there shall be  
Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

## 138 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 306-  
309

### UPON BUNGIE.

BUNGIE do's fast; looks pale; puts Sack-cloth on;  
Not out of Conscience, or Religion:  
Or that this Yonker keeps so strict a Lent,  
Fearing to break the King's Commandement:  
But being poore, and knowing Flesh is deare,  
He keeps not one, but many Lents i' th'yeare.

### ON HIMSELFE.

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile lay;  
My Pilgrims staffe; my weed of gray:  
My Palmers hat; my Scallops shell;  
My Crosse; my Cord; and all farewell.  
For having now my journey done,  
(Just at the setting of the Sun)  
Here I have found a Chamber fit,  
(God and good friends be thank't for it)  
Where if I can a lodger be  
A little while from Trampers free;  
At my up-rising next, I shall,  
If not requite, yet thank ye all.  
Meanwhile, the Holy-Rood hence fright  
The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,  
From scaring you or yours this night.

### CASUALTIES.

Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe  
please,  
Then those, which come by sweet contingences.

### BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

DEAD falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute;  
But let that speak, the Client gets the suit.

## THE END.

Nos. 310-  
314

IF well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right ;  
*It is the End that crownes us, not the Fight.*

## UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood :  
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings ; but not stir  
The earth, that lightly covers her.

## UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

SNEAPE has a face so brittle, that it breaks  
Forth into blushes, whensoere he speaks.

## CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content  
That makes the Tables merriment.  
Where Trouble serves the board, we eate  
The Platters there, as soone as meat.  
A little Pipkin with a bit  
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,  
Set on my Table, (Trouble-free)  
More then a Feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT : OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT THE  
MARRIAGE OF MR HEN. NORTHLY, AND THE  
MOST WITTY MRS LETTICE YARD.

WEELCOME ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse  
First you, then you, and both for white successe.  
Profane no Porch young man and maid, for fear  
Ye wrong the Threshold-god, that keeps peace  
here :



# 140 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 314- Please him, and then all good-luck will betide  
 316 You, the brisk Bridegroom, you the dainty  
 Bride.

Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise ;  
 Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice :  
 That done ; when both of you have seemly fed,  
 We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed :  
 Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on,  
 Fish-like, encrease then to a million :  
 And millions of spring-times may ye have,  
 Which spent, one death bring to ye both one  
 Grave.

## THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS, in abundance come,  
 To the Bride, and to her Groome ;  
 May the Bed, and this short night,  
 Know the fulness of delight !  
 Pleasures many, here attend ye,  
 And ere long, a Boy, Love send ye  
 Curld and comely, and so trimme,  
 Maides (in time) may ravish him.  
 Thus a dew of Graces fall  
 On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

## UPON LEECH.

LEECH boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone,  
 With speed give sick men their salvation :  
 'Tis strange, his Father long time has been ill,  
 And credits Physick, yet not trusts his Pill :  
 And why ? he knowes he must of Cure despaire,  
 Who makes the slie Physitian his Heire.

## TO DAFFADILLS.

Nos. 317-  
319

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see

You haste away so soone :

As yet the early-rising Sun

Has not attain'd his Noone.

Stay, stay,

Untill the hasting day

Has run

But to the Even-song ;

And, having pray'd together, we

Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,

We have as short a Spring ;

As quick a growth to meet Decay,

As you, or any thing.

We die,

As your hours doe, and drie

Away,

Like to the Summers raine ;

Or as the pearles of Mornings dew,

Ne'r to be found againe.

## TO A MAID.

·        ·        ·        ·        ·  
 ·        ·        ·        ·        ·

UPON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND  
 LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As Gilly flowers do but stay

To blow, and seed, and so away ;

So you sweet Lady (sweet as May)

The garden's-glory liv'd a while,

To lend the world your scent and smile.

Nos. 319-  
320

But when your own faire print was set  
 Once in a Virgin Flosculet,  
 (Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown)  
 To give that life, resign'd your own :  
 But so, as still the mothers power  
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON  
 STEWARD.

No news of Navies burnt at Seas ;  
 No noise of late spawn'd Tittyries :  
 No closset plot, or open vent,  
 That frights men with a Parliament :  
 No new devise, or late-found trick,  
 To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :  
 No ginne to catch the State, or wring  
 The free-born Nosthrill of the King,  
 We send to you ; but here a jolly  
 Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly :  
 That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,  
 That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,  
 Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,  
 That tost up, after Fox-i'th'hole :  
 Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care  
 That young men have to shooe the Mare :  
 Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes  
 Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,  
 Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,  
 And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.*  
 Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use  
 Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse :  
 Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds,  
 A Plentious harvest to your grounds :  
 Of these, and such like things, for shift,  
 We send in stead of New-yeares gift.

Read then, and when your faces shine  
With bucksome meat and capring Wine :  
Remember us in Cups full crown'd,  
And let our Citie-health go round,  
Quite through the young maids and the men,  
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;  
Until the firèd Chesnuts leape  
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,  
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,  
That tempts till it be tossèd up :  
Then as ye sit about your embers,  
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;  
But think on these, that are t'appeare,  
As Daughters to the instant yeare :  
Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,  
Till Liber Pater twirles the house  
About your eares ; and lay upon  
The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon.  
And let the russet Swaines the Plough  
And Harrow hang up resting now ;  
And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;  
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.  
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes  
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

Nos. 320-  
321

#### MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise,  
Crossing thy selfe ; come thus to sacrifice :  
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring  
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.  
Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence,  
Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.  
Thy golden Censors fill'd with odours sweet,  
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

Nos. 322-  
324

## EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove ; then is the worke halfe done ;  
 And runnes most smoothly when tis well begunne.  
 Jove's is the first and last : the Morn's his due,  
 The midst is thine ; but Joves the Evening too ;  
 As sure a Mattins do's to him belong,  
 So sure he layes claime to the Evensong.

## THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tye about thy wrist,  
 Julia, this my silken twist ;  
 For what other reason is't,  
 But to shew thee how in part,  
 Thou my pretty Captive art ?  
 But thy Bondslave is my heart :  
 'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,  
 Knap the thread, and thou art free :  
 But 'tis otherwise with me ;  
 I am bound, and fast bound so,  
 That from thee I cannot go,  
 If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

## THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,  
 That dares to dead the fire of martirdome :  
 That sleeps at home ; and sayling there at ease,  
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :  
 That's counter-proofe against the Farms mis-haps,  
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps :  
 That weares one face (like heaven) and never  
     showes  
 A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes :  
 That keepe his own strong guard, in the despite  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night :

That takes and re-delivers every stroake  
Of Chance (as made up all of rock, and oake :)  
That sighs at others death ; smiles at his own  
Most dire and horrid crucifixion.  
Who for true glory suffers thus ; we grant  
Him to be here our Christian militant.

Nos. 324-  
328

A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR.

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires  
Glit'ring to my free desires :  
These accept, and Ile be free,  
Offering Poppy unto thee.

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE.

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please  
Thee, the Rector of the Seas,  
That my Barque may safely runne  
Through thy watrie-region ;  
And a Tunnie-fish shall be  
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

UPON GREEDY. EPIG.

AN old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed,  
Not for affection to her, or her Bed ;  
But in regard, 'twas often said, this old  
Woman wo'd bring him more then co'd be told,  
He tooke her ; now the jest in this appeares  
So old she was, that none co'd tell her yeares.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,  
Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss :  
Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,  
Where my small reliques must for ever rest :

# 146 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 328- That breath the Balm, the myrrh, the Nard  
 330       shal be,  
 To give an incorruption unto me.

## GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESSE.

How rich a man is, all desire to know ;  
 But none enquires if good he be, or no.

## THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG thy Fancies, tell me this,  
 What is the thing we call a kisse ?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred  
 Between the lips, (all cherrie-red,)  
 By love and warme desires fed,

*Chor.* And makes more soft the Bridall bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,  
 First, to the Babies of the eyes ;  
 And charmes them there with lullabies ;

*Chor.* And stils the Bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,  
 It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,  
 'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere ;

*Chor.* And here, and there, and every where.

1. Ha's it a speaking virtue ?   2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say !   2. Do you but this,  
 Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse ;

*Chor.* And this Loves sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ?   2. I, and wings,  
 With thousand rare encolourings :  
 And as it flyes, it gently sings,

*Chor.* Love, honie yeelds ; but never stings.



## THE ADMONITION.

Nos. 331-  
333

SEEST thou those Diamonds which she weares  
     In that rich Carkanet ;  
 Or those on her dishevel'd haire,  
     Faire Pearles in order set ?  
 Beleeve young man all those were teares  
     By wretched Wooers sent,  
 In mournfull Hyacinths and Rue,  
     That figure discontent ;  
 Which when not warmèd by her view,  
     By cold neglect, each one,  
 Congeal'd to Pearle and stone ;  
     Which precious spoiles upon her,  
     She weares as trophees of her honour.  
 Ah then consider ! What all this implies ;  
 Shethat will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN SIR WILLIAM  
 SOAME. EPIG.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call  
 All that have been, or are canonicall  
 For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,  
 Their many vertues volum'd up in thee ;  
 In thee Brave Man ! Whose incorrupted fame,  
 Casts forth a light like to a Virgin flame :  
 And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,  
 As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.  
 So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,  
 As Benjamin, and Storax, when they meet.

## ON HIMSELFE.

AsKE me, why I do not sing  
 To the tension of the string,

# 148 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 333-  
337

As I did, not long ago,  
When my numbers full did flow?  
Griefe (ay me!) hath struck my Lute  
And my tongue at one time mute.

TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,  
Devote to thee my graines of Frankinsence:  
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,  
To honour thee, my little Parsly crown:  
No more shall I (I feare me) to thee bring  
My chives of Garlick for an offering:  
No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire  
Of merry Crickets by my Country fire.  
Go where I will, thou luckie Larr stay here,  
Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON.

WHAT can I do in Poetry,  
Now the good Spirit's gone from me?  
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,  
And over-read what I have writ.

CLEMENCY.

FOR punishment in warre, it will suffice,  
If the chiefe author of the faction dyes;  
Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all:  
Where the fault springs, there let the judgement fall.

HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND,  
M. JOHN WICKES, UNDER THE NAME OF  
POSTHUMUS.

AH Posthumus! Our yeares hence flye,  
And leave no sound; nor piety,  
Or prayers, or vow  
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow:

But we must on,  
As Fate do's lead or draw us ; none,  
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline  
The doome of cruell Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground  
Must all be left, no one plant found  
To follow thee,  
Save only the Curst-Cipresse tree :  
A merry mind  
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :  
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,  
And here enjoy our Holiday.

W've seen the past-best Times, and these  
Will nere return, we see the Seas,  
And Moons to wain ;  
But they fill up their Ebbs again :  
But vanisht, man  
Like to a Lily-lost, nere can,  
Nere can repullulate, or bring  
His dayes to see a second Spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,  
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend  
Their sacred seed :  
Thus has Internall Jove decreed ;  
We must be made,  
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.  
Why then, since life to us is short,  
Let's make it full up, by our sport.

Crown we our Heads with Roses then,  
And 'noint with Tirian Balme ; for when  
We two are dead,  
The world with us is buried.

150 Herrick's Poems

No. 337

Then live we free,  
As is the Air, and let us be  
Our own fair wind, and mark each one  
Day with the white and Luckie stone.

We are not poore ; although we have  
No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave  
Baix, nor keep  
Account of such a flock of sheep ;  
Nor Bullocks fed  
To lard the shambles : Barbels bred  
To kisse our hands, nor do we wish  
For Pollio's Lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,  
Both by a shining Salt-seller ;  
And have our Roofe,  
Although not archt, yet weather-proofe,  
And seeling free,  
From that cheape Candle baudery :  
We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth  
As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are tost,  
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.  
Let the winds drive  
Our Barke ; yet she will keepe alive  
Amidst the deepes ;  
'Tis constancy (my Wickes) which keepes  
The Pinnace up ; which though she erres  
I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse,  
Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse)  
Can we so farre  
Stray, to become lesse circular,

Then we are now ?

No. 337

No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,  
Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe ;  
Or ravell so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for my selfe,  
When I am bruised on the Shelve  
Of Time, and show  
My locks behung with frost and snow :  
When with the reume,  
The cough, the ptisick, I consume  
Unto an almost nothing ; then,  
The Ages fled, Ile call agen :

And with a teare compare these last  
Lame, and bad times, with those are past,  
While Baucis by,  
My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :  
And so we'l sit  
By th'fire, foretelling snow and slit,  
And weather by our aches, grown  
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Pusses eare  
Washt o'rs, to tell what change is neare :  
Then to asswage  
The gripings of the chine by age ;  
Ile call my young  
Iulus to sing such a song  
I made upon my Julia's brest ;  
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine  
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :  
A Primrose next ;  
A piece, then of a higher text :

No. 337

For to beget

In me a more transcendant heate,  
 Then that insinuating fire,  
 Which crept into each agèd Sire ;

When the faire Hellen, from her eyes,  
 Shot forth her loving Sorceries :

At which Ile reare

Mine agèd limbs above my chaire :

And hearing it,

Flutter and crow, as in a fit  
 Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,  
*No lust theres like to Poetry.*

Thus frantick-crazie man (God wot)  
 Ile call to mind things half forgot :

And oft between,

Repeat the Times that I have seen !

Thus ripe with tears,

And twisting my Iùlus hairs ;

Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)  
 Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad  
 (If a wild Apple can be had)

To crown the Hearth,

(Larr thus conspiring with our mirth)

Then to infuse

Our browner Ale into the cruse :

Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse  
 Unto the Genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine  
 (Loving the brave Burgundian wine)

High sons of Pith,

Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :

Nos. 337-  
339

Such as co'd well  
Bear up the Magick bough, and spel:  
And dancing 'bout the Mystick Thyrse,  
Give up the just applause to verse:

To those, and then agen to thee  
We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be  
Plump as the cherry,  
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry  
As the crickit;

The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,  
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,  
W'are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine  
From th' embers then the kitlings eyne,

We'l still sit up,  
Sphering about the wassail cup,  
To all those times,  
Which gave me honour for my Rhimes:  
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,  
Farre more then night-bewearièd.

## A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

GODDESSE, I do love a Girle  
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl:  
If so be, I may but prove  
Luckie in this Maide I love:  
I will promise there shall be  
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

## TO A GENTLEWOMAN ON JUST DEALING.

TRUE to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear,  
You shall; if righteous dealing I find there.  
Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be sure  
To keep my Bond still free from forfeiture.



# 154 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 340-  
342

## THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command;  
The tongue in peace; but then in warre the hand.

## UPON A DELAYING LADY.

COME come away,  
Or let me go;  
Must I here stay  
Because y'are slow;  
And will continue so?  
Troth, Lady, no.

I scorne to be  
A slave to state:  
And since I'm free,  
I will not wait,  
Henceforth at such a rate,  
For needy Fate.

If you desire  
My spark sho'd glow,  
The peeping fire  
You must blow;  
Or I shall quickly grow,  
To Frost, or Snow.

## TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE TO THE PRINCESSE HENRETTA.

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,  
It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham,  
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,  
(Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere)  
Who spurn'd at Envie; and co'd bring, with ease,  
An end to all his stately purposes.

For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show    Nos. 342-  
Their Resurrection, and their growth in you :    346  
And for my sake, who ever did prefer  
You, above all Those Sweets of Westminster :  
Permit my Book to have a free accesse  
To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

## UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye heare, what I can say  
Briefly of my Julia ?  
Black and rowling is her eye,  
Double chinn'd, and forehead high :  
Lips she has, all Rubie red,  
Cheeks like Creame Enclaritèd :  
And a nose that is the grace  
And Proscenium of her face.  
So that we may guesse by these,  
The other parts will richly please.

## TO FLOWERS.

In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse ;  
Doe now your flowerie honours to my Herse.  
You shall not languish, trust me : Virgins here  
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

## TO MY ILL READER.

Thou say'st my lines are hard ;  
And I the truth will tell ;  
They are both hard, and marr'd,  
If thou not read'st them well.

## THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may,  
The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

# 156 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 347-  
351

## A HYMNE TO VENUS, AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN Goddess, let me be,  
By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee;  
That whenere I wooe, I find  
Virgins coy, but not unkind.  
Let me when I kisse a maid,  
Taste her lips, so over-laid  
With Loves-sirrop; that I may,  
In your Temple, when I pray,  
Kisse the Altar, and confess  
Ther's in love, no bitterness.

## ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravisht! when I do but see,  
The Painters art in thy Sciography?  
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,  
When once he gives it incarnation?

## HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that Cloud as silver cleare,  
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere?  
'Tis Julia's Bed, and she sleeps there.

## HER LEGS.

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty Leg,  
Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

## UPON HER ALMES.

SEE how the poore do waiting stand,  
For the expansion of thy hand.  
A wafer Dol'd by thee, will swell  
Thousands to feed by miracle.

## REWARDS.

Nos. 352-  
355

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had ;  
Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

## NOTHING NEW.

NOTHING is New : we walk where others went :  
Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

## THE RAINBOW.

Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare  
But in one onely Hemisphere :  
So likewise after our disseace,  
No more is seen the Arch of Peace.  
That Cov'nant's here ; The under-bow,  
That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE OR ANIVERSARY TO  
MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be  
This year again, the medows Deity.  
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet :  
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;  
You are the Prime, and Princesse of the Feast :  
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,  
While sweet-breath Nymphs, attend on you this  
Day.

This is your houre ; and best you may command,  
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.  
Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall  
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

# 158 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 356-  
360 THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one  
Back must now go to's habitation :  
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,  
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.  
As for myself, since time a thousand cares  
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs ;  
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,  
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.  
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,  
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,  
Your sometime Poet ; but if fates do give  
Me longer date, and more fresh Springs to live :  
Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,  
Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

## UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

JUDITH has cast her old-skin, and got new ;  
And walks fresh varnisht to the publick view.  
Foule Judith was ; and foule she will be known,  
For all this fair Transfiguration.

## LONG AND LAZIE.

THAT was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be  
Lasie to others, but be long to me.

## UPON RALPH. EPIG.

CURSE not the mice, no grist of thine they eat :  
But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, PHILIP, EARLE OF PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERIE.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show  
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you !

You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse    Nos. 360-  
 Free by your fate, then Fortune's mighti- 363  
 nesse,

Who hug our Poems (Honour'd Sir) and then  
 The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.  
 Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,  
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.  
 Others there be, who righteously will swear  
 Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;  
 And these brave Measures go a stately trot;  
 Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.  
 But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along  
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;  
 Paying before you praise; and cockring wit,  
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

#### AN HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY Goddess, do thou please,  
 Who art chief at marriages,  
 But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,  
 When my Love and I shall wed:  
 And a Peacock proud shall be  
 Offered up by us, to thee.

#### UPON MEASE. EPIG.

MEASE brags of Pullets which he eats: but Mease  
 Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.

#### UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING, AND SWEETLY SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,  
 Whether it be the voice or string,  
 Or both of them, that do agree  
 Thus to en-trance and ravish me:  
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute;  
 And dye away upon thy Lute.

Nos. 364-  
366

UPON PASKE A DRAPER.

PASKE, though his debt be due upon the day  
Demands no money by a craving way;  
For why sayes he, all debts and their arreares,  
Have reference to the shoulders, not the eares.

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kisse;  
Thou gav'st me leave to wooe;  
Thou mad'st me thinke by this,  
And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'r forget,  
How for to make thee merry;  
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,  
Another snapt the Cherry.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH-  
ANTIQUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I who have favour'd many, come to be  
Grac't (now at last) or glorifi'd by thee.  
Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set  
On many a head the Delphick Coronet,  
Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,  
My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.  
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,  
Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.  
A City here of Heroes I have made,  
Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,  
Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,  
Live thou a Selden, that's a Demi-god.



# Hesperides 161

## UPON HIMSELF.

Nos. 367-  
371

THOU shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire  
shines

Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines ;  
And learn'd Musicians shall to honour Herricks  
Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

## UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES no more are, or no lesse,  
Then beauty turned to sownesse.

## UPON PRIGG.

PRIGG, when he comes to houses, oft doth use  
(Rather then fail) to steal from thence old shoes :  
Sound or unsound, or be they rent or whole,  
Prigg bears away the body and the sole.

## UPON MOON

MOON is an Usurer, whose gain,  
Seldome or never, knows a wain,  
Onely Moons conscience, we confesse,  
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

## PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer Incense, then thy field and meads  
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.  
The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be  
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.  
Butter of Amber, Cream, and Wine, and Oile  
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.  
Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold ?  
Pray once, twice pray ; and turn thy ground to gold.

# 162 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 372-  
375

## HIS LACHRIMÆ OR MIRTH, TURN'D TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,  
As heretofore,  
The musick of a Feast ;  
Since now (alas)  
The mirth, that was  
In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went  
To banishment  
Into the loathèd West ;  
I co'd rehearse  
A Lyrick verse,  
And speak it with the best.

But time (Ai me)  
Has laid, I see,  
My Organ fast asleep ;  
And turn'd my voice  
Into the noise  
Of those that sit and weep.

### UPON SHIFT.

SHIFT now has cast his clothes : got all things new ;  
Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

### UPON CUTS.

IF wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere,  
His linings are the matter running there.

### GAIN AND GETTINGS.

WHEN others gain much by the present cast,  
The coblers getting time, is at the Last.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRIS  
ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

Nos. 376-  
377

So smell those odours that do rise  
From out the wealthy spiceries :  
So smels the flowre of blooming Clove ;  
Or Roses smother'd in the stove :  
So smells the Aire of spicèd Wine ;  
Or Essences of Jessimine :  
So smells the Breath about the hives,  
When well the work of hony thrives ;  
And all the busie Factours come  
Laden with wax and hony home :  
So smell those neat and woven Bowers,  
All over-archt with Oringe flowers,  
And Almond blossoms, that do mix  
To make rich these Aromatikes :  
So smell those bracelets, and those bands  
Of Amber chaf't between the hands,  
When thus enkindled they transpire  
A noble perfume from the fire.  
The wine of cherries, and to these,  
The cooling breath of Respasses ;  
The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;  
Butter of Cowslips mixt with them ;  
Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,  
These are not to be reckon'd here ;  
Whenas the meanest part of her,  
Smells like the maiden-Pomander.  
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be  
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRIS  
ELIZABETH HERRICK.

SWEET Virgin, that I do not set  
The pillars up of weeping Jet,

# 164 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 377-  
378

Or mournfull Marble ; let thy shade  
Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,  
Who hither at her wonted howers  
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one  
Remainder left of Brasse or stone,  
Thy living Epitaph shall be,  
Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
Dear, in thy bed of Roses, then,  
Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
Drawing thy curtains round : Good night.

## A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice,  
I send my salt, my sacrifice  
To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre  
As to thy Genius and thy Larre ;  
To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour,  
Kitchin,  
The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in  
The wholesome savour of thy mighty Chines  
Invites to supper him who dines,  
Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of  
Beefe,  
Not represent, but give reliefe  
To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain ;  
Where both may feed, and come againe :  
For no black-bearded Vigil from thy doore  
Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore :  
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may  
Take friendly morsels, and there stay  
To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,  
For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his Guest-rite wants ; No. 378

Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts  
Of some rough Groom, who (yirkt with Corns)  
sayes, Sir,

Y'ave dipt too long i'th' Vinegar ;  
And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir,  
friend,

Y'ave farèd well, pray make an end ;  
Two dayes y'ave larded here ; a third, yee know,  
Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go  
You to some other chimney, and there take  
Essay of other giblets ; make  
You merry at anothers hearth ; y'are here  
Welcome as thunder to our beere :

Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude  
Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude  
His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,  
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show  
No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy  
Train,

With heart and hand to entertain :  
And by the Armes-full (with a Brest unhid)  
As the old Race of mankind did,  
When eithers heart, and either's hand did strive  
To be the nearer Relative :

Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost  
Of antient honesty, may boast

It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne  
A course in thy Fames-pledge, thy Sonne.

Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate  
Early setts ope to feast, and late :

Keeping no currish Waiter to affright,  
With blasting eye, the appetite,

Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that  
The Trencher-creature marketh what

- No. 378 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by  
 Some private pinch tels danger's nie  
 A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites  
 Skin-deepe into the Porke, or lights  
 Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,  
 When checkèd by the Bütlers look.  
 No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere  
 Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,  
 But all, who at thy table seated are,  
 Find equall freedome, equall fare ;  
 And thou, like to that Hospitable God,  
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode  
 To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat  
 Weathers, and never grudgèd at.  
 The Phesant, Partridge, Gotwit, Reeve, Ruffe,  
 Raile,  
 The Cock, the Curlew, and the quaille ;  
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend  
 Their taste unto the lower end  
 Of thy glad table: not a dish more known  
 To thee, then unto any one :  
 But as thy meate, so thy immortall Wine  
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,  
 And spring fresh Rose-buds, while the salt, the wit  
 Flowes from the Wine, and graces it :  
 While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,  
 Honours my Lady and my Lord.  
 No scurrile jest ; no open Sceane is laid  
 Here, for to make the face affraid ;  
 But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-  
 ly that it makes the meate more sweet :  
 And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou  
 Do'st rather poure forth, then allow  
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting Wine,  
 As the Canary Isles were thine :

But with that wisdom, and that method, as  
     No One that's there his guilty glasse  
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry  
     Repentance to his liberty.  
 No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read  
     All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead  
 A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,  
     How farre a Figure ought to go,  
 Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace  
     Can give, and what retract a grace;  
 What Gesture, Courtship; Comliness agrees,  
     With those thy primitive decrees,  
 To give subsistence to thy house, and prooffe,  
     What Genii support thy rooffe,  
 Goodnes and Greatnes; not the oaken Piles;  
     *For these, and marbles have their whiles*  
 To last, but not their ever: Vertues Hand  
     It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.  
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust  
     Is more in thee, then in her dust,  
 Ordepth; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrink,  
     When what is strongly built, no chinke  
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,  
     But fixt it stands, by her own power,  
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,  
     Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,  
 And Ramme of time, and by vexation growes  
     The stronger: *Vertue dies when foes*  
     *Are wanting to her exercise, but great*  
     *And large she spreads by dust, and sweat.*  
 Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,  
     Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill  
 Of others; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,  
     Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece:  
 No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild



# 168 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 378- Or fret thy Seeling, or to build  
 381 A Sweating-Closset, to annoint the silke-  
 soft-skin, or bath in Asses milke :  
 No Orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set  
 The pillars up of lasting Jet,  
 For which their cryes might beate against thine  
 eares,  
 Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.  
 No Planke from Hallowed Altar, do's appeale  
 To yond' Star-chamber, or do's seale  
 A curse to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even  
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.  
 Go on directly so, as just men may  
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,  
 This is that Princely Pemberton, who can  
 Teach man to keepe a God in man :  
 And when wise Poets shall search out to see  
 Good men, They find them all in Thee.

## TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINES DAY.

OFF have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,  
 Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this  
 day :  
 But by their flight I never can divine,  
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

## UPON DOLL. EPIG.

·        ·        ·        ·        ·        ·  
 ·        ·        ·        ·        ·        ·

## UPON SKREW. EPIG.

SKREW lives by shifts ; yet sweares by no small  
 oathes ;  
 For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

# Hesperides 169

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

Nos. 382-  
384

LINNIT playes rarely on the Lute, we know ;  
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

UPON M. BEN. JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,  
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride,  
Together with the Stages glory stood  
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.  
The Cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures  
rackt :

For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.  
Then temper flew from words ; and men did  
squeake,

Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :  
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,  
Or flash about the spacious Theater.

No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe  
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her  
rooffe.

Artlesse the Sceane was ; and that monstrous sin  
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;

Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist

At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist :

Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt

In utter darkenes did, and still will sit

Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she

Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree;  
That henceforth none be Laurel-crown'd but Thee.

# 170 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 385-  
388

## TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
The Palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,  
Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,  
Of Holben, and That mighty Ruben too.  
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,  
No, not the glory of the World, Vandike.

## UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,  
Turn'd, from a Papist here, a Predicant.  
A Vicarige at last Tom Glasse got here,  
Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.  
Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,  
He'l turn a Papist, rancker then before.

## A VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,  
Now I'm turn'd a combatant :  
Helpe me so, that I my shield,  
(Fighting) lose not in the field.  
• That's the greatest shame of all,  
That in warfare can befall.  
Do but this ; and there shall be  
Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.

## TO HIS MAID Prew.

THESE Summer-Birds did with thy master stay  
The times of warmth ; but then they flew away ;  
Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)  
Expos'd to all the comming Winters cold.

But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide, Nos. 388-  
As well the Winters, as the Summers Tide : 392  
For which thy love, live with thy master here,  
Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

## A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus on thy Lute ;  
And we will sit all mute :  
By listning to thy Lire,  
That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play !  
And as he leads the way  
Through heaven, the very Spheres,  
As men, turne all to eares.

## A JUST MAN.

A just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth  
Of all the raging Waves, into a froth.

## UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

SING me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare,  
'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

## HOW PANSIES OR HART-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK Virgins once these were,  
Over-loving, (living here :)  
Being here their ends deny'd  
Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and di'd.  
Love in pitie of their teares,  
And their losse in blooming yeares ;  
For their restlesse here-spent houres,  
Gave them Hearts-case turn'd to flow'rs.

# 172 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 393-  
396

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD FISH,  
KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy full deserts (with all the rest  
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess  
Of Life eternall) Time has made thee one,  
For growth in this my rich Plantation:  
Live here: But know 'twas vertue, & not chance,  
That gave thee this so high inheritance.  
Keep it forever; grounded with the good,  
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POETS PART.

AT my homely Country-seat,  
I have there a little wheat;  
Which I worke to Meale, and make  
Therewithall a Holy-cake:  
Part of which I give to Larr,  
Part is my peculiar.

UPON MAN.

MAN is compos'd here of a two-fold part;  
The first of Nature, and the next of Art:  
Art presupposes Nature; Nature shee  
Prepares the way for mans docility.

LIBERTY.

THOSE ills that mortall men endure  
So long are capable of cure,  
As they of freedome may be sure:  
But that deni'd; a griefe, though small,  
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

# Hesperides 173

## LOTS TO BE LIKED.

Nos. 397-  
401

LEARN this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall;  
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

## GRIEFES.

JOVE may afford us thousands of reliefs;  
Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

## UPON EELES. EPIG.

EELES winds and turnes, and cheats and steales;  
yet Eeles  
Driving these sharking trades, is out at heels.

## THE DREAME.

By Dream I saw, one of the three  
Sisters of Fate, appeare to me.  
Close to my Beds side she did stand  
Shewing me there a fire brand;  
She told me too, as that did spend,  
So drew my life unto an end.  
Three quarters were consum'd of it;  
Onely remaind a little bit,  
Which will be burnt up by and by,  
Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

## UPON RASPE. EPIG.

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.174 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 402- UPON CENTER A SPECTACLE-MAKER WITH A  
406 FLAT NOSE.

CENTER is known weak sighted, and he sells  
To others store of helpfull spectacles.  
Why weres he none? Because we may suppose,  
Where Leaven wants, there Levill lies the nose.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with Lawn,  
Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn :  
Give me my Mistresse, as she is,  
Drest in her nak't simplicities :  
For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye  
Is wone with flesh, not Drapery.

TO DIANE ME.

SHew me thy feet ; shew me thy legs, thy thighes ;  
Shew me Those Fleshie Principalities ;  
Shew me that Hill (where smiling Love doth sit)  
Having a living Fountain under it.  
Shew me thy waste ; then let me there withall,  
By the Assention of thy Lawn, see All.

UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my Love doth spring,  
'Tis but as day a-kindling :  
But when She's up and fully drest,  
'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.

TO HIS BOOKE.

HAVE I not blest Thee? Then go forth ; nor fear  
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.  
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on  
With thy most white Predestination.



Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing      Nos. 406-  
The farting Tanner, and familiar King;      409  
The dancing Frier, tatter'd in the bush ;  
Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush :  
Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned,  
That doted on a Maide of Gingerbred :  
The flying Pilcher, and the frisking Dace,  
With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race.  
(Bred from the dung-hills, and adulterous rhimes,)  
Shall live, and thou not superlast all times ?  
No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see  
The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.  
*He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,*  
*Whenas a publick ruine bears down All.*

## OF LOVE.

I do not love, nor can it be  
Love will in vain spend shafts on me :  
I did this God-head once defie :  
Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.  
Yet out, alas ! the deaths the same,  
Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

## UPON HIMSELF.

I DISLIKt but even now ;  
Now I love I know not how.  
Was I idle, and that while  
Was I fier'd with a smile ?  
Ile too work, or pray ; and then  
I shall quite dislike agen.

## ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,  
To have my neck from Loves yoke free.

# 176 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 410-

UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

413

SKINNS he dined well to day ; how do you think ?  
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the drink.

UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

PIEVISH doth boast, that he's the very first  
Of English Poets, and 'tis thought the Worst.

UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

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THE MAD MAIDS SONG.

Good morrow to the Day so fair ;  
Good morning Sir to you :  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;  
Good morrow to each maid ;  
That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,  
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay !  
For pity, Sir, find out that Bee,  
Which bore my Love away.

Ile seek him in your Bonnet brave ;  
Ile seek him in your eyes ;  
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
I'th'bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there ; I know, ere this,  
The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;  
But I will go, or send a kisse  
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Nos. 413-  
415

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
He knowes well who do love him,  
And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)  
With bands of Cow-slips bind him ;  
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,  
That I shall never find him.

#### TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat ; and came  
With hope you would allay the same :  
Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,  
Nor find that true, which was foretold.  
Methinks like mine, your pulses beat ;  
And labour with unequall heat :  
Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,  
Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

#### UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come  
This Camphire, Storax, Spiknard, Galbanum :  
These Musks, these Ambers, and those other smells  
(Sweet as the Vestrie of the Oracles.)  
Ile tell thee ; while my Julia did unlace  
Her silken bodies, but a breathing space :  
The passive Aire such odour then assum'd,  
As when to Jove Great Juno goes perfum'd.  
Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit  
A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

# 178 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 416-  
421

## TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou worry me,  
Bacchus, being full of thee?  
This way, that way, that way, this,  
Here, and there a fresh Love is.  
That doth like me, this doth please;  
Thus a thousand Mistresses,  
I have now; yet I alone,  
Having All, enjoy not One.

## THE LAWNE.

WO'D I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?  
It sho'd be onely in my Julia's skin:  
Which so betrays her blood, as we discover  
The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

## THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,  
Be thy hand the hallowed Cake:  
And thy brest the Altar, whence  
Love may smell the Frankincense.

## UPON PATRICK A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

NOW Patrick with his footmanship has done,  
His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest run.

## UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

OF foure teeth onely Bridget was possest;  
Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

## TO SYCAMORES.

I'M sick of Love; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die!  
Either is welcome; so I have  
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.

Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears, that I do weep?  
Say, have ye sence, or do you prove  
What Crucifixions are in Love?  
I know ye do; and that's the why,  
You sigh for Love, as well as I.

Nos. 421-  
422

A PASTORALL SONG TO THE KING:  
MONTANO, SILVIO, AND MIRTILLO, SHEPHERDS.

*Mon.* BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then  
they are we.

*Mon.* Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and  
ill the tree:

The feast of Shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns  
the cup

Of Wassaille now, or set the quintell up:  
And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,  
Youthfull Mirtillo, Here he comes, Grief-drownd.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him  
weeping ripe.

*Mirt.* Ah! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe;  
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,  
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.  
Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark!

*Mir.* This earth grew sweet  
Where, Amarillis, Thou didst set thy feet.

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth! *Mir.* And here  
the breth of kine

And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of  
Thine.

This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,  
This ball of Cow-slips, these she gave me here.

*Sil.* Words sweet as Love it self. Montano,  
Hark.

# 180 Herrick's Poems

No. 422 *Mirt.* This way she came, and this way too  
she went ;

How each thing smells divinely redolent !  
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown ;  
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

*Mont.* A sweet-sad passion.—

*Mirt.* In dewie-mornings when she came this  
way,

Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day :  
And when at night, she folded had her sheep,  
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep,  
Besides (Ai me ! ) since she went hence to dwell,  
The voices Daughter nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether :

*Mirt.* Where she and I shall never meet  
together.

*Mont.* Fore-fend it Pan, and Palès do thou  
please

To give an end : *Mir.* To what ? *Sil.* such  
griefs as these.

*Mirt.* Never, O never ! Still I may endure  
The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

*Mont.* Love for thy sake will bring her to  
these hills

And dales again : *Mir.* No, I will languish  
still ;

And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;  
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :  
And in the Rind of every comely tree

Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee :

*Mont.* Set with the Sunne, thy woes : *Sil.*

The day grows old :

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

*Chor.* The shades grow great ; but greater  
growes our sorrow,

But lets go steepe  
Our eyes in sleepe ;  
And meet to weepe  
To morrow.

Nos. 422-  
424

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT  
TO MARRY.

I do not love to wed  
Though I do like to wooe ;  
And for a maidenhead  
Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praise, and Ile approve  
Those maids that never vary ;  
And fervently Ile love ;  
But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,  
And Cock-like, Hens Ile tread ;  
And sport it any way ;  
But in the Bridall Bed :

For why ? that man is poore,  
Who hath but one of many ;  
But crown'd he is with store,  
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he  
(To freedome so unknown)  
Who having two or three,  
Will be content with one ?

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

WHY walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content?  
Is it because his money all is spent ?  
No, but because the Ding-thrift now is poore,  
And knowes not where i'th'world to borrow more.



## 182 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 425-  
427

### UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

LAST night thou didst invite me home to eate ;  
And shew'st me there much Plate, but little meate.  
Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre State,  
And give me meate, or give me else thy Plate.

### THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A WILLOW Garland thou did'st send  
Perfum'd (last day) to me :  
Which did but only this portend,  
I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is ; Ile tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow ; after that,  
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go  
With Garlands drest, so I  
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,  
Come forth and sweetly dye.

### A HYMNE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not Lov's Dart ;  
Or any blow  
Of want, or foe,  
Did wound my heart  
With an eternall smart :

But only you,  
My sometimes known  
Companion,  
(My dearest Crew,) .  
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye,  
And have no name  
In Bookes of fame ;  
Or let it lye

Nos. 427-  
431

Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,  
And now no more,  
As heretofore,  
By jocund Larr,  
Shall be familiar.

But though we Sever  
My Crew shall see,  
That I will be  
Here faithlesse never ;  
But love my Clipsey ever.

#### UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

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#### UPON CRAW.

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#### OBSERVATION.

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#### EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of Kings, are now, and ever were,  
(As Salust saith) co-incident to feare.

184 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 432-  
438

FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be,  
That's measur'd by felicity:  
But one halfe houre, that's made up here  
With grieve; seemes longer then a yeare.

PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end  
Of all that Nature doth entend.

PASSION.

WERE there not a Matter known,  
There wo'd be no Passion.

JACK AND JILL.

SINCE Jack and Jill both wicked be;  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

UPON PARSON BEANES.

OLD Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,  
And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek.  
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,  
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be  
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.

THIS Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall;  
But long or short, I'm well content with all.

## POLICIE IN PRINCES.

Nos. 439-  
442

THAT Princes may possesse a surer seat,  
'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

## UPON ROOK. EPIG.

ROOK he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie  
Fie on this pride, this Female vanitie.  
Thus, though the Rooke do's raile against the sin,  
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

## UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld (with much delight)  
A red-Rose peeping through a white?  
Or else a cherrie (double grac't)  
Within a Lillie-center plac't?  
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,  
A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?  
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through  
A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?  
So like to this, nay all the rest,  
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-ey'd night

Ha's not as yet begunne

To make a seisure on the light,

Or to seale up the Sun.

No Marigolds yet closèd are;

No shadowes great appeare;

Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre

Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close

Her life-begetting eye;

And let the whole world then dispose

It selfe to live or dye.

Nos. 443-  
444

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YEE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know  
The worke that I wo'd put ye too?  
This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,  
A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,  
As it might serve me for my skin.  
For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,  
That of my skin, I all am stript;  
And shall dispaire, that any art  
Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart;  
Unlesse you skin again each part.  
Which mercy if you will but do,  
I call all Maids to witnesse too  
What here I promise, that no Broom  
Shall now, or ever after come  
To wrong a Spinner or her Looome.

OBERONS PALACE.

AFTER the Feast (my Shapcot) see,  
The Fairie Court I give to thee:  
Where we'le present our Oberon, led  
Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,  
Where Mab he finds; who there doth lie  
Not without mickle majesty.  
Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,  
We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,  
As Cherry harvest, now high fed  
For Lust and action; on he'l go,  
To lye with Mab, though all say no.  
Lust ha's no eares; He's sharpe as thorn;  
And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,  
And lightning in his eyes; and flings  
Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings

Of peltish wasps ; well know his Guard,  
*Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.*  
Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a Grove  
(Sometimes devoted unto Love)  
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They  
Lead by the shine of Snails ; a way  
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by  
Many a neat perplexity,  
Many a turn, and man' a crosse-  
Track they redeem a bank of mosse  
Spungie and swelling, and farre more  
Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.  
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,  
Which break from the Injeweld tyres  
Of curious Brides ; or like those mites  
Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.  
Upon this Convex, all the flowers,  
(Nature begets by th'Sun, and showers,)  
Are to a wilde digestion brought,  
As if Love's Sampler here was wrought :  
Or Citherea's Ceston, which  
All with temptation doth bewitch.  
Sweet Aires move here ; and more divine  
Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,  
Who as they lowe, empearl with milk  
The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse, like silk.  
The breath of Munkies met to mix  
With Musk-flies, are th' Aromaticks.  
Which cense this Arch ; and here and there,  
And farther off, and every where,  
Throughout that Brave Mosaick yard  
Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card :  
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,  
Are here most neatly inter-laid.  
Many a Counter, many a Die,

- No. 444    Half rotten, and without an eye,  
 Lies here abouts ; and for to pave  
 The excellency of this Cave,  
 Squirrels and childrens teeth late shed,  
 Are neatly here enchequerèd.  
 With brownest Toadstones, and the Gum  
 That shines upon the blewer Plum.  
 The nails faln off by Whit-flawes : Art's  
 Wise hand enchasing here those warts,  
 Which we to others (from our selves)  
 Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.  
 The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck  
 Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck  
 The holy Entrance ; where within  
 The roome is hung with the blew skin  
 Of shifted Snake : enfrez'd throughout  
 With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-  
 flies curious wings ; and these among  
 Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue  
 Of the red infant, neatly hung.  
 The glow-wormes eyes ; the shining scales  
 Of silv'rie fish ; wheat-strawes, the snailes  
 Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;  
 Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.  
 No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,  
 Or other over-radiant Ray  
 Ransacks this roome ; but what weak beams  
 Can make reflected from these jems,  
 And multiply ; Such is the light,  
 But ever doubtfull Day, or night.  
 By this quaint Taper-light he winds  
 His Errours up ; and now he finds  
 His Moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,  
 And (Love knowes) tender as a chick.  
 Upon six plump Dandillions, high-



Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie :  
 Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne  
 Hir Mab-ship in obedient Downe.  
 For either sheet, was spread the Caule  
 That doth the Infants face enthrall,  
 When it is born : (by some enstyl'd  
 The luckie Omen of the child)  
 And next to these two blankets ore-  
 Cast of the finest Gossamore.  
 And then a Rug of carded wooll,  
 Which, Sponge-like drinking in the dull-  
 Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,  
 Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.  
 Thus soft she lies : and over-head  
 A Spinners circle is bespread,  
 With Cob-web-curtains : from the roof  
 So neatly sunck, as that no proof  
 Of any tackling can declare  
 What gives it hanging in the Aire.  
 The Fringe about this, are those Threds  
 Broke at the Losse of Maiden-heads :  
 And all behung with these pure Pearls,  
 Dropt from the eyes of ravisht Girles  
 Or writhing Brides ; when (panting) they  
 Give unto Love the straiter way.  
 For Musick now ; He has the cries  
 Of fainèd-lost-Virginities ;  
 The which the Elves make to excite  
 A more unconquer'd appetite.  
 The Kings undrest ; and now upon  
 The Gnats-watch-word the Elves are gone.  
 And now the bed, and Mab possess  
 Of this great-little-kingly-Guest ;  
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,  
 He'll do no doubt ; *This flax is spun.*

Nos. 445-  
447TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND MASTER THOMAS  
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I'VE paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All;  
 Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall  
 (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)  
 Arch-like, hold up, Thy Name's Inscription.  
*Brave men can't die*, whose Candid Actions are  
 Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar:  
 Whose velome, and whose volumne is the Skie,  
 And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.  
 Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

BESIDES us two, i' th' Temple here's not one  
 To make up now a Congregation.  
 Let's to the Altar of perfumes then go  
 And say short Prayers; and when we have done so,  
 Then we shall see, how in a little space,  
 Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

TO OENONE.

WHAT Conscience, say, is it in thee  
 When I a heart had one,  
 To Take away that Heart from me,  
 And to retain Thy own?

For shame or pity now encline  
 To play a loving part;  
 Either to send me kindly thine,  
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost  
 Resolve to part with neither;  
 Why! yet to shew that thou art just,  
 Take me and mine together.

## HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

Nos. 448-  
450

I CANNOT suffer; and in this, my part  
Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest  
Heart.*

## FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause  
Is Fame (the breath of popular applause.)

## TO GROVES.

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here  
Some Relique of a Saint doth weare :  
Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove  
The fire, and martyrdome of love.  
Here is the Legend of those Saints  
That di'd for love ; and their complaints :  
Their wounded hearts ; and names we find  
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.  
Give way, give way to me, who come  
Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome :  
And have deserv'd as much (Love knowes)  
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,  
Whose deeds, and deaths here written are  
Within your Greenie-Kalendar :  
By all those Virgins Fillets hung  
Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung  
For Saints and Soules departed hence,  
(Here honour'd still with Frankincense)  
By all those teares that have been shed,  
As a Drink-offering, to the dead :  
By all those True-love-knots, that be  
With Motto's carv'd on every-tree,  
By sweet Saint Phillis ; pitie me :

# 192 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 450-  
452 By deare Saint Iphis ; and the rest,  
Of all those other Saints now blest ;  
Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
Among your Mirtles to be writ :  
That my poore name may have the glory  
To live remembred in your story.

## AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne Fast we keepe,  
While all beauty lyes asleep  
Husht be all things ; (no noyse here)  
But the toning of a teare :  
Or a sigh of such as bring  
Cowslips for her covering.

## TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three-brave-brothers, fain i' th' Warre,  
(Not without glory) Noble Sir, you are,  
Despite of all concussions left the Stem  
To shoot forth Generations like to them.  
Which may be done, if (Sir) you can beget  
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.  
Such Essences as those Three Brothers ; known  
Eternall by their own production.  
Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile  
Tell,  
Worthy their everlasting Chronicle :  
Never since first Bellona us'd a Shield,  
*Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field.*  
These were those Three Horatii Rome did boast,  
Rom's were these Three Horatii we have lost.  
One Cordelion had that Age long since ;  
This, Three ; which Three, you make up Foure  
Brave Prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

Nos. 453-  
456

O JEALOUSIE, that art  
The Canker of the heart :  
And mak'st all hell  
Where thou do'st dwell ;  
For pitie be  
No Furie, or no Fire-brand to me.  
Farre from me Ile remove  
All thoughts of irksome Love :  
And turn to snow,  
Or Christall grow ;  
To keep still free  
(O ! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

TO LIVE FREELY.

LET's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may :  
Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

SPUNGE makes his boasts that he's the onely man  
Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean ;  
Is this his Glory ? then his Triumph's Poore ;  
I know the Tunne of Hidleberge holds more.

HIS ALMES.

HERE, here I live,  
And somewhat give,  
Of what I have,  
To those, who crave.  
Little or much,  
My Almnes is such :  
But if my deal  
Of Oyl and Meal

# 194 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 456-  
459

Shall fuller grow,  
More Ile bestow :  
Mean time be it  
E'en but a bit,  
Or else a crum,  
The scrip hath some.

## UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathèd Country-life, and then  
Grow up to be a Roman Citizen.  
Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,  
Waste thou in that most Civill Government.  
Get their comportment, and the gilding tongue  
Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :  
Then being seated in that smoother Sphere,  
Decree thy everlasting Topick there.  
And to the Farm-house nere return at all,  
Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

## TO ENJOY THE TIME.

WHILE Fates permit us, let's be merry ;  
Passe all we must the fatall Ferry :  
And this our life too whirles away,  
With the Rotation of the Day.

## UPON LOVE.

LOVE, I have broke  
Thy yoke ;  
The neck is free :  
But when I'm next  
Love-vext,  
Then shackell me.

'Tis better yet  
 To fret  
 The feet or hands;  
 Then to enthrall,  
 Or gall  
 The neck with bands.

Nos. 459-  
 461

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARLE  
 OF WESTMORLAND.

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,  
 Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can:  
 If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,  
 Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world?  
 What is a Jewell if it be not set  
 Forth by a ring, or some rich Carkanet?  
 But being so; then the beholders cry,  
 See, see a Jemme (as rare as Bælus eye.)  
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,  
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.  
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,  
 That we may praise Them, or themselves prize  
 You.

*Vertue conceal'd (with Horace you'l confesse,)  
 Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft;  
 Save but some few Beanes left,  
 Whereof (at last) to make,  
 For me, and mine a Cake:  
 Which eaten, they and I  
 Will say our grace, and die.



# 196 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 462-  
466

## LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

ONE feeds on Lard, and yet is leane ;  
And I but feasting with a Beane,  
Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,  
Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

UPON ONE WHO SAID SHE WAS ALWAYS YOUNG.  
You say y'are young ; but when your Teeth are  
told  
To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are  
old.

## UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

HUNCK's ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)  
About him, when the Taverns shot's to pay.  
If he ha's none in's pockets, trust me, Huncks  
Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Desks, or Trunks.

## THE JIMMALL RING, OR TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I  
Return'd a Ring of Jimmalls, to imply  
Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

## THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,  
Which joyns two souls, remember this ;  
Though thou beest young, kind, soft and faire,  
And may'st draw thousands with a haire :  
Yet let these glib temptations be  
Furies to others, Friends to me.  
Looke upon all ; and though on fire  
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire  
Steere Thee to me ; and thinke (me gone)

In having all, that thou hast none.  
Nor so immurèd wo'd I have  
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;  
But walke abroad, yet wisely well  
Stand for my coming, Sentinell.  
And think (as thou do'st walke the street)  
Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.  
I know a thousand greedy eyes  
Will on thy Feature tirannize,  
In my short absence; yet behold  
Them like some Picture, or some Mould  
Fashion'd like Thee; which though 't'ave eares  
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.  
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which  
Are the expressions of that itch,  
And salt, which frets thy Suters; fly  
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty:  
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,  
Then prostrate to a million.  
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,  
(As that chaste Queen of Ithaca  
Did to her suitors) this web done  
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne;  
I will not urge Thee, for I know,  
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,  
And no again, and so deny,  
Those thy Lust-burning Incubi.  
Let them enstile Thee Fairest faire,  
The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire  
That so thou art, because thou must  
Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust;  
And this their Flatt'rie do's commend  
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end  
I am not jealous of thy Faith,  
Or will be; for the Axiome saith,

- No. 466    He that doth suspect, do's haste  
A gentle mind to be unchaste.  
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep  
Thy thoughts as cold, as in thy sleep :  
And let thy dreames be only fed  
With this, that I am in thy bed.  
And thou then turning in that Sphere,  
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.  
But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaille  
Thy Fortress, and will needs prevaile ;  
And wildly force a passage in,  
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne  
Of Thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the  
Chaste Syracusian Cyane.  
So Medullina fell, yet none  
Of these had imputation  
For the least trespasse ; 'cause the mind  
Here was not with the act combin'd.  
*The body sins not, 'tis the Will*  
*That makes the Action, good, or ill.*  
And if thy fall sho'd this way come,  
Triumph in such a Martirdome.  
I will not over-long enlarge  
To thee, this my religious charge.  
Take this compression, so by this  
Means, I shall know what other kisse  
Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,  
Returning, if't be mine or no :  
Keepe it till then ; and now my Spouse,  
For my wisht safety pay thy vows,  
And prayers to Venus ; if it please  
The great-blew-ruler of the seas ;  
Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,  
Lean-horn'd, before I come again  
As one triumphant ; when I find

In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.  
Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou  
Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;  
But having scapt temptations shelve,  
Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

Nos. 466-  
468

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee Soame, I see a Goodly man,  
And in that Good, a great Patrician.  
Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,  
And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Senatours :  
Not wearing Purple only for the show ;  
(As many Conscripts of the Citie do)  
But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,  
The Golden chain too, and the Civick Crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull Tree,  
Why do yee fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past ;  
But you may stay yet here a while,  
To blush and gently smile ;  
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
An houre or half's delight ;  
And so to bid goodnight ;  
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
Meerly to shew your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you a while : They glide  
Into the Grave.

## 200 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 469-

MANS DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

474

MAN knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he  
Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

NOTHING comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let  
His gifts go from him; if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse  
Those Fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA:

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see  
Me languish for the love of Thee?  
Consent and play a friendly part  
To save; when thou may'st kill a heart.

TO THE LADYES.

TRUST me Ladies, I will do  
Nothing to distemper you;  
If I any fret or vex,  
Men they shall be, not your sex.

THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

HOLY-ROOD come forth and shield  
Us i'th' Citie, and the Field:  
Safely guard us, now and aye,  
From the blast that burns by day;  
And those sounds that us affright  
In the dead of dampish night.  
Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,  
By the Time the Cocks first crow.

UPON A CHEAP LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

Nos. 475-  
477

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UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I  
 Passe by,  
 And die :  
 As One,  
 Unknown,  
 And gon :  
 I'm made  
 A shade,  
 And laid  
 I'th' grave :  
 There have  
 My Cave.  
 Where tell  
 I dwell,  
 Farewell.

THE WASSAILE.

GIVE way, give way ye Gates, and win  
 An easie blessing to your Bin,  
 And Basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat ;  
 Your Larders too so hung with meat,  
 That though a thousand, thousand eat ;

G\*

**No. 477** Yet, ere twelve Moons shall whirl about  
 Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,  
 But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,  
 As that your Pans no Ebbe may know ;  
 But if they do, the more to flow,

Like to a solemne sober Stream  
 Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream  
 Of sweetest Cow-slips filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,  
 Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;  
 But sweetly sounding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen  
 Both to the Cocks-tread, say Amen ;  
 And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,  
 Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest  
     Mowes,  
 All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,  
 That brings us either Ale or Beere ;  
*In a drie-house all things are neere.*

Lets leave a longer Time to wait,  
 Where Rust and Cobwebs bind the gate ;  
 And all live here with needy Fate.

Where chimneys do for ever weepe,  
 For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe  
 With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.



# Hesperides 203

It is in vain to sing, or stay  
Our free-feet here ; but we'l away :  
Yet to the Lares this we'l say.

Nos. 477-  
481

The time will come, when you'l be sad  
And reckon this for fortune bad,  
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

## UPON A LADY FAIRE BUT FRUITLESSE.

TWICE has Pudica been a Bride, and led  
By holy Hymen to the Nuptiall Bed.  
Two Youths sha's known thrice two, and twice  
3 yeares ;  
Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares :  
Nor will ; for why, Pudica, this may know,  
*Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.*

## HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,  
But lost to that, they most approv'd :  
My Story tels, by Love they were  
Turn'd to these Springs, which we see here ;  
The pretty whimpering that they make,  
When of the Banks their leave they take ;  
Tels yee but this, they are the same,  
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

## TO ROSEMARY, AND BAIES.

My wooing's ended : now my weddings neere :  
When Gloves are giving, Guilded be you there.

## UPON SKURFFE.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

# 204 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 482- UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGINS FACE.

484 'Tis Heresie in others : In your face  
That Scarr's no Schisme, but the sign of grace.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGINNE to waine in sight ;  
Shortly I shall bid goodnight :  
Then no gazing more about,  
When the Tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBIRGE.

STAND with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise  
High with thine own Auspitious Destinies :  
Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst  
find

These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.  
Thy lucky Genius, and thy guiding Starre,  
Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus  
farre :

Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown  
Thee to the World a Prime and Publique One.  
Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to  
gold,

Remember what thy Herrick Thee foretold,  
When at the holy Threshold of thine house,  
*He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.*

Lastly, be mindfull (when thou art grown great)  
That *Towrs high rear'd dread most the lightnings*  
*threat :*

*Whenas the humble Cottages not feare*  
*The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.*

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW.

Nos. 485-  
490

DEW sate on Julia's haire,  
And spangled too,  
Like Leaves that laden are  
With trembling Dew :

Or glitter'd to my sight,  
As when the Beames  
Have their reflected light,  
Daunc't by the Streames.

ANOTHER ON HER.

How can I choose but love, and follow her,  
Whose shadow smels like milder Pomander !  
How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's  
come  
The Storax, Spiknard, Myrrhe, and Ladanum.

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrown :  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

REWARD AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,  
Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a State :  
*He rents his Crown, That feares the Peoples hate.*

TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

SINCE to th' Country first I came,  
I have lost my former flame :

Nos. 490-  
491

And, methinks, I not inherit,  
As I did, my ravisht spirit.  
If I write a Verse, or two,  
'Tis with very much ado ;  
In regard I want that Wine,  
Which sho'd conjure up a line,  
Yet, though now of Muse bereft,  
I have still the manners left  
For to thanke you (Noble Sir)  
For those gifts you do conferre  
Upon him, who only can  
Be in Prose a gratefull man.

## UPON HIMSELFE.

I co'd never love indeed ;  
Never see mine own heart bleed :  
Never crucifie my life ;  
Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.  
I co'd never seeke to please  
One, or many Mistresses :  
Never like their lips, to sweare  
Oyle of Roses still smelt there.  
I co'd never breake my sleepe,  
Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep ;  
Never beg, or humbly wooe  
With oathes, and lyes, (as others do.)  
I co'd never walke alone ;  
Put a shirt of sackcloth on :  
Never keep a fast, or pray  
For good luck in love (that day).  
But have hitherto liv'd free,  
As the aire that circles me :  
And kept credit with my heart,  
Neither broke i'th' whole, or part.

*I am not in  
keeping with his  
lack of passion*

## FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Nos. 492-  
493

Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?  
 Julia's Breast can give you them:  
 And if more; Each Nipple cries,  
 To your Cream, here's Strawberries.

## AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION

PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK,

SET AND SUNG.

*Endym.* AH! Lycidas, come tell me why  
 Thy whilome merry Oate  
 By thee doth so neglected lye;  
 And never purls a note?

I prithee speake: *Lyc.* I will. *End.*  
 Say on:

*Lyc.* 'Tis thou, and only thou,  
 That art the cause, Endimion;

*End.* For Loves-sake, tell me how.

*Lyc.* In this regard, that thou do'st play  
 Upon another Plain:  
 And for a Rurall Roundelay,  
 Strik'st now a Courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our  
 Bowers,

Our finer fleecèd sheep:  
 (Unkind to us) to spend thine houres,  
 Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the Court: Let Latmos be  
 My lov'd Endymions Court;

*End.* But I the Courtly State wo'd see:

*Lyc.* Then see it in report.

# 208 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 493-  
494

What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,  
Where Phillis is not known?  
Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines  
Of us, or Coridon.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;  
*End.* Dear Lycidas, e're long,  
I vow by Pan, to come away  
And Pipe unto thy Song.

Then Jessimine, with Florabell ;  
And dainty Amarillis,  
With handsome-handed Drosomell  
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.

*Lyc.* Then Tityrus, and Coridon,  
And Thyrsis, they shall follow  
With all the rest ; while thou alone  
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,  
In every Geniall Cup,  
Shall write in Spice, Endimion 'twas  
That kept his Piping up.

And my most luckie Swain, when I shall live to  
see

Endimions Moon to fill up full, remember me :  
Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to Pipe to thee.

## TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT Tulips, we do know,  
You had your comming hither ;  
And Fading-time do's show,  
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your Sister-hoods may stay,  
And smile here for your houre ;  
But dye ye must away :  
Even as the meanest Flower.

Nos. 494-  
497

Come Virgins then, and see  
Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;  
For lost like these, 'twill be,  
As Time had never known ye.

A CAUTION.

THAT Love last long ; let it thy first care be  
To find a wife, that is most fit for Thee.  
Be She too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,  
*Love in extreames, can never long endure.*

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT  
THE FOUNTAIN.

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,  
Some Christall of the Spring ;  
And I, about the Cup shall see  
Fresh Lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet Nimphs do you but this ;  
To'th' Glasse your lips encline ;  
And I shall see by that one kisse,  
The Water turn'd to Wine.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR  
RICHARD STONE.

To this white Temple of my Heroes, here  
Beset with stately Figures (every where)  
Of such rare Saint-ships, who did here consume  
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.

*Exquisite  
lyrics*



## 210 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 497- Come, thou Brave man ! And bring with Thee  
499 a Stone

Unto thine own Edification.

High are These Statues here, besides no lesse  
Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse:  
Where build aloft ; and being fixt by These,  
Set up Thine own eternall Images.

### UPON A FLIE.

A GOLDEN Flie one shew'd to me,  
Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie :  
Where both seem'd proud ; the Flie to have  
His buriall in an yvory grave :  
The yvorie tooke State to hold  
A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.  
One Fate had both ; both equall Grace ;  
The Buried, and the Burying-place.  
Not Virgils Gnat, to whom the Spring  
All Flowers sent to 'is burying ;  
Not Marshals Bee, which in a Bead  
Of Amber quick was burièd ;  
Nor that fine Worme that do's interre  
Her selfe i'th' silken Sepulchre ;  
Nor my rare Phil, that lately was  
With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse ;  
More honour had, then this same Flie ;  
Dead, and closed up in Yvorie.

### UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complaines to Jack for want of meate ;  
Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate :  
Jill sayes, of what ? sayes Jack, on that sweet kisse,  
Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,

The food of Poets ; so I thought sayes Jill,      Nos. 499-  
That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like 503  
still.

Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will ;  
Let me feed full, . . . sayes Jill.

## TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,  
Close thou up thy Poets eyes :  
And his last breath, let it be  
Taken in by none but Thee.

## TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

IF thou aske me (Deare) wherefore  
I do write of thee no more :  
I must answer (Sweet) thy part  
Lesse is here, then in my heart.

## UPON PARRAT.

PARRAT protests 'tis he, and only he  
Can teach a man the Art of memory :  
Believe him not ; for he forgot it quite  
Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs last  
night.

## HOW HE WOULD DRINKE HIS WINE.

FILL me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus  
I see't in's *puris naturalibus* :  
Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,  
'Tis *sin* I know, 'tis *sin* to throtle Wine.  
What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,  
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with  
snow !

Nos. 504-  
507

### HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS Girles these sometimes were,  
While they liv'd, or lasted here :  
Turn'd to Flowers, still they be  
Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

### THE BROKEN CHRISTALL.

To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went,  
Bearing a Christall continent :  
But making haste, it came to passe,  
She brake in two the purer Glasse,  
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;  
So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

### PRECEPTS.

Good Precepts we must firmly hold,  
By daily learning we wax old.

### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD EARLE OF DORSET.

If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,  
Of your own selfe, a Publick Theater,  
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walkes of wit,  
And give a righteous judgement upon it,  
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,  
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes, is good ?  
We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse  
In our State-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse.  
Whose smile can make a Poet ; and your glance  
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.  
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes  
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.

And no one mischief greater then your frown,      Nos. 507-  
 To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.      511  
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures  
 His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.*

## UPON HIMSELF.

TH'ART hence removing (like a Shepherd's Tent)  
 And walk thou must the way that others went :  
 Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,  
 Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL : OR, FAIR  
AFTER FOULE WEATHER.

WHAT though the Heaven be lowring now,  
 And look with a contracted brow ?  
 We shall discover, by and by,  
 A Repurgation of the Skie :  
 And when those clouds away are driven,  
 Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

## UPON LOVE.

I HELD Love's head while it did ake ;  
 But so it chanc't to be ;  
 The cruell paine did his forsake,  
 And forthwith came to me.  
 Ai me ! how shal my griefe be stil'd ?  
 Or where else shall we find  
 One like to me, who must be kill'd  
 For being too-too-kind ?

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.  
 NEXT is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one,  
 Here in my Book's Canonization :  
 Late you come in ; but you a Saint shall be,  
 In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

Nos. 512-  
516

## ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew  
 Any one part that's dissonant in you :  
 And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no Plea,  
 Since you are knowne to be Penelope.  
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be  
*A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.*

## KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;  
 We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we kisse.

## CROSSE AND PILE.

FAIRE and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile ; The  
     faire  
 Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH  
OF HER CHILD.

WHY, Madam, will ye longer weep,  
 Whenas your Baby's lull'd asleep ?  
 And (pretty Child) feeles now no more  
 Those pains it lately felt before.  
 All now is silent ; groanes are fled :  
 Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead :  
 But rather like a flower hid here  
 To spring againe another yeare.

## HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the Wine, and wit  
     Of all I've writ :  
 The Grace, the Glorie, and the best  
     Piece of the rest.

Thou art of what I did intend  
     The All, and End.  
 And what was made, was made to meet  
     Thee, thee my sheet.  
 Come then, and be to my chaste side  
     Both Bed, and Bride.  
 We two (as Reliques left) will have  
     One Rest, one Grave.  
 And, hugging close, we will not feare  
     Lust entring here :  
 Where all Desires are dead, or cold  
     As is the mould :  
 And all Affections are forgot,  
     Or Trouble not.  
 Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be  
     From Shackles free :  
 And Weeping Widowes long opprest  
     Doe here find rest.  
 The wrongèd Client ends his Lawes  
     Here, and his Cause.  
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie  
     Quiet, or die :  
 And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,  
     Or hold their peace.  
 Here needs no Court for our Request,  
     Where all are best ;  
 All wise ; all equall ; and all just  
     Alike i'th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne  
     Of Court, or Crown.  
*Where Fortune bears no sway o're things*  
     *There all are Kings.*  
 In this securer place we'l keep,  
     As lull'd asleep ;  
 Or for a little time we'l lye,

# 216 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 516-  
520

As Robes laid by ;  
To be another day re-worne,  
Turn'd, but not torn :  
Or like old Testaments ingrost,  
Lockt up, not lost :  
And for a while lye here conceal'd,  
To be reveal'd  
Next, at that great Platonick yeere,  
And then meet here.

## TO MISTRESSE MARY WILLAND.

ONE more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent,  
T'enspangle this expansive Firmament.  
O Flame of Beauty ! come, appeare, appeare  
A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

## CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like, anon we disapprove :  
*The new successor drives away old Love.*

## UPON MAGOT A FREQUENTER OF ORDINARIES.

MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere,  
Talkes most, eates most, of all the Feeders there.  
He raves through leane, he rages through the fat ;  
(What gets the master of the Meal by that ?)  
He who with talking can devoure so much,  
How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance such ?

## ON HIMSELFE.

BORNE I was to meet with Age,  
And to walke Life's pilgrimage.  
Much I know of Time is spent,  
Tell I can't, what's Resident.



Howsoever, cares, adue ;  
 Ile have nought to say to you :  
 But Ile spend my comming houres,  
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

Nos. 520-  
 522

#### FORTUNE FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one  
 Fully, without exception ;  
 Though free she be, ther's something yet  
 Still wanting to her Favourite.

#### TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see  
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :  
 What sweets the Country can afford  
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.  
 The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,  
 With crawling Woodbine over-spread :  
 By which the silver-shedding streames  
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames.  
 Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne  
 Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.  
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;  
 Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate  
 The Paste of Filberts for thy bread  
 With Cream of Cowslips butteréd :  
 Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills  
 With Daisies spread, and Daffadils ;  
 Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,  
 For meat, shall give thee melody.  
 Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets  
 Of Primroses and Violets.  
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;

## 218 Herrick's Poems

No. 522 That richly wrought, and This as brave ;  
 So that as either shall expresse  
 The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.  
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,  
 When Themilis his pastime makes,  
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,  
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.  
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet  
 To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;  
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare  
 The Queen of Roses for that yeere.  
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)  
 Carry the Garland from the rest.  
 In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring  
 To thee, (my dearest Shepharling)  
 The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,  
 And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there):  
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find  
 The name of Phillis in the Rind  
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;  
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.  
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,  
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,  
 This, this alluring Hook might be  
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.  
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine.  
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;  
 To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,  
 All sitting near the glitt'ring Hearth.  
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,  
 Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings  
 Of winning Colours, that shall move  
 Others to Lust, but me to Love.  
 These (nay) and more, thine own shal be,  
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

# Hesperides 219

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA  
HERRICK.

Nos. 523-  
527

WHEN I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay  
But here awhile, to languish and decay ;  
Like to these Garden-glories, which here be  
The Flowrie-sweet resemblances of Thee :  
With grieve of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,  
Wo'd thou hadst ne'r been born, or might'st not  
die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL HER  
CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show  
Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,  
Like purest Skies.  
Discovering from thence  
A Babie there  
That turns each Sphere,  
Like an Intelligence.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet  
Like snailes did creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they started at Bo-Beep,  
Did soon draw in agen.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MYNTS.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcisèd wit,  
And for the comely carriage of it ;

## 220 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 527- Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,  
532 Markt for the True-wit of a Million :  
From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since  
The Calculation of thy Birth, Brave Mince.

### UPON HIS GRAY HAIREs.

FLY me not, though I be gray,  
Lady, this I know you'l say ;  
Better look the Roses red,  
When with white comminglèd.  
Black your haire are ; mine are white ;  
This begets the more delight,  
When things meet most opposite :  
As in Pictures we descry,  
Venus standing Vulcan by.

### ACCUSATION.

If Accusation onely can draw blood,  
None shall be guiltlesse, be he n'er so good.

### PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let  
The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

### A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, I begin an Art ;  
Come thou in, with thy best part,  
For to make the Texture lye  
Each way smooth and civilly :  
And a broad-fac't Owle shall be  
Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

### ON JONE.

JONE wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might,  
Having but seven in all ; three black, foure white.

# Hesperides 221

UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

Nos. 533-  
536

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•	•	•	•	•	•

UPON DUNDRIGE.

•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•

To ELECTRA.

'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet,  
And dark ; let us meet ;  
Long time w'ave here been a-toying,  
And never, as yet,  
That season co'd get,  
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pittty or shame,  
Then let not Love's flame,  
Be ever and ever a-spending ;  
Since now to the Port  
The path is but short ;  
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast ;  
Our houres doe waste :  
The while we never remember,  
How soone our life, here,  
Growes old with the yeere,  
That dyes with the next December.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher Project can devise,  
Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

Nos. 537-

## ILL GOVERNMENT.

540

PREPOSTEROUS is that Government, (and rude)  
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

## TO MARYGOLDS.

GIVE way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,  
(And hang the head whenas the Act is done)  
Spread as He spreads; wax lesse as He do's wane;  
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

## TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kisse,  
And no more;  
If so be, this  
Makes you poore;  
To enrich you,  
He restore  
For that one, two  
Thousand score.

TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR,  
QUEEN-PRIEST.

THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne  
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.  
The Chaplet, and Inarculum here be,  
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.  
This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t'appease  
Love for our very-many Trespasses.  
One chiefe transgression is among the rest,  
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:  
The next, because her Altars did not shine  
With daily Fyers: The last, neglect of Wine:  
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume  
Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.

Take then thy Censer ; Put in Fire, and thus,      Nos. 540-  
 O Pious-Priestesse ! make a Peace for us.      544  
 For our neglect, Love did our Death decree :  
 That we escape.    *Redemption comes by Thee.*

## ANACREONTIKE.

BORN I was to be old,  
 And for to die here :  
 After that, in the mould  
 Long for to lye here.  
 But before that day comes,  
 Still I be Bousing ;  
 For I know, in the Tombs  
 There's no Carousing.

## MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheere,  
 I did not sup, because no friends were there.  
 Where Mirth and friends are absent when we Dine  
 Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

## LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance ;  
 The greatest mans Inheritance.  
 Whereere the lucky Lot doth fall,  
 Serves but for place of Buriall.

## UPON URSLEY.

URSLEY, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace  
 The Candid Temples of her comely face :  
 But he will say, whoe'r those Circlets seeth,  
 They be but signs of Ursleys hollow teeth.



## No. 545 AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

HERE we securely live, and eate  
 The Creame of meat ;  
 And keep eternal fires,  
 By which we sit, and doe Divine  
 As Wine  
 And Rage inspires.

If full we charme ; then call upon  
 Anacreon  
 To grace the frantick Thyse :  
 And having drunk, we raise a shout  
 Throughout  
 To praise his Verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,  
 Which sung, or seyd,  
 A Goblet to the brim,  
 Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,  
 A Round  
 We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres  
 In Wine and Flowers :  
 And make the frolick yeere,  
 The Month, the Week, the instant Day  
 To stay  
 The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell  
 Wherein I dwell ;  
 And my Enchantments too ;  
 Which Love and noble freedome is ;  
 And this  
 Shall fetter you.

Take Horse, and come ; or be so kind,

To send your mind

(Though but in Numbers few)

And I shall think I have the heart,

Or part

Of Clipseby Crew.

Nos. 545-  
549

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR STEPHEN SOAME.

NOR is my Number full, till I inscribe

Thee sprightly Soame, one of my righteous Tribe :

A Tribe of one Lip ; Leven, and of One

Civil Behaviour, and Religion.

A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare

A stole of white, (and Canonizèd here).

Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,

Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :

Which seals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer

Thee here in my eternall Calender.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must ; when I am gone,

Write but this upon my Stone ;

Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,

That's the Story of my life.

Strewings need none, every flower

Is in this word, Batchelour.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

OUR mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye :

*Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.*

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

OUR of the world he must, who once comes in :

*No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.*

Nos. 550-  
553

UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED.

LET me sleep this night away,  
Till the Dawning of the day:  
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,  
I, and all the world shall rise.

PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show  
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

WAY IN A CROWD.

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. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my Board,  
Can with the smallest cost afford.  
Though ne'r so mean the Viands be,  
They well content my Prew and me.  
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,  
Whatever comes, content makes sweet:  
Here we rejoyce, because no Rent  
We pay for our poore Tenement:  
Wherein we rest, and never feare  
The Landlord or the Usurer.  
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.  
We eate our own, and batten more,  
Because we feed on no mans score:

But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,      Nos. 553-  
 Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.      557  
 We blesse our Fortunes, when we see  
 Our own belovèd privacie :  
 And like our living, where w'are known  
 To very few, or else to none.

## THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUERER.

He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the  
 Power,  
 And glorifies the worthy Conquerer.

## ON HIMSELFE.

SOME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :  
 The most of Thee shall scape the funerall.

## UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

BROOMSTED a lamenesse got by cold and Beere ;  
 And to the Bath went, to be curèd there :  
 His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch behind :  
 But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

## THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,  
 Set each Platter in his place :  
 Rake the Fier up, and get  
 Water in, ere Sun be set.  
 Wash your Pailles, and clense your Dairies ;  
 Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :  
 Sweep your house : Who doth not so,  
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

# 228 Herrick's Poems

No. 558 TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,  
COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw  
To the indulgence of the rugged Law :  
The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be  
By Reading all her Paragraphs in Thee.  
Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,  
As if You Two, were one Hermophrodite :  
Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended  
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :  
Which were (and still her offices are known),  
*Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.*  
To shore the Feeble up, against the strong ;  
To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from  
wrong :

This was the Founders grave and good intent,  
To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement :  
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,  
Who is his Butcher more then Guardian.  
To dry the Widowes teares ; and stop her  
Swoones,

By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.  
This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,  
To keep those pious Principles in force.  
Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say  
(Like to a sound that's vanishing away)  
Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow  
Hispid, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know  
A Postern-bribe tooke, or a Forkèd-Fee  
To fetter Justice, when She might be free.  
*Eggs Ile not shave :* But yet, brave man, if I  
Was destin'd forth to golden Sovereignty :  
A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre  
To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

## THE WATCH.

Nos. 559-  
561

MAN is a Watch, wound up at first, but never  
Wound up again : Once down, He's down for  
ever.

The Watch once downe, all motions then do  
cease ;

And Mans Pulse stopt, All Passions sleep in  
Peace.

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR  
BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,  
Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

## ART ABOVE NATURE, TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a Forrest spread  
With silken trees upon thy head ;  
And when I see that other Dresse  
Of flowers set in comlinesse :  
When I behold another grace  
In the ascent of curious Lace,  
Which like a Pinacle doth shew  
The top, and the top-gallant too.  
Then, when I see thy Tresses bound  
Into an Ovall, square, or round ;  
And knit in knots far more then I  
Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :  
Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see  
Play with a wild civility :  
And all those airie silks to flow,  
Alluring me, and tempting so :  
I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

Nos. 562-  
565

UPON SIBILLA.

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. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE BRIDGET  
HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, and therewithall,  
Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.  
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,  
Till after I had handled them ;  
And smelt them, then they smelt to me,  
As Blossomes of the Almond tree.

UPON LOVE.

I PLAID with Love, as with the fire  
The wanton Satyre did ;  
Nor did I know, or co'd descry  
What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;  
( But mines the greater smart )  
For kissing Love's dissembling chips,  
The fire scortcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY, AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

IF men can say that beauty dyes ;  
Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.  
If Reader then thou canst forbear,  
In publique loss to shed a Teare :  
The Dew of griefe upon this stone  
Will tell thee Pitie thou hast none.



## UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

Nos. 566-  
570

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand  
Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand  
Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;  
First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the  
Tree.

## UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be  
But a Minutes life with me :  
Such a fire I espie  
Walking in and out her eye,  
As at once I freeze, and frie.

## UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those showers  
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowres.

## UPON TOOLY.

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## A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, (as some have told,  
Love I shall when I am old)  
O ye Graces ! Make me fit  
For the welcoming of it.  
Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,  
T' entertain that Deity.

Nos. 570-  
574

Give me words wherewith to woove,  
 Suppling and successefull too :  
 Winning postures ; and withall,  
 Manners each way musicall :  
 Sweetnesse to allay my sowre  
 And unsmooth behaviour.  
 For I know you have the skill  
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
 And of any wood ye see,  
 You can make a Mercury.

## TO SILVIA.

No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray  
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away.  
 I want beliefe ; O gentle Silvia, be  
 The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

## UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

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 . . . . .

## UPON VMBER. EPIG.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

## THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,  
 Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my singing too :  
 My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,  
 And give it to the Silvan Deitie.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP,

Nos. 575-  
576

WILT thou my true Friend be?  
Then love not mine, but me.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING  
HIM TO ELIZIUM.

*DESUNT NONNULLA*——

COME then, and like two Doves with silv'rie  
wings

Let our soules flie to the' shades, where ever  
springs

Sit smiling in the Meads; where Balme and Oile,  
Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.

Where no disease raignes, or infection comes  
To blast the Aire, but Amber-greece and Gums  
This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire  
More sweet, then Storax from the hallowed  
fire:

Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares  
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares:  
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew  
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.  
Here in green Meddowes sits eternal May,  
Purfling the Margents, while perpetuall Day  
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night  
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.

Here, naked Younglings, handsome Striplings run  
Their Goales for Virgins kisses; which when  
done,

Then unto Dancing forth the learnèd Round  
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.  
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see  
Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'l be

Pagan ha  
no such  
description  
of them

# 234 Herrick's Poems

No. 576 Two loving followers too unto the Grove,  
 Where Poets sing the stories of our love.  
 There thou shalt hear Divine Musæus sing  
 Of Hero, and Leander ; then Ile bring  
 Thee to the Stand, where honour'd Homer reades  
 His Odisees, and his high Iliades.  
 About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng  
 To heare the incantation of his tongue :  
 To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,  
 Ile bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,  
 Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,  
 And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,  
 Like to His subject ; and as his Frantick-  
 Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,  
 Besmear'd with Grapes ; welcome he shall thee  
                   thither,  
 Where both may rage, both drink and dance  
                   together.

Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by  
 Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply  
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps  
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.  
 Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,  
 And trowing Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,  
 And Snakie Perseus, these, and those, whom Rage  
 (Dropt from the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage  
 All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there  
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.

Among which glories, (crown'd with sacred Bayes,  
 And flatt'ring Ivie) Two recite their Plaies,  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, Swans, to whom all eares  
 Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres)  
 Sing their Evadnes ; and still more for thee  
 There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st  
                   see

By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come,  
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome  
 In which thy Father Johnson now is plac't,  
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't  
 To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include  
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude)  
 And he one chiefe ; But harke, I hear the Cock,  
 (The Bell-man of the night) proclaime the clock  
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime  
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time  
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;  
 But Night determines here, Away.

Nos. 576-  
579

#### LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the Bodies light ; which once declining,  
 Those crimson clouds i'th' cheeks and lips leave  
     shining.  
 Those counter-changèd Tabbies in the ayre,  
 (The Sun once set) all of one colour are.  
 So, when Death comes, Fresh tinctures lose their  
     place,  
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

#### UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand ;  
 Then from his Feet, it shifted to his Hand :  
 When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was small ;  
 Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Almes at all.

#### UPON FRANCK.

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# 236 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 580-  
582

## LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my Mistresse be,  
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me :  
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it,  
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.  
Or let her Grant, or else Deny,  
*My Love will fit each Historie.*

## THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here  
This sweet Infanta of the yeere ?  
Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?  
I will whisper to your eares,  
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too ?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending (yet it doth not break ?)  
I will answer, These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

## THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your Bride-groome kisse ;  
The tenth you know the Parsons is.  
Pay then your Tythe ; and doing thus,  
Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.  
If children you have ten, Sir John  
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

## A FROLICK.

Nos. 583-  
586

BRING me my Rose-buds, Drawer come ;  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd ;  
 Ile drink the aged Cecubum,  
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

## CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to Fate ;  
 Whom this Morne sees most fortunate,  
 The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

## TO JULIA.

THE Saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read  
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead :  
 To grace which Service, Julia, there shall be  
 One Holy Collect, said or sung for Thee.  
 Dead when thou art, Deare Julia, thou shalt have  
 A Tentrall sung by Virgins o'er thy Grave :  
 Meantime we too will sing the Dirge of these ;  
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

## NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I DOE love I know not what ;  
 Sometimes this, and sometimes that :  
 All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
 Many shrewd disasters met,  
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,  
 As I've doted heretofore :  
 He who must be, shall be poore.



# 238 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 587-

IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

59<sup>I</sup>

NIGHT hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd  
be :

All are alike faire, when no spots we see.  
Lais and Lucrece, in the nighttime are  
Pleasing alike; alike both singular:  
Jone, and my lady have at that time one,  
One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.  
Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate;  
The chosen Rubie, and the Reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

If so be a Toad be laid  
In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,  
And that ty'd to man 'twill sever  
Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID, WITH A FOULE BREATH.

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. . . . .

UPON COONE. EPIG.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

TO HIS BROTHER IN LAW MASTER JOHN  
WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free  
To most of men, but most of all to me:  
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence  
Keepes still within a just circumference:  
Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,  
As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord.

Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell Nos. 591-  
 To any one unsobber syllable. 595  
 These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,  
 Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a Brother.

THE HEAD-AKE.

My head doth ake,  
 O Sappho! take  
 Thy fillit,  
 And bind the paine;  
 Or bring some bane  
 To kill it.

But lesse that part,  
 Then my poore heart,  
 Now is sick:  
 One kisse from thee  
 Will counsell be,  
 And Physick.

ON HIMSELF.

LIVE by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die,  
 Leaving no Fame to long Posterity:  
 When Monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone;  
 Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

UPON A MAIDE.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,  
 Leaving here the body dead:  
 Which (since here they can't combine)  
 For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

UPON SPALT.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

# 240 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 596-  
599

## OF HORNE A COMB-MAKER.

HORNE sells to others teeth ; but has not one  
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

## UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O ! Times most bad,  
Without the scope  
Of hope  
Of better to be had !

Where shall I goe,  
Or whither run  
To shun  
This publique overthrow ?

No places are  
(This I am sure)  
Secure  
In this our wasting Warre.

Some storms w've past ;  
Yet we must all  
Down fall,  
And perish at the last.

## CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome, then to see  
Power conjoyn'd with Natures Crueltie.

## UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

•        •        •        •        •        •  
•        •        •        •        •        •

# Hesperides 241

## UPON LUCIA.

Nos. 600-  
605

I ASKT my Lucia but a kisse ;  
And she with scorne deny'd me this :  
Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,  
Had I then askt her Maidenhead ?

## LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are ; for Womans sake be proud ;  
For my sake next (though little), be not loud.

## SHIP-WRACK.

He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile  
Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

## PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-lifes-day I've taken paines  
For very little, or no gaines :  
The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,  
And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare  
The cutting Thumb-naile, or the Brow severe.  
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,  
If but well read ; or ill read, understood.

## HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

WHEN I a Verse shall make,  
Know I have praid thee,  
For old Religions sake,  
Saint Ben to aide me.

242 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 605-  
610

Make the way smooth for me,  
When I, thy Herrick,  
Honouring thee, on my knee  
Offer my Lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,  
And a new Altar ;  
And thou Saint Ben, shalt be  
Writ in my Psalter.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE Want her welcome if she comes ; we find,  
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

AGAIN.

WHO with a little cannot be content,  
Endures an everlasting punishment.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET's live with that smal pittance that we have ;  
*Who covets more, is evermore a slave.*

LAWES.

WHEN Lawes full power have to sway, we see  
Little or no part there of Tyrannie.

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,  
Because no fence,  
Or Fort that I can make here ;  
But Love by charmes,  
Or else by Armes  
Will storme, or starving take here.

## UPON COCK.

Nos. 611-  
614

. : . : . :  
. : . : . :

## TO HIS MUSE.

Go wooe young Charles no more to looke  
Then but to read this in my Booke :  
How Herrick beggs, if that he can-  
Not like the Muse ; to love the man,  
Who by the Shepheards, sung (long since)  
The Starre-led-birth of Charles the Prince.

## THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these  
My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses :  
Lost to all Musick now ; since every thing  
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.  
Sick is the Land to'th' heart ; and doth endure  
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.  
But if that golden Age wo'd come again,  
And Charles here Rule, as he before did Raig ;  
If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,  
As when the sweet Maria livèd here :  
I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd  
In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd.  
And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
*Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.*

## TO VULCAN.

THY sooty Godhead, I desire  
Still to be ready with thy fire :  
That sho'd my Booke despisèd be,  
Acceptance it might find of thee.

# 244 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 615-  
617

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

*THIS is the height of Justice, that to doe  
Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto.  
As great men lead ; the meaner follow on,  
Or to the good, or evill action.*

PURPOSES.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas  
Can shake a just mans purposes :  
No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim  
Visage of them can alter him ;  
But what he doth at first entend,  
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD.

COME sit we under yonder Tree,  
Where merry as the Maids we'l be.  
And as on Primroses we sit,  
We'l venter (if we can) at wit :  
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play ;  
So spend some minutes of the day :  
Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
Playing at Questions and Commands :  
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,  
By quickly making one of two.  
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell  
No cruell truths of Philomell,  
Or Phillis, whom hard Fate forc't on,  
To kill her selfe for Demophon.  
But Fables we'l relate ; how Jove  
Put on all shapes to get a Love :  
As now a Satyr, then a Swan ;  
A Bull but then ; and now a man.



Next we will act, how young men wooe ; Nos. 617-  
 And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do : 619  
 And talk of Brides ; & who shall make  
 That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake ;  
 That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine ;  
 That smooth and silken Columbine.  
 This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy  
 And guild the Baies and Rosemary :  
 What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;  
 What gloves we'l give, and Ribanings :  
 And smiling at our selves, decree,  
 Who then the joyning Priest shall be.  
 What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;  
 And how the Posset shall be made  
 With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)  
 And Maiden's-blush, for spicèd wine.  
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend  
 A kiss to each ; and so we'l end.

## HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied Pilgrims, once possest  
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest :  
 So I, now having rid my way ;  
 Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay.  
 Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led ;  
 But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH  
LEE, NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the Larke, most comely Bride, and  
 meet

Your eager Bridegroom with auspicious feet.  
 The Morn's farre spent ; and the immortall Sunne  
 Corrols his cheeke, to see those Rites not done.

## 246 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 619- Fie, Lovely maid ! Indeed you are too slow,  
 620 When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.  
 Dispatch your dressing then ; and quickly wed :  
 Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.  
 This day is Loves day ; and this busie night  
 Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight  
 With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,  
 As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.  
 The Field is pitch't ; but such must be your warres,  
 As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.  
 Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye  
 Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

### THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,  
 The Shooting Starres attend thee ;  
     And the Elves also,  
     Whose little eyes glow,  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.  
 No Will-o'th'-Wisp mis-light thee ;  
 Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :  
     But on, on thy way  
     Not making a stay,  
 Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.  
 Let not the darke thee cumber ;  
 What though the Moon do's slumber ?  
     The Starres of the night  
     Will lend thee their light,  
 Like Tapers cleare without number.  
 Then Julia let me wooe thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me :  
     And when I shall meet  
     Thy silv'ry feet,  
 My soule Ile poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Nos. 621-  
626

GIVE me wine, and give me meate,  
To create in me a heate,  
That my pulses high may beate.

Cold and hunger never yet  
Co'd a noble Verse beget;  
But your Boules with Sack repleat.

Give me these (my Knight) and try  
In a Minutes space how I  
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.

Then if any Peece proves new,  
And rare, Ile say (my dearest Crew)  
It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast:  
*The happy fortune will not alwayes last.*

A KISSE.

WHAT is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve;  
The sure sweet-Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my Numbers read:  
*Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.*

POETS.

WANTONS we are; and though our words be such,  
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living; not the dead:  
*'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.*

# 248 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 627-  
629

## TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye (my poor Orphans) do  
When I must leave the World (and you)  
Who'l give ye then a sheltering shed,  
Or credit ye, when I am dead?  
Who'l let ye by their fire sit?  
Although ye have a stock of wit,  
Already coin'd to pay for it.  
I cannot tell; unlesse there be  
Some Race of old humanitie  
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
Alive, as Noble Westmorland;  
Or gallant Newark; which brave two  
May fost'ring fathers be to you.  
If not; expect to be no less  
Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

## HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST<sup>o</sup> of thousands, now the time drawes  
neare,  
That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here.  
Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be shed  
Over my Turfe, when I am buried.  
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,  
Or other Rites that doe belong to me:  
As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go  
hence  
Unto thy everlasting residence.

## UPON LOVE.

IN a Dreame, Love bad me go  
To the Gallies there to Rowe;  
In the Vision, I askt why:  
Love, as briefly did reply;

'Twas better there to toyle, then prove  
The turmoiles they endure that love.

Nos. 629-  
633

I awoke, and then I knew  
What Love said was too too true :  
Henceforth therefore I will be  
As from Love, from trouble free.  
*None pities him that's in the snare,  
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

## THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fires side ;  
And roundly drinke we here ;  
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd  
And noses tann'd with Beere.

## UPON BRAN. EPIG.

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•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•

## UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•

## UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the  
Poore,  
He gives an almes, and chides them from his  
doore.

No. 634    CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT  
WEDDINGS.

*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

FROM the Temple to your home  
May a thousand blessings come!  
And a sweet concurring stream  
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

Happy day  
Make no long stay  
Here  
In thy Sphere;  
But give thy place to-night,  
That she,  
As Thee,  
May be  
Partaker of this sight.  
And since it was thy care  
To see the Younglings wed;  
'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,  
Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

*Chorus Senum.*

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
So as to rise still with an appetite.  
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed  
To such a height; but never surfeited.  
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:  
'Tis best to feed love; but not over-fill  
Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;  
And this remember, *Vertue keeps the measure.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

No. 634

Luckie signes we have discri'd  
To encourage on the Bride ;  
And to these we have espi'd,  
Not a kissing Cupid flies  
Here about, but has his eyes,  
To imply your Love is wise.

*Chorus Pastorum.*

Here we present a fleece  
To make a peece  
Of cloth ;  
Nor, Faire, must you be loth  
Your finger to apply  
To huswiferie.  
Then, then begin  
To spin :  
And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will  
come  
Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

*Chorus Matronarum.*

Set you to your Wheele, and wax  
Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax. .  
Yarne is an Income ; and the Huswives thread  
The Larder fills with meat ; the Bin with bread.

*Chorus Senum.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
And not by any sordid shift :  
'Tis haste  
Makes waste :



## 252 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 634-  
635

Extreames have still their fault ;  
*The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.*  
*Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,*  
*Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

### *Chorus Virginum.*

Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,  
Give them the blessing of encrease :  
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare  
The vowes of those, that children beare :  
Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,  
Be thou then propitious there.

### *Chorus Juvenum.*

Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move :  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.*

### *Chorus Omnium.*

Live in the Love of Doves, and having told  
The Ravens yeares, go hence more Ripe  
then old.

### TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come  
And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my Tomb.  
When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,  
And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice :  
Though palenes be the Livery that I weare,  
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.  
Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew  
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :  
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.  
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,  
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :

Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost      Nos. 635-  
 The world so soon, and in it, you the most.      638  
 Then these, no feares more on your Fancies  
     fall,  
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

## UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL Violl Cupid brought,  
     Which had a juice in it:  
 Of which who drank, he said no thought  
     Of Love he sho'd admit.  
 I greedy of the prize, did drinke,  
     And emptied soon the glasse;  
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke  
     The fire of hell it was.  
 Give me my earthen Cups again,  
     The Christall I contemne;  
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain  
     A deadly draught in them.  
 And thou, O Cupid! come not to  
     My Threshold, since I see,  
 For all I have, or else can do,  
     Thou still wilt cozen me.

## UPON GANDER. EPIG.

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## UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

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Nos. 639- THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.  
640

PLEASE your Grace, from out your Store,  
Give an Almes to one that's poore,  
That your mickle, may have more.  
Black I'm grown for want of meat ;  
Give me then an Ant to eate ;  
Or the cleft eare of a Mouse  
Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce :  
Or, sweet Lady, reach to me  
The Abdomen of a Bee ;  
Or commend a Crickets-hip,  
Or his Huckson, to my Scrip.  
Give for bread, a little bit  
Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,  
And my full thanks take for it.  
Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good  
For a man in needy-hood :  
But the Meal of Mill-dust can  
Well content a craving man.  
Any Orts the Elves refuse  
Well will serve the Beggars use.  
But if this may seem too much  
For an Almes ; then give me such  
Little bits, that nestle there  
In the Pris'ners Panier.  
So a blessing light upon  
You, and mighty Oberon :  
That your plenty last till when,  
I return your Almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may ;  
All things have an ending day :  
And when once the Work is done ;  
*Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.*

## UPON A CHILD.

Nos. 641-  
643

HERE a pretty baby lies  
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stirre  
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

## PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny  
 Colours, let Art supply.

## FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

FLED are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.  
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring  
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.  
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every  
 Tree

Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.  
 The while the Daulian Minstrell sweetly sings  
 With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.  
 What gentle Winds perspire? As if here  
 Never had been the Northern Plunderer  
 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,  
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear  
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)  
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :  
 So when this War (which tempest-like doth  
 spoil)

Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile)  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)  
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
 Bring in her Bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.

# 256 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 644-  
645

## THE HAG.

THE Hag is astride,  
This night for to ride ;  
The Devil and shee together :  
Through thick, and through thin,  
Now out, and then in,  
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr  
She takes for a Spurre :  
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
O're Ditches, and Mires,  
She followes the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,  
Dares now range the wood ;  
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :  
While mischeifs, by these,  
On Land and on Seas,  
At noone of Night are a-working.

The storme will arise,  
And trouble the skies ;  
This night, and more for the wonder,  
The ghost from the Tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

## UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD Sirs, as lightly as ye can  
Upon the grave of this old man.  
Twice fortie (bating but one year,  
And thrice three weekes) he livèd here.  
Whom gentle fate translated hence  
To a more happy Residence.

Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this  
 (Which from his ghost a promise is)  
 If here ye will some few teares shed,  
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

Nos. 645-  
651

## UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners  
 brine,  
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

## PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men ; but these  
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

## THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR Houshold-gods our Parents be ;  
 And manners good requires, that we  
 The first-Fruits give to them, who gave  
 Us hands to get what here we have.

## UPON COB. EPIG.

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## UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small,  
 With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

## UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

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# 258 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 652-  
654

## TO SILVIA.

I AM holy, while I stand  
Circum-crost by thy pure hand :  
But when that is gone ; Again,  
I, as others, am Prophane.

## TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare  
Never againe to have ingression here :  
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be  
Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.  
Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none  
Co'd reade the Intext but my selfe alone.  
About the Cover of this Book there went  
A curious-comely clean Compartlement :  
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :  
But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,  
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !  
Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set  
Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmeleet.

## A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty Bowle  
Up to the brim :  
That I may drink  
Unto my Johnsons soule.

Crowne it agen agen ;  
And thrice repeat  
That happy heat ;  
To drink to Thee my Ben.



## Hesperides 259

Well I can quaffe, I see,  
To th' number five,  
Or nine; but thrive  
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

Nos. 654-  
659

### LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt;  
*None loseth that, which he in time may get.*

### TO YOUTH.

DRINK Wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye may:  
*The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day.*

### NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from whence  
Never man yet had a regredience.

### A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O! you the Virgins nine!  
That doe our soules encline  
To noble Discipline!  
Nod to this vow of mine:  
Come then, and now enspire  
My violl and my lyre  
With your eternall fire:  
And make me one entire  
Composer in your Quire.  
Then Ile your Altars strew  
With Roses sweet and new;  
And ever live a true  
Acknowledger of you.

### ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write  
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:

## 260 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 656-662 Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and  
 Showers;  
 No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and  
 wreaths of Flowers:  
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
 Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning:  
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
 No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

### UPON JONE AND JANE.

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### TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this Book that I have writ,  
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it:  
 By all the muses! thou shalt be  
 Anathema to it, and me.

### AMBITION.

IN wayes to greatnesse, think on this,  
*That slippery all Ambition is.*

THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED M. END. No. 663  
PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO  
HIS MAJ.

SWEET Country life to such unknown,  
Whose lives are others, not their own !  
But serving Courts, and Cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame  
To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.  
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.  
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece  
Flies no thought higher then a fleece :  
Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere  
All scores ; and so to end the yeere :  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others larger grounds :  
For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent  
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.*  
When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)  
Calls forth the lily-wristed Morne ;  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know.  
That the best compost for the Lands  
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.  
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,  
With a Hind whistling there to them :  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The Kingdoms portion is the Plow.  
This done, then to th' enameld Meads  
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present God-like Power

## 262 Herrick's Poems

No 663    Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :  
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,  
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.  
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat  
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :  
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,  
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere  
 To make a pleasing pastime there.  
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
 Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)  
 And find'st their bellies there as full  
 Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.  
 And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)  
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.  
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,  
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :  
 On which the young men and maids meet,  
 To exercise their dancing feet :  
 Tripping the comely country Round,  
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.  
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,  
 Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't :  
 Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;  
 Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.  
 Thy Harvest home ; thy Wassaile bowle,  
 That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.  
 Thy Mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide Kings  
 And Queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :  
 Thy Nut-browne mirth ; thy Russet wit ;  
 And no man payes too deare for it.  
 To these, thou hast thy time to goe  
 And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow :  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The Larke into the Trammell net :  
 Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade

To take the precious Pheasant made :      Nos. 663-  
Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then      666  
To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.  
O happy life ! if that their good  
The Husbandmen but understood !  
Who all the day themselves doe please,  
And Younglings, with such sports as these.  
And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

*Cætera desunt*——

TO ELECTRA.      ✕

I DARE not ask a kisse ;  
I dare not beg a smile ;  
Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire, shall be  
Onely to kisse that Aire,  
That lately kissèd thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many Lusters thou shalt be  
Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie :  
When of thy ragg'd Escutcheons shall be seene  
So little left, as if they ne'r had been :  
Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best  
trust,  
Here with the Generation of my Just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the Mistresse of my choice,  
Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :

# 264 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 666-  
669

Be she witty, more then wise ;  
Pure enough, though not Precise :  
Be she shewing in her dresse,  
Like a civill Wilderness ;  
That the curious may detect  
Order in a sweet neglect :  
Be she rowling in her eye,  
Tempting all the passers by :  
And each Ringlet of her haire,  
An Enchantment, or a Snare,  
For to catch the Lookers on ;  
But her self held fast by none.  
Let her Lucrece all day be,  
Thais in the night, to me.  
Be she such, as neither will  
*Famish me, nor over-fill.*

## UPON ZELOT.

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. . . . .

## THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,  
Be't for my Bridall, or my Buriall.

## UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

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UPON CRAB. EPIG.

Nos. 670-  
671

CRAB facēs gownes with sundry Furses; 'tis  
known,

He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS  
FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?  
To rise as soon as day doth peep?  
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse  
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,  
Not knowing This, that Jove decrees  
Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries?  
No: 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,  
Without extortion, from thy soyle:  
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,  
Although with some, yet little paine  
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,  
With feares, and cares uncumberèd:  
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side  
Lies softly panting like a Bride.  
This is to live, and to endeere  
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.  
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,  
(As is that ayre that circles thee)  
And crown thy temples too, and let  
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.  
Time steals away like to a stream,  
And we glide hence away with them.  
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,*  
*Or Roses, being witherèd:*  
Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,  
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.



## 266 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 671-  
674      Then live we mirthfull, while we should,  
And turn the iron Age to Gold.  
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,  
And thus lesse last, then live our Day.  
*Whose life with care is overcast,*  
*That man's not said to live, but last :*  
*Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,*  
*But for to live, that half seven well :*  
And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,  
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
Both to be blended in the Urn,  
From whence there's never a return.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,  
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS AXIOM I have often heard,  
*Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.*

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the Times hence flown  
To praise those Muses, and dislike our own ?  
Or did I walk those Pean-Gardens through,  
To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ?  
I might (and justly) be reputed (here)  
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.  
But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,  
(Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :)  
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well  
In our high art, although we can't excell,  
Like thee ; or dare the Buskins to unloose  
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.

But since I'm cal'd (rare Denham) to be gone, Nos. 674-  
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion: 677

'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee:  
The while their wreathes and Purple Robes do shine,  
Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of  
thine.

#### A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,  
To worship ye, the Lares,  
With crowns of greenest Parsley,  
And Garlick chives not scarcely:  
For favours here to warme me,  
And not by fire to harme me.  
For gladding so my hearth here,  
With inoffensive mirth here;  
That while the Wassaile Bowle here  
With North-down Ale doth troule here,  
No sillable doth fall here,  
To marre the mirth at all here.  
For which, O Chimney-keepers!  
(I dare not call ye Sweepers)  
So long as I am able  
To keep a countrey-table,  
Great be my fare, or small cheere,  
Ile eat and drink up all here.

#### DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,  
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

#### ADVERSITY.

*Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent,  
Adversity then breeds the discontent.*

# 268 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 678-  
682

## TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit  
Upon my ruines (smiling yet :)  
Teare me to tatters ; yet Ile be  
Patient in my necessitie.  
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun  
Me, as a fear'd infection :  
Yet scarre-crow-like Ile walk, as one,  
Neglecting thy derision.

## TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is :*  
Let's be doing, though we play  
But at push-pin (half the day :)  
Chains of sweet bents let us make,  
Captive one, or both, to take :  
In which bondage we will lie,  
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

## CRUELITIES.

NERO commanded ; but withdrew his eyes  
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

## PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act ? ne're then give o're :  
*No man despaires to do what's done before.*

## UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not.  
These are the Children I have left ;  
Adopted some ; none got by theft.  
But all are toucht (like lawfull plate)  
And no Verse illegitimate.

## DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

Nos. 683-  
687

KING's must not oft be seen by publike eyes ;  
*State at a distance adds to dignities.*

## HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other (as the learnèd hold)  
 But a just measure both of Heat and Cold.

## TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

ILE to thee a Simnell bring,  
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;  
 So that, when she blesseth thee,  
 Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

## TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way, now, now my Charles  
 shines here,  
 A Publike Light (in this immensive Sphere,)   
 Some starres were fixt before ; but these are dim,  
 Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.  
 Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He  
 Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.  
 Where, if such glory flashes from his Name,  
 Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame !  
*Princes, and such Publike Lights as these,*  
*Must not be lookt on, but at distances :*  
*For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,*  
*Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.*

## THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE Rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;  
 And (being to be sanctifi'd)  
 About the Bed, there sighing stood  
 The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.

# 270 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 687-  
690

Some hung the head, while some did bring  
(To wash her) water from the Spring.  
Some laid her forth, while others wept,  
But all a solemne Fast there kept.  
The holy Sisters some among  
The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.  
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,  
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.  
At last, when prayers for the dead,  
And Rites were all accomplishèd ;  
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loom,  
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

## THE RAINBOW: OR, CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,  
And as they thus did entertaine  
The gentle Beams from Julia's sight  
To mine eyes level'd opposite :  
O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
A curious Rainbow smiling there ;  
Which was the Covenant, that she  
No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

## THE LAST STROKE STRIKE[S] SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave  
past,  
*That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.*

## FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,  
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

Nos. 691-  
694

AT Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,  
For Sugar-cakes and Wine;  
Or for a Tansie let us pay,  
The losse or thine, or mine.

If thou, my Deere, a winner be  
At trundling of the Ball,  
The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
And my misfortunes all.

But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,  
Then I desire but this;  
That likewise I may pay the Bet,  
And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,  
Love, and live here while we may;  
Drink rich wine; and make good cheere,  
While we have our being here:  
For, once dead, and laid i'th' grave,  
No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,  
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

UPON TUCK. EPIG.

AT Post and Paire, or Slam, Tom Tuck would  
play  
This Christmas, but his want wherewith, sayes  
Nay.

Nos. 695-  
697

## BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,  
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

## THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,  
Now give me the cup;  
He drink to the Garlands a-round it:  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,  
Whose husbands may Earles  
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)  
And when that ye wed  
To the Bridall Bed,  
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

## MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of Gallants which approach  
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;  
That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run  
Before thy swift Postilion:  
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,  
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,  
And shod with silver, prove to be  
The drawers of the axeltree.  
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state  
Of Persian Loomes, and antique Plate:  
All these, and more, shall then afford  
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.



ADVERSITY.

Nos. 698-  
705

ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all ; though here it be,  
With men, a loathèd inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

SORROWES divided amongst many, lesse  
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse  
Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard, or harsh can prove  
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown.  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,  
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe, or boot,  
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

Nos. 706-  
710

## THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.

I BRAKE thy Bracelet. 'gainst my will ;  
 And, wretched, I did see  
 Thee discomposèd then, and still  
 Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost ; and I will get  
 A richer pearle for thee,  
 Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet  
 Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, Ile tell thee what  
 Thou for the breach shalt do ;  
 First, crack the strings, and after that,  
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

## HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among  
 The Gods, he down the Nectar flung ;  
 Which, on the white Rose being shed,  
 Made it for ever after red.

## KINGS.

MEN are not born Kings, but are men renown'd ;  
 Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are crown'd.

## FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run  
 To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

## TEARES, AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou, one month wo'd take thy life away,  
 Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

Nos. 711-  
714

GLORY no other thing is (Tullie sayes)  
'Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with  
praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,  
Into the which we come by warre

LAXARE FIBULAM.

: : : : : :  
: : : : : :

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,  
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie  
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !  
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.  
O fruitfull Genius ! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.  
O Place ! O People ! Manners ! fram'd to please  
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages !  
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,  
That I amongst you live a Citizen.  
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment ;  
Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,  
O native countrey, repossess by thee !  
For, rather then Ile to the West return,  
Ile beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.  
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;  
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

Nos. 715-  
717

## NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day, that I  
 Fitted am to prophesie :  
 No, but when the Spirit fills  
 The fantastick Pannicles  
 Full of fier ; then I write  
 As the Godhead doth indite.  
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,  
 Like the Sybells, through the world.  
 Look how next the holy fier  
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;  
 So the Fancie cooles, till when  
 That brave Spirit comes agen.

## POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be,  
*But of all packs, no pack like poverty.*

## A. BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1. COME blithefull Neatherds, let us lay  
 A wager, who the best shall play,  
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,  
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

*Chor.* And Lallage the Judge shall be,  
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet  
 A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,  
 In every part alike compleat,  
 And wanton as a Kid as yet.

*Chor.* And Lallage (with cow-like eyes)  
 Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

**1.** Against thy Heifer, I will here                      No. 717  
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,  
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us heare  
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid : let's now apply  
Each one to make his melody:

*Lal.* The equall Umpire shall be I,  
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prate ; begin,  
And sooner play, the sooner win.  
[ 1. *Neatherd* *playes.*

2. That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :  
Thou art a man of worthinesse :  
But hark how I can now expresse  
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [*He sings.*

*Chor.* A suger'd note! and sound as sweet  
As Kine, when they at milking meet.

I. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,  
I'll strike thee such a nimble Ayre,  
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare;  
And title me without compare.

*Chor.* Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,  
Since both have here deservèd best.

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,  
I'll play thee such another strain;  
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's  
    raigne  
Over thine Oat, as Sovereaigne. [*He sings.*

## 278 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 717- *Chor.* And Lallage shall tell by this,  
721 Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :

1. Not so ; my Pipe has silenc't thine :  
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,  
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love  
combine.

*Chor.* And lay we down our Pipes together,  
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

### TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends  
A Prince from Foes ; but 'tis his Fort of Friends.

### A PROGNOSTICK.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse  
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse :  
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show  
Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

### UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get ?  
Take it from my Julia's sweat :  
Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,  
From her moysture take the like :  
Let her breath, or let her blow,  
All rich spices thence will flow.

### PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,  
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding Tides :  
Trie if this sober streame you can  
Follow to th' wilder Ocean :

And see, if there it keeps unspent  
 In that congesting element.  
 Next, from that world of waters, then  
 By poares and cavernes back agen  
 Induct that inadultrate same  
 Streame to the Spring from whence it came.  
 This with a wonder when ye do,  
 As easie, and els easier too :  
 Then may ye recollect the graines  
 Of my particular Remaines ;  
 After a thousand Lustres hurld,  
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

Nos. 721-  
 724

## FAME.

*'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings  
 The order, but the Sum of things.*

## BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OFT bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,  
 What others can't with all their strength put to.

## TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the Roofe, great Genius, and from  
 thence  
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,  
 That through each room a golden pipe may run  
 Of living water by thy Benizon.  
 Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthening bread  
 Be evermore these Bynns replenishèd.  
 Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,  
 That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round :  
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,  
 The Masters charge and care to recompence.



# 280 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 724- Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for  
725 ease,

More then for peevish pining sicknesses.  
Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe  
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proofe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

Though Clock,  
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,  
A Cock,  
I have, to sing how day drawes on.  
I have  
A maid (my Prew) by good luck sent,  
To save  
That little, Fates me gave or lent.  
A Hen  
I keep, which creeking day by day,  
Tells when  
She goes her long white egg to lay.  
A Goose  
I have, which, with a jealous eare,  
Lets loose  
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.  
A Lamb  
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,  
Whose Dam  
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)  
A Cat  
I keep, that playes about my House,  
Grown fat,  
With eating many a miching Mouse.  
To these  
A Trasy I do keep, whereby  
I please  
The more my rurall privacie :

Which are  
But toys, to give my heart some ease :  
Where care  
None is, slight things do lightly please.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

In all thy need, be thou possess'd  
Still with a well-preparèd brest :  
Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;  
Thou canst but have, what others had.  
And this for comfort thou must know,  
Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.  
Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;  
*A sullen day will cleere againe.*  
First, peales of Thunder we must heare,  
Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all Birds els do of their musick faile,  
Money's the still-sweet-singing Nightingale.

UP TAILS ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,  
Go on too with this :  
And thus, thus, thus let us smother  
Our lips for a while,  
But let's not beguile  
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,  
 Long enough has endur'd,  
 Since more and more is exacted ;  
 For love he doth call  
 For his Uptails all ;  
 And that's the part to be acted.

# 282 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 729-  
731

UPON FRANCK.

: : : : : :  
: : : : : :

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

My Lucia in the deaw did go,  
And prettily bedabled so,  
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall  
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.  
I follow'd after to descrie  
Part of the nak't sincerity ;  
But still the envious Scene between  
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

*Pb.* CHARON ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe  
thee,

By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.

*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I  
heare ?

Say what thou art. *Pb.* I prithee first  
draw neare.

*Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,  
Speak where thou art. *Pb.* O Charon  
pittie me !

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,  
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.

*Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,  
Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane  
soules.

*Pb.* Alas for me ! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching  
note,

That made me thus hoist saile, and bring  
my Boat :

But Ile returne; what mischief brought Nos. 731-  
thee hither? 733

*Ph.* A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe  
together.

*Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's  
now beneath

Who fed my life, Ile follow her in death.

*Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love  
I pray thee.

*Ch.* Talknot of love, all pray, but few soules pay me.

*Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears  
pay skores

For mending sails, for patching Boat and  
Oares?

*Ph.* Ile beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,  
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.

*Ch.* Why then begin, and all the while we make  
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,  
Thou & Ile sing to make these dull Shades  
merry,

Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my  
ferry.

#### UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

PAULS hands do give; what give they, bread or meat,  
Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.

As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so  
Pauls hands do give, nought else forought we know.

#### UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

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# 284 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 734-  
736

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF  
JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,  
A little prop best fits a little Vine,  
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,  
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:  
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,  
A little Garland fits a little Head:  
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,  
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,  
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat;  
A little lead best fits a little Float;  
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,  
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THRICE happie Roses, so much grac't, to have  
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.  
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,  
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie  
But to desire what they denie.

## THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

Nos. 737-  
740

THE Gods require the thighs  
Of Beeves for sacrifice ;  
Which rosted, we the steam  
Must sacrifice to them :  
Who though they do not eat,  
Yet love the smell of meat.

## LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES Ring they beare about them still,  
To be, and not seen when and where they will.  
They tread on clouds, and though they some-  
times fall,  
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.  
So silently they one to th' other come,  
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,  
And Aire-like, leave no presson to be seen  
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY  
BE ROTTEN, OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane  
To be accounted inside cleane :  
For if you cleave them, we shall see  
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

## IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill  
Of woman-kind first die I will ;  
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest  
Of creatures, woman is the best.

Nos. 741-  
746

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather Flowers Sappha went,  
And homeward she did bring  
Within her Lawnie Continent,  
The treasure of the Spring.  
She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,  
And sweetly blushing thus,  
She lookt as she'd been got with child  
By young Favonius.  
Her Apron gave (as she did passe)  
An Odor more divine,  
More pleasing too, then ever was  
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIAS TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles  
Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,  
She seem'd to quench loves fires that there did glow.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the River sate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off Delay, since we but read of one  
That ever prosper'd by Cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.  
STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee  
here  
The Hector over Agèd Exeter ;



Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,  
 Like a poore Lady lost in Widdowhood :  
 But feares not now to see her safety sold  
 (As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,  
 By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem  
 That gave Progermination unto them :  
 Whose restless Ghosts shall heare their children  
 sing,

Nos. 746-  
748

*Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.*  
 True, if this Citie seven times rounded was  
 With rock, and seven times circumflankt with  
 brasse,

Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall prooffe,  
 The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,  
 Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,  
 Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.  
 But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please  
 Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses,  
 Faith, and Affection : which will never slip  
 To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love love begets ; then never be  
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.  
 Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)  
 For profer'd love will love repay :  
 None are so harsh, but if they find  
 Softnesse in others, will be kind ;  
 Affection will affection move,  
 Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse ? then go on,  
 Back-turning slackens Resolution.

Nos. 749-  
752

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that Discord call,  
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st, that done, go on  
With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,  
Rich or poore although it be ;  
'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,  
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :  
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;  
When I touch, I then begin  
For to let Affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare  
Locks incurld of other haire ;  
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,  
So my fancie be content,  
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,  
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,  
I'm a man for ev'ry Sceane.

OUR OWN SINNES UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind ;  
*None sees the fardell of his faults behind.*

## NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

Nos. 753-  
757

IF little labour, little are our gaines :  
Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

## UPON SLOUCH.

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## VERTUE BEST UNITED.

BY so much, vertue is the lesse,  
By how much, neere to singlenesse.

## THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye  
Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING  
TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see  
A Renovation of the West by Thee.  
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat  
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :  
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more  
Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.  
Something there yet remains for Thee to do ;  
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.  
Go on with Sylla's Fortune ; let thy Fate  
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :  
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse  
Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successe.

## 290 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 757-  
761 Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall  
pray ;  
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins  
the day.  
That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be  
Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee.  
Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles  
from them  
Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

### A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me, choose ye whether,  
So I may but die together :  
Thus to slay me by degrees,  
Is the height of Cruelties.  
What needs twenty stabs, when one  
Strikes me dead as any stone ?  
O shew mercy then, and be  
Kind at once to murder mee.

### PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and Fav'rites are most deere, while they  
By giving and receiving hold the play :  
But the Relation then of both growes poor,  
When these can aske, and Kings can give no  
more.

### EXAMPLES, OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,  
Such as the Prince is, will his People be.

### POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait  
Upon the man that is a Potentate.

## THE WAKE.

Nos. 762-  
763

COME, Anthea, let us two  
 Go to Feast, as others do.  
 Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,  
 Are the Junketts still at Wakes :  
 Unto which the Tribes resort,  
 Where the businesse is the sport :  
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
 Marian too in Pagentrie :  
 And a Mimick to devise  
 Many grinning properties.  
 Players there will be, and those  
 Base in action as in clothes :  
 Yet with strutting they will please  
 The incurious Villages.  
 Neer the dying of the day,  
 There will be a Cudgell-Play,  
 Where a Coxcomb will be broke,  
 Ere a good word can be spoke :  
 But the anger ends all here,  
 Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
 Happy Rusticks, best content  
 With the cheapest Merriment :  
 And possesse no other feare,  
 Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

## THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH stowings allow  
     To my Sepulcher now,  
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;  
     A staffe or a wand  
     Put then in my hand,  
 With a pennie to pay Saint Peter.

Nos. 763-  
764

Who has not a Crosse,  
Must sit with the losse,  
And no whit further must venture ;  
Since the Porter he  
Will paid have his fee,  
Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift  
Can't send for a gift  
A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,  
Shall heare his Clarke say,  
By yea and by nay,  
*No pennie, no Pater Noster.*

#### TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd  
(Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last:  
In great Processions many lead the way  
To him, who is the triumph of the day,  
As these have done to Thee, who art the one,  
One onely glory of a million:  
In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,  
Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell  
When this or that vast Dinastie must fall  
Downe to a Fillit more Imperiall.  
When this or that Horne shall be broke, and when  
Others shall spring up in their place agen:  
When times and seasons and all yeares must lie  
Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie:  
When the Black Dooms-day Bookes (as yet  
unseal'd)  
Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd:  
And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found  
Shall call to Judgment; tell us when the sound

Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,  
 And next the Gospel wee will credit thee. Nos. 764-768  
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule  
 below,  
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost  
 know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS M. S.

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet  
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.  
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,  
 The Marble speaks it Mary Stone :  
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,  
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.  
 If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep  
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,  
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,  
 You'l do my Neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our Fortunes good and bad we find  
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :  
 Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,  
 While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the Bound of things, where e're we go,  
*Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.*

A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA.

By those soft Tods of wooll  
 With which the aire is full :  
 By all those Tinctures there,  
 That paint the Hemisphere :



Nos. 768-  
770

By Dewes and drisling Raine,  
That swell the Golden Grainc :  
By all those sweets that be  
I' th' flowrie Nunnerie :  
By silent Nights, and the  
Three Formes of Heccate :  
By all Aspects that blesse  
The sober Sorceresse,  
While juice she straines, and pith  
To make her Philters with :  
By Time, that hastens on  
Things to perfection :  
And by your self, the best  
Conjurement of the rest :  
O my Electra ! be  
In love with none but me.

#### COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love, as I have lov'd before :  
For I'in grown old ; &, with mine age, grown  
poore :  
*Love must be fed by wealth* : this blood of mine  
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

#### THE SPELL.

HOLY Water come and bring ;  
Cast in Salt, for seasoning :  
Set the Brush for sprinkling :  
Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;  
Meale and it now mix together ;  
And a little Oyle to either :  
Give the Tapers here their light,  
Ring the Saints-Bell, to affright  
Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

Nos. 771-  
773

GIVE me a Cell  
To dwell,  
Where no foot hath  
A path :  
There will I spend,  
And end  
My wearied yeares  
In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)  
Must be the first man up, and last in bed :  
With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds ;  
See this, View that, and all the other bounds :  
Shut every gate ; mend every hedge that's torne,  
Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :  
Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where  
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,  
Who with thy Thyrsē dost thwack us :  
And yet thou so dost back us  
With boldness, that we feare  
No Brutus entring here ;  
Nor Cato the severe.  
What though the Lictors threat us,  
We know they dare not beate us ;  
So long as thou dost heat us.  
When we thy Orgies sing,  
Each Cobler is a King ;  
Nor dreads he any thing :

# 296 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 773-  
776

And though he doe not rave,  
Yet he'l the courage have  
To call my Lord Maior knave;  
Besides too, in a brave,  
Although he has no riches,  
But walks with dangling breeches,  
And skirts that want their stiches,  
And shewes his naked flitches;  
Yet he'le be thought or seen,  
So good as George-a-Green;  
And calls his Blouze, his Queene;  
And speaks in language keene:  
O Bacchus! let us be  
From cares and troubles free;  
And thou shalt heare how we  
Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

## UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

PUSSE and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves  
play;  
That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day:  
At night they draw to Supper; then well fed,  
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

## BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,  
This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.  
If Wars goe well; each for a part layes claime:  
If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

## CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,  
But must be niggards of the meanest blood.

ANGER.

Nos. 777-  
779

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time,  
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces !  
That doe in publike places,  
Drive thence what ere encumbers,  
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces !  
Who doe with sweet embraces,  
Shew they are well contented  
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !  
Who do from sowre faces,  
And lungs that wo'd infect me,  
For evermore protect me.

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit !  
Neere to the well of wit ;  
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be !  
To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)  
Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing  
Unto the Lyrick string,  
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,  
My Priest-hood crown with bayes  
Green, to the end of dayes.

# 298 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 780-  
782

## UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,  
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave Vibration each way free ;  
O how that glittering taketh me !

## MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe,  
*Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.*

## TO ANTHEA.

LETs call for Hymen if agreed thou art ;  
*Delays in love but crucifie the heart.*  
Loves thornie Tapers yet neglected lye :  
Speak thou the word they'l kindle by and by.  
The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,  
And Genius waits to have us both to bed,  
Behold, for us the Naked Graces stay  
With maunds of roses for to strew the way :  
Besides, the most religious Prophet stands  
Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.  
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,  
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the  
Bride.

Tell me Anthea, dost thou fondly dread  
The loss of that we call a Maydenhead ?  
Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier  
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

## UPON PREW HIS MAID.

Nos. 783-  
785

IN this little Urne is laid  
Prewdence Baldwin (once my maid),  
From whose happy spark here let  
Spring the purple violet.

## THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;  
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite,  
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,  
The like not Heliogabalus did eat :  
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)  
Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.  
I came ; (tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,  
The bastard Phenix ; bird of Paradice ;  
And for no less then Aromatick Wine  
Of Maydens-blush, commixt with Jessimine.  
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;  
Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet ;  
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare  
A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger :  
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by  
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.  
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,  
How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood ;  
I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;  
And swore I'de got the ague of the house.  
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,  
Ile bring a Fever ; since thou keep'st no fire.

## CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,  
My merrie merrie boyes,  
The Christmas Log to the firing ;

Nos. 785-  
787

While my good Dame, she  
Bids ye all be free ;  
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand  
Light the new block, And  
For good successe in his spending,  
On your Psalties play,  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the Log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong Beere,  
Cut the white loafe here,  
The while the meat is a-shredding ;  
For the rare Mince-Pie  
And the Plums stand by  
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

#### CHRISTMASSE-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-Pie,  
That the Thiefe, though ne'er so slie,  
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie  
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his eare,  
And a deale of nightly feare  
To watch it.

#### ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire  
Will not teend to your desire ;  
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,  
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.



ANOTHER.

Nos. 788-  
793

WASSAILE the Trees, that they may beare  
You many a Plum, and many a Peare :  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them Wassailing.

POWER AND PEACE.

*'Tis never, or but seldome knowne,  
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.*

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE  
MARGARET FALCONBRIGE.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set  
A Jem in this eternall Coronet :  
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is downe,  
It sparkles now like Ariadne's Crowne.  
Blaze by this Sphere for ever : Or this doe,  
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET OENONE, doe but say  
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.  
Speak me faire ; for Lovers be  
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

VERSES.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when  
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

HAPPINESSE.

THAT Happines do's still the longest thrive,  
Where Joyes and Grieffs have Turns Alternative.

Nos. 794- THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

799 WE pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;  
*Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.*

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,  
 And utterly forgotten lye,  
 But that eternall Poetrie  
 Repullulation gives me here  
 Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,  
 When all now dead shall re-appeare.

UPON BICE.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can  
 Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-man:  
 Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,  
 He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a Guest:  
 Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as Poets tell)  
 To fetch Euridice from Hell;  
 And had her; but it was upon  
 This short but strict condition:  
 Backward he should not looke while he  
 Led her through Hells obscuritie:

# Hesperides 303

But ah ! it hapnèd as he made  
 His passage through that dreadfull shade :  
 Revolve he did his loving eye :  
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)  
 And looking back, that look did sever  
 Him and Euridice for ever.

Nos. 799-  
 803

## UPON COMELY, A GOOD SPEAKER BUT AN ILL SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY Acts well ; and when he speaks his part,  
 He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art :  
 But when he sings a Psalme, ther's none can be  
 More curst for singing out of tune then he.

## ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all Religious courses to be rich  
 Hath been reherst, by Joell Michelditch :  
 But now perceiving that it still do's please  
 The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes ;  
 He tacks about, and now he doth profess  
 Rich he will be by all unrighteousness :  
 Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,  
 We'l love the Divell, so he lands the gold.

## UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill  
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.  
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or  
 Hen,  
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?

## UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Nos. 804-  
806

## TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go  
Where the Northern Winds do blow  
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:  
Rather then I once wo'd see,  
But a Winters face in thee,  
To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,  
CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,  
Nothing I have (my Crofts) to send to Thee  
For the requitall; save this only one  
Halfe of my just remuneration.  
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout  
To seeke, and find some few Immortals out  
To circumspangle this my spacious Sphere,  
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here:)  
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,  
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular;  
The present Age will tell the world thou art  
If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.  
As for the rest, being too great a summe  
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

## THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day my Julia thou must make  
For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake:  
Knead but the Dow, and it will be  
To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee:  
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,  
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

TO BE MERRY.

Nos. 807-  
812

LETs now take our time ;  
While w'are in our Prime ;  
And old, old Age is a-farre off :  
For the evill evill dayes  
Will come on apace ;  
Before we can be aware of

BURIALL.

MAN may want Land to live in ; but for all,  
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

LENITIE.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,  
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

WHO after his transgression doth repent,  
Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright :  
*Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.*

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the Sun  
Paints them with fresh Vermilion :  
So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,  
And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares :  
So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,  
And Rubies lately polishèd :  
So purest Diaper doth shine,  
Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine :  
As Julia looks when she doth dress  
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

# 306 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 813-  
818

## THE MEANE.

*IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring :  
The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.*

## HASTE HURTFULL.

*HASTE is unhappy : what we Rashly do  
Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too.  
Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there  
The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.*

## PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray  
For the soule of Lucia ;  
That in little time she be  
From her Purgatory free :  
In th' intrim she desires  
That your teares may coole her fires.

## THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that Cloud that rides in State  
Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?  
It is no other then the Bed  
Where Venus sleeps (halfe smotherèd.)

## UPON LOACH.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

## THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a Flie within a Beade  
Of Amber cleanly burièd :  
The Urne was little, but the room  
More rich then Cleopatra's Tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE HERRICK. Nos. 819-821

WHENERE I go, or what so ere befalls  
 Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,  
 This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,  
 Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.  
 Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead  
 And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.  
 Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne  
 oyle,  
 And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile !  
 These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see,  
 The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,  
 So soone as Julia I am gon  
 To mine eternall Mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight  
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light ;  
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set  
 In thy refulgent Thronelet,  
 That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit ?

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend thee ? Beare with thy hard  
 Fate :

*Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.*

Say, do's she frown ? still countermand her  
 threats :

*Vertue best loves those children that she beates.*



# 308 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 822-  
825

## TO THE PASSENGER.

IF I lye unburied Sir,  
These my Reliques, (pray) interre :  
'Tis religious part to see  
Stones, or turfes to cover me.  
One word more I had to say ;  
But it skills not ; go your way ;  
He that wants a buriall roome  
*For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.*

## UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the Summer come,  
He prayes his Harvest may be well brought home.  
What store of Corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you,  
Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his  
shoe ?

## TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS Day is Yours, Great CHARLES ! and  
in this War  
Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.  
In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest  
*Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.*  
Fortune is now Your Captive ; other Kings  
*Hold but her hands : You hold both hands and  
wings.*

## TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAY-BREAKE.

By the next kindling of the day  
My Julia thou shalt see,  
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say  
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,      Nos. 825-  
     Appeare thou to mine eyes      829  
 As smooth, and nak't, as she that was  
     The prime of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
     A Lawn, that thou mayst looke  
 As purest Pearles, or Pebles do  
     When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so  
     Do thou to be appeare;  
 Or Damask Roses when they grow  
     To sweet acquaintance there.

## COUNSELL.

'Twas Cesars saying: *Kings no less Conquerors are*  
*By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.*

## BAD PRINCES FILL THEIR PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernall Deities which eat  
 The best of all the sacrificèd meate;  
 And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat:  
 So many Kings, and Primates too there are,  
 Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,  
 And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

## MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

IN desp'rate cases, all, or most are known  
 Commanders, few for execution.

## TO DIANE ME.

I Co'd but see thee yesterday  
     Stung by a fretfull Bee;  
 And I the Javelin suckt away,  
     And heal'd the wound in thee.

# 310 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 829-  
833

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings,  
I have in my poore Brest;  
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings  
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire  
How thou canst sit and smile,  
To see me bleed, and not desire,  
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould  
Art so unkind to me;  
What dismall Stories will be told  
Of those that cruell be?

## UPON TAP.

TAP (better known then trusted) as we heare,  
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere:  
And not unlikely; rather too then fail,  
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

## HIS LOSSE.

ALL has been plundered from me, but my wit  
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

## DRAW, AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for  
why?  
Themoreth'are drawn, the lesse they wil growdry.

## UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call  
Punchin a dry plant-animall.  
Because as Plants by water grow,  
Punchin by Beere and Ale, spreads so.

To OENONE.

Nos. 834-  
838

THOU sayest Loves Dart  
 Hath prickt thy heart ;  
 And thou do'st languish too :  
 If one poore prick,  
 Can make thee sick,  
 Say, what wo'd many do ?

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS his Nose, is full of wheales, and these  
 Tom calls not pimples, but Pimpleides :  
 Sometimes (in mirth) he sayes each wheelk's a sparke  
 (When drunke with Beere) to light him home,  
 i'th' dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if  
 His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of Beefe.  
 But nothing so : the Dinner Adam had,  
 Was cheese full ripe with Teares, with Bread as sad.

To ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell,  
 Thou art all turn'd isicle ?  
 Shall I say her Altars be  
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?  
 O beware ! in time submit ;  
 Love has yet no wrathfull fit :  
 If her patience turns to ire,  
 Love is then consuming fire.

To MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

AI me ! I love, give him your hand to kissee  
 Who both your wooer and your Poet is.

## 312 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 838- Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love ;  
 842 Your part's to grant ; my Scean must be to move.  
 Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet ?  
 If you say " I " Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.  
 Mine eyes must wooe you, (though I sigh the  
                   while)

*True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.*

And you may find in Love these differing parts ;  
*Woovers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.*

### UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)  
 Faire as Eve in Paradice :  
 For her beauty it was such  
 Poets co'd not praise too much.  
 Virgins come, and in a Ring  
 Her supreamest Requiem sing ;  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

### UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere ;  
 From good to good, revolving here & there.

### BEAUTY.

BEAUTY's no other but a lovely Grace  
 Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

### UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore, we may apply ;  
 Only for my wound there's no remedy.  
 Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be  
 A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

# Hesperides 313

UPON HANCH A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

Nos. 843-  
848

HANCH, since he (lately) did interre his wife,  
He weepes and sighs (as weary of his life.)  
Say, is't for reall grieve he mourns? not so;  
*Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.*

UPON PEASON. EPIG.

LONG Locks of late our Zelot Peason weares,  
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;  
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,  
That Stubble stands, where once large eares have  
been.

TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be  
A friendly Patron unto thee:  
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye  
Torn for the use of Pasterie:  
Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,  
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:  
Or see the Grocers in a trice,  
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing, doth expresse,  
No other, but the doers willingness.

WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite;  
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand;  
The first Commerce is, & the next Command.

Nos. 849-  
852

## UPON A MAID.

GONE she is a long, long way,  
 But she has decreed a day  
 Back to come, (and make no stay.)  
 So we keepe, till her returne  
 Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

## SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our workes, a recompence is sure :  
*'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t'endure.*

## THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move  
 To the centre of your love ?  
 On your niceness though we wait,  
 Yet the houres say 'tis late :  
*Coynesse takes us, to a measure ;*  
*But o'racted deads the pleasure.*  
 Go to Bed, and care not when  
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.  
 One Brave Captain did command,  
 (By his word) the Sun to stand :  
 One short charme if you but say  
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,  
 Till you warn her hence (away)  
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT  
 COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS.

TOUCH but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare  
 From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire,  
 Then if thy voice commingle with the String,  
 I heare in thee rare Lanieri to sing ;



Or curious Wilson : Tell me, canst thou be      Nos. 852-  
 Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such Three?      856  
 Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;  
 Yet their Three praises, praise but One ; that's  
 Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old ;  
 Let me in my Glasse behold  
 Whether smooth or not I be,  
 Or if haire remaines to me.  
 Well, or be't or be't not so,  
 This for certainty I know ;  
 Ill it fits old men to play,  
 When that Death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many Houses for the Dead ;  
 When my Lot calls me to be burièd,  
 For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be  
 I'th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

TO ANTREA.

ANTREA, I am going hence  
 With some small stock of innocence :  
 But yet those blessed gates I see  
 Withstanding entrance unto me.  
 To pray for me doe thou begin,  
 The Porter then will let me in.

NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need,  
 Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

316 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 857-  
861

TO JULIA.

I AM zealless; prethee pray  
For my well-fare (Julia)  
For I thinke the gods require  
Male perfumes, but Female fire.

ON JULIAS LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips and cleane,  
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT, no other thing is, Poets say,  
Then the last part of night, and first of day.

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place  
Thee here among my righteous race:  
The bastard Slips may droop and die  
Wanting both Root, and Earth; but thy  
Immortall selfe, shall boldly trust  
To live for ever, with my Just.

ON HIMSELFE.

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,  
And so soone stopt my longer living here;  
What was't (ye Gods!) a dying man to save,  
But while he met with his Paternall grave;  
Though while we living 'bout the world do  
roame,  
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,  
Where we may snug, and close together lye  
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

Nos. 862-  
865

'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference  
known,  
*Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their  
owne.*

CROSSES.

OUR Crosses are no other then the rods,  
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:  
Each grieve we feele, that likewise is a Kite  
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent Grove,  
And shew'd me there a Tree,  
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,  
And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,  
That he reacht forth unto me:  
No otherwise, then if he would  
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use;  
And told me too, he maketh  
A glorious end by such a Noose,  
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been  
There really alone;  
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen  
Mine Execution.

NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and  
Clark;  
Jones as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

## 318 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 866-

### THE BODY.

870

THE Body is the Soules poore house, or home,  
Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the  
Loame.

### TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me Sapho ; I say no ;  
But would to Love I could beleeeve 'twas so !  
Pardon my feares (sweet Sapho) I desire  
That thou be righteous found ; and I the Lyer.

### OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise her paines  
That wets her Garden when it raines ;  
But when the drought has dri'd the knot,  
Then let her use the wating-pot.  
We pray for showers (at our need)  
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

### TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere  
Those faces (sower as Vineger.)  
For these, and Nobler numbers can  
Ne'r please the supercillious man.

### TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes  
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.  
Age shall not wrong thee ; or one jot abate  
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.  
While others perish, here's thy life decreed  
Because begot of my Immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT  
HIMSELF AND JULIA.

Nos. 871-  
873

*Herr.* COME and let's in solemn wise  
Both addresse to sacrifice :  
Old Religion first commands  
That we wash our hearts, and hands.  
Is the beast exempt from staine,  
Altar cleane, no fire prophane ?  
Are the Garlands ? Is the Nard  
Ready here ?

*Jul.* All well prepar'd,  
With the Wine that must be shed  
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head,  
Of the holy Beast we bring  
For our Trespasse-offering.

*Herr.* All is well ; now next to these  
Put we on pure Surplices ;  
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost  
With perfumes the Holocaust :  
And (while we the gods invoke)  
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

## TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,  
Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire  
My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,  
That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

## ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre : Hence those who feare ;  
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

Nos. 874-

ANOTHER.

877

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire :.  
*A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.*

## AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway  
 With whom the Sea-Nymphs play ;  
 And Venus, every way :  
 When I embrace thy knee ;  
 And make short pray'rs to thee :  
 In love, then prosper me.  
 This day I goe to wooe ;  
 Instruct me how to doe  
 This worke thou put'st me too.  
 From shame my face keepe free,  
 From scorne I begge of thee,  
 Love to deliver me :  
 So shall I sing thy praise ;  
 And to thee Altars raise,  
 Unto the end of daies.

## TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :  
 Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee :  
 But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,  
 The minute of mine expiration.  
 One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave  
 To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

## HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

My soule would one day goe and seeke  
 For Roses, and in Julia's cheek  
 A richness of those sweets she found,  
 (As in another Rosamond.)

# Hesperides 321

But gathering Roses as she was ; (Not knowing what would come to passe) It chanst a ringlet of her haire, Caught my poore soule, as in a snare : Which ever since has been in thrall ; Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.	Nos. 877- 882
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## Factions.

THE factions of the great ones call,  
 To side with them, the Commons all.

## KISSES LOATHSOME.

. . . . .

## UPON REAPE.

. . . . .

## UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells  
 Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, (nothing  
 else.)

## UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,  
 These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,  
 To take thine haire when they are knowne  
 Already tame, and all thine owne ?  
 'Tis I am wild, and more then haire  
 Deserve these Mashers and those snares.



## 322 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 882-     Set free thy Tresses, let them flow  
       885     As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :  
               And let such curious Net-works be  
               Lesse set for them, then spread for me.

### UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a Footman was ; but now, growne  
       lame,  
 Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

### THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of Blossomes came  
 Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :  
 The Blooms that fell were white and red ;  
 But with such sweets commingled,  
 As whether (this) I cannot tell  
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :  
 But true it was, as I rowl'd there,  
 Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;  
 Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,  
 And with his Javelin wounded me :  
 From which mishap this use I make,  
*Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :*  
*Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;*  
*But Those have thorns, and These have stings.*

### UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short Prayers  
       saith :  
 Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

# Hesperides 323

## A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

Nos. 886-  
890

NAUGHT are all Women : I say no,  
Since for one Bad, one Good I know :  
For Clytemnestra most unkind,  
Loving Alcestis there we find :  
For one Medea that was bad,  
A good Penelope was had :  
For wanton Lais, then we have  
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave :  
And thus through Woman-kind we see  
A Good and Bad.   Sirs credit me.

## UPON LULLS.

LULLS swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose  
By his Probossis that he is all nose.

## SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord ; but he  
Who many serves, serves base servility.

## CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of Bread,  
Lay it underneath the head ;  
'Tis a certain Charm to keep  
Hags away, while Children sleep.

## ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife  
Neer the child's heart lay a knife :  
Point be up, and Haft be downe ;  
(While she gossips in the towne)  
This 'mongst other mystick charms  
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

# 324 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 891-  
893

## ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the Hag, you must doe this ;  
Commix with Meale a little Pisse  
Of him bewicht : then forthwith make  
A little Wafer or a Cake :  
And this rawly bak't will bring  
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

## ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare  
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,  
Till they be all over wet,  
With the mire, and the sweat :  
This observ'd, the Manes shall be  
Of your horses, all knot-free.

## CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
Down with the Misleto ;  
Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
The greener Box (for show).

The Holly hitherto did sway ;  
Let Box now domineere ;  
Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
Your houses to renew ;  
Grown old, surrender must his place,  
Unto the crispèd Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
And many Flowers beside ;  
Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne  
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,

With cooler Oken boughs ;

Come in for comely ornaments,

To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's  
hold ;

*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*

Nos. 893-  
898

#### THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then

Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;

Which quencht, then lay it up agen,

Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend

The Christmas Log next yeare ;

And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,

Can do no mischief (there).

#### UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,

And let all sports with Christmas dye.

#### SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits : but Physitians call

That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

#### UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes,

Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

#### TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,

Wo'd I well my worke begin ?

## 326 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 898-  
900

Wo'd I evermore be crown'd  
With the end that I propound?  
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent  
All Aspects malevolent?  
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these  
Dead all black contingencies:  
Place my words, and all works else  
In most happy Parallels?  
All will prosper, if so be  
I be kist, or blest by thee.

### JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy Holy Fillitings, and so  
To th' Temple with the sober Midwife go.  
Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)  
By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.  
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st  
The candid Stole thrown ore the Pious Priest;  
With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring  
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.  
All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come  
(As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:  
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee  
Provide a second Epithalamie.

*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side  
Is not for one, but every night his Bride:  
And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed,  
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

### TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see  
A little-peeping-part of thee:  
But since th' art Printed, thou dost call  
To shew thy nakedness to all.

My care for thee is now the less,  
 (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :)  
 Go with thy Faults and Fates ; yet stay  
 And take this sentence, then away ;  
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,  
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

Nos. 900-  
 905

## TEARES.

TEARES most prevaile ; with teares too thou  
 mayst move  
 Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

## TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

WORDS beget Anger ; Anger brings forth blowes :  
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.  
 For which prevention (Sociate) let there be  
 Betwixt us two no more Logomachie.  
 Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,  
 Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

## TRUTH.

TRUTH is best found out by the time, and eyes ;  
*Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.*

## UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,  
 For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese ; for every  
 thing  
 That Prickles buyes, puts Prickles out of frame ;  
 How well his nature's fitted to his name !

## THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight ; one eye doth please  
 Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

# 328 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 906-  
909

WANT.

WANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,  
This, that, and every base impression

TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my Book, and herein see,  
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.  
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye ,  
While other generations dye.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE  
MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on Blacks, when each one here  
Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare ?  
Sho'd I not grieve (my Lawes) when every  
Lute,  
Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute ?  
Thy loss, brave man ! whose Numbers have  
been hurl'd,  
And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the  
world.  
Some have Thee call'd Amphion ; some of us,  
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus :  
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
Musique had both her birth and death with  
Thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,  
And running therewithall,  
A Primrose Banke did cross her way,  
And gave my Love a fall.



## Hesperides 329

But trust me now, I dare not say,  
What I by chance did see ;  
But such the Drap'ry did betray  
That fully ravisht me.

Nos. 909-  
912

### THE HONY-COMBE.

If thou hast found an honie-combe,  
Eate thou not all, but taste on some :  
For if thou eat'st it to excess ;  
That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.  
Taste it to Temper ; then 'twill be  
Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

### Vpon BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest  
Of the Poets ; but the Best.  
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
Aske his Story, not this Stone.  
That will speake what this can't tell  
Of his glory. So farewell.

### AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben !

Say how, or when  
Shall we thy Guests  
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the triple Tunne ?  
Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
And yet each Verse of thine  
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

# 330 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 912-  
915

My Ben!  
Or come agen :  
Or send to us,  
Thy wits great over-plus ;  
But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it ;  
Lest we that Tallent spend :  
And having once brought to an end  
That precious stock ; the store  
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

## UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,  
Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers ;  
Of which make Garlands here, and there,  
To dress thy silent sepulchre.  
Nor do thou feare the want of these,  
*In everlasting Properties.*  
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
Farre faster then the first can wither.

## BLAME.

IN Battailes what disasters fall,  
The King he beares the blame of all.

## A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be  
Known guilty here of incivility :  
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.  
Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew  
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.

*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,  
Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.*

] Nos. 915-  
919

This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,  
And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

## UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold  
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.  
And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
T'ave found in me this sudden change;  
But that I understood by dreames,  
These only were but Loves extreames;  
Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,  
And starves with cold the self-same part.

## MULTITUDE.

WE Trust not to the multitude in Warre,  
But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

## FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent;  
Not for the servile feare of punishment.

## TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT! can my Kellam drink his Sack  
In Goblets to the brim,  
And see his Robin Herrick lack,  
Yet send no Boules to him?

For love or pitie to his Muse,  
(That she may flow in Verse)  
Contemne to recommend a Cruse,  
But send to her a Tearce.

# 332 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 920-  
922

## HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring  
Into the daily offering  
Of full provision ; such a store,  
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.  
Upon your hogsheds never fall  
A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;  
But, like full clouds, may they from thence  
Diffuse their mighty influence.  
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here  
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;  
And this good blessing back them still,  
T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.  
Then from the porch may many a Bride  
Unto the Holy Temple ride :  
And thence return, (short prayers seyde)  
A wife most richly married.  
Last, may the Bride and Bridegroom be  
Untoucht by cold sterility ;  
But in their springing blood so play,  
As that in Lusters few they may,  
By laughing too, and lying downe,  
People a City or a Towne.

## CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE Lictors bundl'd up their rods : beside,  
Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd)  
That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent,  
They might escape the lash of punishment.

## PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

*MEN are suspicious ; prone to discontent :  
Subjects still loath the present Government.*

## REST REFRESHES.

Nos. 923-  
929

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field  
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield :  
Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth  
withhold :  
*Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.*

## REVENGE.

*MANS disposition is for to requite  
An injurie, before a benefite :  
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine ;  
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

## THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,  
*The first event breeds confidence or feare.*

## BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

*HARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne ;  
Which got, the third bids him a King come  
downe.*

## FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall  
This way or that, it not declines at all.

## THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

PRAISE they that will Times past, I joy to see  
My selfe now live : *this age best pleaseth mee.*

## CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare ;  
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

## 334 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 930-

CRUELTY.

935

*TIS but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,  
For to delight in wounds and murderings.  
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;  
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.*

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

*TEARES quickly drie : griefes will in time decay :  
A cleare will come after a cloudy day.*

HUNGER.

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply,  
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune Kings doe most excell,  
To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend ;  
'Tis not the *Fight* that crowns us, but the *end*.

THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,  
And quickly I shall be  
Made by that fetter or that snare  
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
Then bore me through the eare ;  
And by the Law I ought to stay  
For ever with thee here.

## CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

Nos. 936-  
940

GIVE house-roome to the best ; *'Tis never known*  
*Virtue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.*

## TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespassse (Silvia,) I confesse,  
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse :  
None is discreet at all times ; no, *not Jove*  
*Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.*

## FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call  
To prettie girles to play withall :  
Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,  
And on a sudden both were drown'd.  
What credit can we give to seas,  
Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these ?

## HIS WISH.

FAR be my Hinde ; unlearnèd be my wife ;  
Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :  
To these a comely off-spring I desire,  
Singing about my everlasting fire.

## UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see  
My Julia wash her self in thee !  
So Lillies thorough Christall look :  
So purest pebbles in the brook :  
As in the River Julia did,  
Halfe with a Lawne of water hid.



# 336 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 940-  
943

Into thy streames my self I threw,  
And struggling there, I kist thee too ;  
And more had done (it is confest)  
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

## A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH Frankinsense the Deities require,  
*We must not give all to the hallowed fire.*  
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,  
As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

## UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of Parchment Clunn about him beares,  
Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors :  
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon  
That Bar, this Bend ; that Fess, this Cheveron ;  
This Manch, that Moone ; this Martlet, and  
that Mound ;  
This counterchange of Perle and Diamond.  
What joy can Clun have in that Coat, or this,  
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is ?

## UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a Beggar, came to me  
With Hose and Doublet torne :  
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.  
He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need :  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wished me all Good speed.  
Away he went, but as he turn'd  
(In faith I know not how)  
He toucht me so, as that I burn,  
And am tormented now.

## Hesperides 337

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
Then crept into my heart;  
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure,  
His finger was the dart.

Nos. 943-  
947

V<sub>PON</sub> BLISSE.

. . . . .

V<sub>PON</sub> BURR.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone,  
That (where meat is) will be a hanger on.

V<sub>PON</sub> MEGG.

. . . . .

### AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I will confesse  
With Cheerfulnesse,  
Love is a thing so likes me,  
That let her lay  
On me all day,  
Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I  
Now blubb'ring, cry,  
It (Ah!) too late repents me,  
That I did fall  
To love at all,  
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, Ile be  
In fetters free:  
While others they sit wringing

# 338 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 947-  
949

Their hands for paine ;  
Ile entertaine  
The wounds of love with singing.

With Flowers and Wine,  
And Cakes Divine,  
To strike me I will tempt thee :  
Which done ; no more  
Ile come before  
Thee and thine Altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS  
FRIEND MR CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,  
Words fully flowing, yet of influence :  
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
Worthy the Publique Admiration :  
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe  
write,  
And giv'st our Numbers Euphonie, and weight.  
Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood  
To be, or not, borne of the Royall-blood.  
What State above, what Symmetrie below,  
Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.  
For which (my Charles) it is my pride to be,  
Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.  
Long may I live so, and my wreath of Bayes,  
Be lesse anothers Laurell, then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry Women, when  
Without their use we may have men ?  
And such as will in short time be,  
For murder fit, or mutinie ;

As Cadmus once a new way found,  
By throwing teeth into the ground ;  
From which poore seed, and rudely sown  
Sprung up a War-like Nation.  
So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,  
Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould ;  
And we shall see in little space  
Rise up of men, a fighting race.  
If this can be, say then, what need  
Have we of Women or their seed ?

Nos. 949-  
954

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

LOVE is a sirrup ; and who er'e we see  
Sick and surcharg'd with this satietie :  
Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove,  
*Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.*

LEVEN.

LOVE is a Leven, and a loving kisse  
The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say Repletion springs  
More from the sweet then sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this light :  
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.  
Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,  
Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,  
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

# 340 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 955-  
957

## ON HIMSELFE.

LoST to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone  
Here now I rest under this Marble stone :  
In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

## TO M. LEONARD WILLAN HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;  
Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom  
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.  
Can'st write the Comick, Tragick straine, and  
fall  
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :  
Who fli'st at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st  
through ;  
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse  
too :  
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,  
Because thy selfe are comming to the Presse :  
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,  
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

## TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT OF GRAYES-INNE.

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring  
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their Spring ;  
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be  
A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee ?  
What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee  
knowne,  
At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?  
Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence  
Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence,

## Hesperides 341

That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd, Nos. 957-  
And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides 961  
admir'd.

Put on thy Laurell then ; and in that trimme  
Be thou Apollo, or the type of him :  
Or let the Unshorne God lend thee his Lyre,  
And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

### TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift ; but first the Law commands  
Thee, Julia, first, to sanctifie thy hands :  
Doe that, my Julia which the rites require,  
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

### TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be  
Despight of all your infortunitie :  
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse  
In that your owne prefixèd comelinesse :  
Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,  
Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

### UPON RALPH.

. . . . .

### TO HIS BOOKE.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lye  
Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly :  
With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,  
Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part ;  
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest  
With spice ; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

# 342 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 962-  
963

## TO THE KING,

UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.  
SET AND SUNG.

WELCOME, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,  
As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre :  
Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease  
After our long, and peevish sicknesses.  
O Pompe of Glory ! Welcome now, and come  
To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.  
A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighes  
Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.  
Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite  
For an Ascendent throughly Auspicate :  
Under which signe we may the former stone  
Lay of our safeties new foundation :  
That done ; O Cesar ! live, and be to us,  
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;  
To whose free knees we may our temples tye  
As to a still protecting Deitie :  
That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too  
May (Great Augustus) goe along with You.  
*Chor.* Long live the King ; and to accomplish this,  
We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

## ULTIMUS HEROUM :

OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESSE OF DOR-  
CHESTER.

AND as time past when Cato the Severe  
Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;  
In reverence of his person, every one  
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :  
E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be  
If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.



TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Nos. 964-  
967

TELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access  
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness ;  
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,  
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,  
Then the dead Corps, or Carkase of the Wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,  
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his gummess.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARMAR,  
PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those Numbers thou do'st write,  
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :  
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,  
In an expansion no less large then high ;  
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,  
And with Circumgyration every where ;  
Following with love and active heate thy game,  
And then at last to truss the Epigram ;  
I must confess, distinction none I see  
Between Domitians Martiall then, and Thee.  
But this I know, should Jupiter agen  
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;  
The Romane Language full, and superfine,  
If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

# 344 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 968-

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

972

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
For shape and service, Spaniell like to thee.  
This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one  
Teare, that deserves of me a million.

THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning, I espie  
Coming from my Julia's eye :  
'Tis some solace in our smart,  
To have friends to beare a part :  
I have none ; but must be sure  
Th' inundation to endure.  
Shall not times hereafter tell  
This for no meane miracle ;  
When the waters by their fall  
Threatn'd ruine unto all ?  
Yet the deluge here was known,  
Of a world to drowne but One.

UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide ;  
But for his heart, he cannot have it made :  
The reason is, his credit cannot get  
The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

RAGGS.

WHAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,  
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments ?

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET Kings and Rulers learne this line from me ;  
*Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.*

# Hesperides 345

UPON TUBBS.

Nos. 973-

FOR thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and  
poor ;

975

'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me Lucia, this year droope,  
Three Zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope ;  
Let Crutches then provided be  
To shore up my debilitie.  
Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,  
A Ruine underpropt am I :  
Don will I then my Beadsmans gown,  
And when so feeble I am grown,  
As my weake shoulders cannot beare  
The burden of a Grashopper :  
Yet with the bench of agèd sires,  
When I and they keep tearmly fires ;  
With my weake voice Ile sing, or say  
Some Odes I made of Lucia :  
Then will I heave my wither'd hand  
To Jove the Mighty, for to stand  
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe  
Upon thee many a Benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring  
For the sacred sprinkling :  
Baptize me and thee, and so  
Let us to the Altar go.  
And (ere we our rites commence)  
Wash our hands in innocence.  
Then Ile be the Rex Sacrorum,  
Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

# 346 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 976-

UPON CASE.

979

CASE is a Lawyer, that ne'r pleads alone,  
But when he hears the like confusion,  
As when the disagreeing Commons throw  
About their House, their clamourous I, or No :  
Then Case, as loud as any Serjant there,  
Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear :  
But when all's hush't, Case then a fish more  
mute  
Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the Suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A DIRGE will pen for thee ;  
Thou a Trentall make for me :  
That the Monks and Fryers together,  
Here may sing the rest of either :  
Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have  
Candlemas to grace the Grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth fall  
Last, yet to be with These a Principall.  
Howere it fortun'd ; know for Truth, I meant  
You a fore-leader in this Testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS Stone can tell the storie of my life,  
What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :  
In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,  
Where now I rest, these may be known by Jet  
For other things, my many Children be  
The best and truest Chronicles of me.

# Hesperides 347

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

Nos. 980-  
984

GROW up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,  
And be of all admirèd, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary, and so  
DOWN with the Baies, & misletoe :  
DOWN with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least Branch there left behind :  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there (maids trust to me)  
So many Goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

HE that will live of all cares dispossess,  
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears  
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears :  
But carve to him the fat flanks ; and he shall  
Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO  
DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my Colledge, and though late  
Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)  
It matters not, since thou art chosen one  
Here of my great and good foundation.

# 348 Herrick's Poems

No. 985 A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND  
THYRSIS.

*Lacon.* FOR a kiss or two, confesse,  
What doth cause this pensiveness,  
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?  
Why so lonely on the hill?  
Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
That erewhile was heard so shrill?  
Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
To fulfill the milkin-paile?  
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

*Thyr.* None of these; but out, alas!  
A mischance is come to pass,  
And Ile tell thee what it was:  
See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

*Lacon.* Tell, and Ile lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have lost my lovely steere,  
That to me was far more deer  
Then these kine, which I milke here.  
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,  
Party-colour'd like a Pie;  
Smooth in each limb as a die;  
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;  
Sharply pointed as a thorn:  
With a neck by yoke unworn.  
From the which hung down by strings,  
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,  
Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
Faultless every way for shape;  
Not a straw co'd him escape;  
Ever gamesome as an ape:  
But yet harmless as a sheep.  
(Pardon, Lacon, if I weep)  
*Tears will spring, where woes are deep.*

# Hesperides 349

Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night      Nos. 985-  
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,      989  
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief!

*Thyr.* But Ile be brief.  
 Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.  
 Live long, Lacon, so adew!

*Lacon.* Mournfull maid, farewell to you;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

## UPON SAPHO.

Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear,  
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

## UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepherds God,  
 His wife to death whipt with a Mirtle Rod.  
 The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name;  
 But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

## THE QUINTELL.

. . . . .

## A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

DRINKE up  
 Your Cup,  
 But not spill Wine  
 For if you  
 Do,  
 'Tis an ill signe;



# 350 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 989-  
993

That we  
Foresee,  
You are cloy'd here,  
If so, no  
Hoe,  
But avoid here.

## CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

*CARE keeps the Conquest ; 'tis no less renowne,  
To keepe a Citie then to winne a Towne.*

## RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we  
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

## TO BIANCHA.

Ah Biancha ! now I see,  
It is Noone and past with me :  
In a while it will strike one ;  
Then, Biancha, I am gone.  
Some effusions let me have,  
Offer'd on my holy Grave ;  
Then, Biancha, let me rest  
With my face towards the East.

## TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face,  
Tought everywhere with such diffusèd grace,  
As that in all that admirable round,  
There is not one least solecisme found ;  
And as that part, so every portion else,  
Keepes line for line with Beauties Parallels.

ANACREONTIKE.

Nos. 994-

995

I MUST  
Not trust  
Here to any ;  
Bereav'd,  
Deceiv'd  
By so many :  
As one  
Undone  
By my losses ;  
Comply  
Will I  
With my crosses.  
Yet still  
I will  
Not be grieving ;  
Since thence  
And hence  
Comes relieving.  
But this  
Sweet is  
In our mourning ;  
Times bad  
And sad  
Are a turning :  
And he  
Whom we  
See dejected ;  
Next day  
Wee may  
See erected.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,  
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

## 352 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 996-  
1000

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE  
CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,  
W've more to beare our charge then way to  
go?

### ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drinke my capring wine :  
Then to love I do encline,  
When I drinke my wanton wine :  
And I wish all maidens mine,  
When I drinke my sprightly wine :  
Well I sup, and well I dine,  
When I drinke my frolick wine :  
But I languish, lowre, and Pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

### UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of  
right,  
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

### PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

*KINGS must not use the Axe for each offence :  
Princes cure some faults by their patience.*

### FEARE GETS FORCE.

*DESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to  
speed :  
The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.*

## PARCELL-GIL'T-POETRY.

Nos. 1001-

LET's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN  
CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that  
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.  
Lift up thy Sword ; next, suffer it to fall,  
And by that One blow set an end to all.

## HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private Grange  
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change :)  
Under whose Roofe with Mosse-worke wrought,  
there I

Kisse my Brown wife, and black Posterity.

# 354 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1005-  
1009

## LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a House I come, and see  
The Genius wastefull, more then free :  
The servants thumblesse, yet to eat,  
With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :  
The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,  
More then the teats of Discipline :  
The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;  
Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :  
The Husband drunke, the Wife to be  
A Baud to incivility :  
I must confesse, I there descrie,  
A House spread through with Leprosie.

## GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,  
To come with their own bellies unto feasts :  
Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise  
Farc't with the food, that may themselves suffice.

## ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHEA laught, and fearing lest excesse  
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :  
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;  
And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

## COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe ;  
Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

## SEEKE AND FINDE.

*ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt ;  
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.*

## REST.

Nos. 1010-

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly  
prest ;

1015

*Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.*

## LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold  
Enspir'd with Purple, Pearle, and Gold ;  
I think no other but I see  
In them a glorious leprosie,  
That do's infect, and make the rent  
More mortall in the vestiment.

*As flowrie vestures doe describe*

*The wearers rich immodestie ;*

*So plaine and simple cloathes doe show*

*Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

## UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is Drunke all night, all day he sleepes ;  
This is the Levell-coyle that Buggins keeps.

## GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

*To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;*

*Great faults require great satisfaction.*

## HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live ?  
And (Noble friend) this answer I must give :  
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

## THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily Begger be,  
For loves sake asking almes of thee ?

## 356 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1015-  
1018

Still shall I crave, and never get  
A hope of my desired bit !  
Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,  
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may  
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,  
That may far sooner speed the poore :  
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,  
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

### BASTARDS.

OUR Bastard-children are but like to Plate,  
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

### HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress,  
Has made me like a wilderness :  
Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,  
And all-confusèd multitude :  
Out of my comely manners worne ;  
And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

### THE VISION.

ME thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)  
A crawling Vine about Anacreon's head :  
Flusht was his face ; his haire with oyle did  
shine ;  
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.  
Tiplèd he was ; and tipling lispt withall ;  
And lispig reeld, and reeling like to fall.  
A young Enchantresse close by him did stand  
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand :  
She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd her too ;  
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.



For which (me thought) in prittie anger she      Nos. 1018-  
Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to 1022  
me :

Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe  
swim,

And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

#### A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight  
Of my dearest deare last night ;  
Make her this day smile on me,  
And Ile Roses give to thee.

#### ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound (almost) now of my book I see,  
But yet no end of those therein or me :  
Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite  
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

#### A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see  
Perilla smile on none but me.  
But (ah ! ) by starres malignant crost,  
The life I got I quickly lost :  
But yet a way there doth remaine,  
For me embalm'd to live againe ;  
And that's to love me ; in which state  
Ile live as one Regenerate.

#### BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well :  
*Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.*

Nos. 1023-  
1025

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT's got by Justice is establisht sure ;  
*No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.*

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,  
When she a place  
Has with the race  
Of Saints ?  
In endlesse mirth,  
She thinks not on  
What's said or done  
In earth :  
She sees no teares,  
Or any tone  
Of thy deep grone  
She heares :  
Nor do's she minde,  
Or think on't now,  
That ever thou  
Wast kind.  
But chang'd above,  
She likes not there,  
As she did here,  
Thy Love.  
Forbeare therefore,  
And lull asleepe  
Thy woes, and weep  
No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

Nos. 1026-  
1029

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet  
Boreman,  
For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFFS DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER  
TWELFTH DAY.

PARTLY worke and partly play  
Ye must on S. Distaffs day :  
From the Plough soone free your teame ;  
Then come home and fother them.  
If the Maides a-spinning goe,  
Burne the flax, and fire the tow :  
Scorch their plackets, but beware  
That ye singe no maiden-haire.  
Bring in pailles of water then,  
Let the Maides bewash the men.  
Give S. Distaffe all the right,  
Then bid Christmas sport good night ;  
And next morrow, every one  
To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

IN the hope of ease to come,  
Let's endure one Martyrdome.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thec, my silver-footed Thamasis.  
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :  
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)

# 360 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1029-1031 No more shall I along thy christall glide,  
 In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)  
 With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)  
 To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-  
 Court :

Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :  
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
 Make way to my Belovèd Westminster :  
 Or to the Golden-cheap-side, where the earth  
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my Birth.  
 May all clean Nymphs and curious water Dames,  
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy  
 streams :

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
 To make them Leane, and languishing at all.  
 No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
 Thy pure, and Silver-wristed Naides.  
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,  
 Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye  
 never,  
 Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.

## PARDONS.

*THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,  
 Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.*

## PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

*GREAT Cities seldome rest : If there be none  
 T'invade from far ; They'l find worse foes at  
 home.*

TRUTH AND ERROUR.

Nos. 1032-  
1036

*TWIXT Truth and Errour, there's this difference  
known,  
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

THINGS MORTALL, STILL MUTABLE.

*THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,  
The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

*STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,  
When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.*

WIT PUNISHT, PROSPERS MOST.

*DREAD not the shackles : on with thine intent ;  
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where Beane's the King of the sport here ;  
Beside we must know,  
The Pea also  
Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
(This night as ye use)  
Who shall for the present delight here,  
Be a King by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.

# 362 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1036-  
1039

Which knowne, let us make  
Joy-sops with the cake ;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unurg'd will not drinke  
To the base from the brink  
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
With gentle lambs-wooll ;  
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
With store of ale too ;  
And thus ye must doe  
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King  
And Queene wassailing :  
And though with ale ye be wet here ;  
Yet part ye from hence,  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here.

## HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull,  
When all the world with rifts is full :  
But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,  
Whenas the roof's a-tottering :  
And, though it falls, continues still  
Tickling the Citterne with his quill.

## CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake ; for many times it brings  
Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

## MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite  
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

## ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

Nos. 1040-  
1046

*STILL take advice ; though counsels, when they  
flye  
At randome, sometimes hit most happily.*

## CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

*CONFORMITY gives comelinesse to things :  
And equall shares exclude all murmerings.*

## LAWES.

Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health,  
Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

## THE MEANE.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;  
*Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.*

## LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde :  
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

## HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

Among these Tempests great and manifold  
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;  
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one  
Wildred in this vast watry Region.

## COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.



## 364 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1047-  
1052

### TWILIGHT.

THE Twi-light is no other thing (we say)  
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the  
Day.

### FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the  
Dead,  
Do's but deride the Party buried.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT  
MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill  
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

### DIET.

IF wholesome Diet can re-cure a man,  
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

### SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerke us (with their fall)  
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

### THE TINKERS SONG.

ALONG, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of Tinkers;  
And quaffe up a Bowle  
As big as a Cowle  
To Beer Drinkers.  
The pole of the Hop  
Place in the Ale-shop  
To Bethwack us;

If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto Bacchus.  
Who frolick will be,  
For little cost he  
Must not vary,  
For Beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For Canary.

Nos. 1052-  
1056

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life  
Is, that I never yet had wife ;  
Nor will hereafter ; since I know  
Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

SINCERITY.

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure  
Whatever Liquor in ye powre.

TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,  
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing :  
The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,  
The Tulips, Lillies, Daffadills do stoop ;  
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,  
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,  
For as I will not sell ye,  
So not one cross to buy thee  
Ile give, if thou deny me.

# 366 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1057-  
1061

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO. WICKS.

SINCE shed or Cottage I have none,  
I sing the more, that thou hast one;  
To whose glad threshold, and free door  
I may a Poet come, though poor;  
And eat with thee a savory bit,  
Paying but common thanks for it.  
Yet sho'd I chance, (my Wicks) to see  
An over-leven-looke in thee,  
To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer  
To an exalted vineger;  
Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish  
Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third dayes fish;  
I'de rather hungry go and come,  
Then to thy house be Burdensome;  
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be  
One that sho'd drop his Beads for thee.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

*WHO may do most, do's least: The bravest will  
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.*

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall;  
After leaves, the tree must fall.

A GOOD DEATH.

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,  
*No man dies ill, that liveth well.*

RECOMPENCE.

WHO plants an Olive, but to eat the Oile?  
*Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.*

ON FORTUNE.

Nos. 1062-  
1065

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,  
She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE  
CIVILL LAW.

I HAVE my Laurel Chaplet on my head,  
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,  
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where  
Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there  
Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne;  
The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne,  
Since Absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique  
sight;

And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right:  
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CHARMES.

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,  
Maidens when ye Leavens lay,  
Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch  
Will be better for your Batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,  
Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.  
Next be sure ye have a care,  
To disperse the water farre.  
For as farre as that doth light,  
So farre keeps the evill Spright.

Nos. 1066-  
1069

## ANOTHER.

IF ye feare to be affrighted  
 When ye are (by chance) benighted :  
 In your Pocket for a trust,  
 Carrie nothing but a Crust :  
 For that holy piece of Bread  
 Charmes the danger, and the dread.

## UPON GORGONIUS.

. . . . .

## GENTLENESS.

*THAT Prince must govern with a gentle hand,  
 Who will have love comply with his command.*

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND MISTRESSE  
 ELIZA. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARILLIS,

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
 And leave me here behind thee ;  
 For love or pitie let me know  
 The place where I may find thee.

*Amaril.* In country Meadows pearl'd with Dew,  
 And set about with Lillies ;  
 There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you  
 May find your Amarillis.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
 Or with thy youthfull houres ?  
 Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
 The Queen of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine  
 With Posies, since 'tis fitter

## Hesperides 369

For thee with richest Jemmes to shine, Nos. 1069-  
And like the Starres to glitter. 1072

- Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardess so homely ;  
*Her.* Believe it (dearest) ther's not one  
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.  
I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away ;  
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.  
*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to-day,  
Wee shall not part for ever.

### TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,  
Mattens sing, or Mattens say :  
This I know, the Fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou beest by.  
Bring the Holy-water hither ;  
Let us wash, and pray together :  
When our Beads are thus united,  
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

### TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

ROSES, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lye,  
Heat and moisture mixt are so,  
As to make ye ever grow.

### TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION PORTER.

WHEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see  
The State of Poets there attending Thee :  
Those Bardes and I, all in a Chorus sing,  
We are Thy Prophets, Porter ; Thou our King.

# 370 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1073-  
1078

## SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear; but  
speak,  
When a cleare day, out of a Cloud do's break.

## OBEDIENCE.

THE Power of Princes rests in the Consent  
Of onely those, who are obedient :  
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye  
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient Majesty.

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

*No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,  
Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.*

## OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to woove.
1. Inform me next, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides, what love wil do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

## UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is ;  
Behold a suddaine Metamorphosis.  
If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,  
And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

## UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his Wife and Children, while that  
they  
Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :



# Hesperides 371

But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat ; Nos.1078-  
 Instead of Bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat. 1081  
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,  
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

UPON DOL.

. . . . .

UPON HOG.

. . . . .

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MIS-  
 TRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESSE  
 PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see  
 Out of my self that Glorious Hierarchie !  
 Or whether those (in orders rare) or these  
 Made up One State of Sixtie Venuses ;  
 Or whether Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes they were,  
 Or Muses, on their mountaine sitting there ;  
 Or some enchanted Place, I do not know  
 (Or Sharon, where eternall Roses grow.)  
 This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one  
 Confus'd in utter Admiration.  
 Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,  
 And look as all were capable of Love :  
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers  
 Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dewes & showers.  
 There did I see the Reverend Rectresse stand,  
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,  
 Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,  
 (As with a Magick) laid them all agen :

## 372 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1081- (A happy Realme ! When no compulsive Law,  
1086 Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)

Live you, great Mistresse of your Arts, and be  
A nursing Mother so to Majesty ;  
As those your Ladies may in time be seene,  
For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.  
One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their  
new,

And better Being, they receive from You.  
*Mans former Birth is grace-lesse ; but the state  
Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

### TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lesse so I be,  
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

### ON HIMSELF.

LET me not live, if I not love,  
Since I as yet did never prove,  
Where Pleasures met : at last, doe find,  
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

### ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last  
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe  
cast.

### ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of it self, too sweet ; the best of all  
Is, when loves hony has a dash of gall.

### UPON GUT.

. . . . .

## UPON CHUB.

Nos. 1087-  
1091

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,  
 Aha my boyes ! heres wheat for Christmas Pies !  
 Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,  
 That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

## PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there  
 Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

## ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
 Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)  
 Long I have lasted in this world ; ('tis true)  
 But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.  
 Who by his gray Haires doth his lusters tell,  
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well  
 One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he  
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three;  
*He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast  
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

## TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be  
 A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;  
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

## HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?  
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
 After a day, or two, or three,  
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?

# 374 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1091-  
1094

Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe;  
This second Protestation now.  
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,  
Which sits as Dew of Roses there:  
That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.  
Then weepe not, sweet; but thus much know,  
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

## ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,  
I can no longer stay;  
The way of all Flesh is,  
That I must go this day:  
Since longer I can't live,  
My frolick Youths adieu;  
My Lamp to you Ile give,  
And all my troubles too.

## TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art  
worst,  
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.  
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before  
Those, that must live with thee for evermore.  
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt  
see  
In the next sheet, Brave Man, to follow Thee.  
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall;  
Held up by Fames eternall Pedestall.

## TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me how  
Can I be gamesome (agèd now:)

Besides, ye see me daily grow  
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,  
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

Nos. 1094-  
1099

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

*TRUTH by her own simplicity is known ;  
Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.*

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,  
To chafe o'remuch the Virgins cheek or eare :  
Beg for my Pardon, Julia ; *He doth winne  
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*  
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,  
And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome :  
My Fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dyes,  
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his  
Eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

ONE Eare tingles ; some there be,  
That are snarling now at me :  
Be they those that Homer bit,  
I will give them thanks for it.

UPON KINGS.

*KINGS must be dauntlesse : Subjects will contemne  
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.*

TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON Wenches doe not bring  
For my haire black colouring :  
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be  
Gray or white, all's one to me.

# 376 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1100-

UPON SPUR.

1102

SPUR jingles now, and sweares by no meane  
oathes,  
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay  
cloathes :  
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim;  
And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not him:  
As to the Goddesse, people did conferre  
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene, and  
ease,  
In Varnisht Maps; by'th' helpe of Compasses :  
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all  
Their large Narrations, Incanonicall)  
Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;  
And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.  
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate  
This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate :  
Canst talke to us of Sharon; where a spring  
Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.  
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,  
Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem.  
The Mount of Olives; Calverie, and where  
Is (and hast seene) thy Saviours Sepulcher.  
So that the man that will but lay his eares,  
As Inapostate, to the thing he heares,  
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see  
The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice itself; but when we sing  
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

Nos. 1103.  
1110

IF Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be,  
The sword of war must trie the Sovereignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

*THAT Prince, who may doe nothing but what's  
just,  
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on  
trust.*

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile;  
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't  
prevaile.

FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a Prince? example showes,  
'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his foes.

UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can  
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

UPON SHOFTER.

. . . . .

UPON DEB.

. . . . .

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?  
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.



## 378 Herrick's Poems

Nos. IIII-

UPON CROOT.

III<sup>7</sup>

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of Croot ;  
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon,  
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,  
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it :  
If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see  
His hungry belly borne by Legs Jaile-free.  
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,  
To this our poore, yet ever patient Flood.

UPON PIMPE.

. . . . .

UPON LUSKE.

. . . . .

FOOLISHNESSE.

IN's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse,  
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

UPON RUSH.

RUSH saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether ;  
And feares in summer to weare out the lether :  
This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use  
Summer and Winter still to save his shooes.

## ABSTINENCE.

Nos. 1118-  
1123

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

## NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then  
*Necessity makes dastards valiant men.*

## SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe,  
An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.

## TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;  
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with  
cold.  
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;  
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :  
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike.*  
*And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.*

## DISTRUST.

WHATEVER men for Loyalty pretend,  
*'Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.*

## THE HAGG.

. . . . .  
In a dirtie Haire-lace  
She leads on a brace  
Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;  
Who scratch at the Moone,  
And threaten at noone  
Of night from Heaven for to rend her

# 380 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 1123-  
1126

A-hunting she goes ;  
A crackt horne she blowes ;  
At which the hounds fall a-bounding ;  
While th' Moone in her sphere  
Peepes trembling for feare,  
And night's afraid of the sounding.

## THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet Pierides.  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;  
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption.

## ON HIMSELFE.

IL'E write no more of Love ; but now repent  
Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
Ile write no more of life ; but wish 'twas ended,  
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late ;  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good-luck may send  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by : Farewell.

# Hesperides 381

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

Nos. 1127-  
1130

PART of the worke remaines ; one part is past :  
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !  
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done : young men and maidens, set  
Upon my curles the Mirtle Coronet,  
Washt with sweet ointments ; Thus at last I come  
To suffer in the Muses Martyrdome :  
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,  
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAMES pillar here, at last, we set,  
Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet,  
Charmed and enchanted so,  
As to withstand the blow,  
Of overthrow,  
Nor shall the seas,  
OR OUTRAGES  
Of storms orebear  
What we up-rear:  
Tho Kingdoms fal,  
This pillar never shall  
Decline or waste at all ;  
But stand for ever by his owne  
Firme and well-fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't, ]  
*Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chast.*

No. I

## ADDITIONAL POEMS

## NOT INCLUDED IN HESPERIDES

## THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN.

WHOSE head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,  
 Shews like Apolloes, when the morn he dresses :  
 Or like Aurora when with Pearle she sets  
 Her long disheveld Rose-crown'd Trammelets :  
 Her forehead smooth, full-polish'd, bright and  
     high,  
 Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty ;  
 Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine  
 Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine :  
 Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes  
 Are beautifi'd with faire fringd Canopies  
 Her comely nose with uniformall grace,  
 Like purest white, stands in the middle place,  
 Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,  
 Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose :  
 Which like a Garden manifestlye shew  
 How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe ;  
 Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,  
 Like Rose leaves, white and red, seem minglèd,  
 Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets  
 Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherylets ;  
 The which, with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,  
 Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.  
 Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawne,  
 Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne ;  
 These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,  
 Which ope themselves, to shew a holy shrine,  
 Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense

# Additional Poems 383

Smells like the burn'd Sabean Frankinsense ;      No. 1

In which the tongue, though but a member small,  
Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall ;

And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,  
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.

Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive  
For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative ;

At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows  
The fairest image of a blushing rose ;

Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,  
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss,

Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd  
On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd :

Moving a question, whether that by them,  
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.

But the foundation of the Architect

Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,  
Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,

Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wonder.

In which the veynes implanted, seeme to lye

Like loving vines hidde under ivorie ;

So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine

May see it sprout forth streames like Muskadine.

Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,

Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure  
sit ;

Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show

Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,

And in the milky valley that's between,

Sits Cupid, kissing of his mother Queen :

Fingering the papps that feele like slevèd silke,

And prest a little, thay will weep pure milke.

Then comes the belly, seated next below,

Like a faire mountain of Riphean snow ;

Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,

# 384 Herrick's Poems

**No. 1** Hath in the middle tied a Gordian knott;  
 Or else that she in that white waxen hill  
 Hath seald the primrose of her utmost skill;  
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent  
 From this soe pretious pearly permanent,  
 A milkye highe-way that direction yelds  
 Unto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds:  
 A place desired of all, but got by these  
 Whom love admitts to the Hesperides;  
 Heres goulden fruite, that doth excede all price  
 Growing in this Love-guarded paradise;  
 Above the entrance, there is wrighten this,  
*This is the portail to the bower of blisse,*  
 Through mid'st whearof, a christall streame there  
     flowes  
 Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose.  
 Now Love invites me to survey her thighes,  
 Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,  
 With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,  
 Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline.  
 Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke  
 Into the middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,  
 Which for the better bewtifying shrowds  
 Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes;  
 Which to the knees by nature fastned on,  
 Derive their ever well 'greed motion.  
 Her legs with two clear calves, like silver try'd,  
 Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,  
 Leaving a distance for the comely small  
 To beautifie the leg and foot withall.  
 Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,  
 Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices  
     sweet;  
 And whatsoever thing they tread upon  
 They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon.



## Additional Poems 385

Nos. 1-2

The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,  
 To see two Tablets of pure ivorie:  
 From which two arms like branches seem to  
     spread,  
 With tender vein'd and silver colourèd;  
 With little hands and fingers long and small,  
 To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.  
 In length each finger doth his next excell,  
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell;  
 Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous horne  
 That armes the forehead of the unicornè.  
 Thus every parte in contrariety  
 Meet in the whole and make an harmony;  
 As divers strings do singly disagree,  
 But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.  
 Unto the idoll of the worke devine  
 I consecrate this loving life of myne,  
 Bowing my lipps unto that stately roote  
 Wheare bewtye springs; and thus I kiss her  
     foote.

### MR HERICKE HIS DAUGHTERS DOWRYE.

ÈRE I goe hence and bee noe more  
 Seene to the world, Ile give the skore  
 I owe unto a female child,  
 And that is this, a verse instylde  
 My daughters dowrye; having which,  
 Ile leave thee then compleatly riche;  
 Insteade of gold, pearle, rubies, bonds,  
 Longe forfaite pawnèd diamonds,  
 Or antique pledges, house or lande;  
 I give thee this that shall withstande  
 The blow of ruine and of chance;  
 These hurte not thyne inheritance,  
 For 'tis fee simple, and noe rent

# 386 Herrick's Poems

No. 2 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement ;  
 However after times will praise,  
 This portion, my propheticque bayes,  
 Cannot deliver up to th' rust,  
 Yet I keepe peacefull in my dust.  
 As for thy birth, and better seeds  
 (Those which must growe to vertuous deeds :  
 Thou didst derive from that old stem  
 Love and Mercie, cherish them),  
 Which, like a vestall virgine ply  
 With holye fier, least that it dye.  
 Growe up with milder lawes to knowe  
 At what time to say I or noe ;  
 Let manners teach thee whear to bee  
 More comely flowing, where les free :  
 These bringe thy husband, like to those  
 Old coyne and meddalls wee expose  
 To th' shew, but never part with ; next  
 As in a more conspicuous text,  
 (Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd  
 The mayden candour of thy mynde ;  
 And under it two chast-borne spyes  
 To barr out bolde adulteryes :  
 For through these optickes, fly the dartes  
 Of lust, which set on fier our hartes.  
 On eyther side of these, quicke eares  
 Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,  
 Which sweeten love, yet ne're come nighe  
 The plague of wilder jelousie.  
 Then let each cheeke of thyne, intice  
 His soule as to a bedd of spice ;  
 Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence  
 As in a bedd of frankensence :  
 A lip inkyndlèd with that coale,  
 With which Love chafes and warmes the soule,

Bring to hym next, and in it shew  
 Loves cherries ; from such fyers growe  
 And have their harvest, which must stand  
 The gathering of the lip, not hand ;  
 Then unto these, bee it thy care  
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,  
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane  
 As is the childish bloom of beane,  
 They may fall downe and stroake (as the  
 Beames of the sun the gracefull sea) :  
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring  
 Hym for his better cherrishing.  
 That when thou doest his necke insnare,  
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,  
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye  
 Bondage more loved then libertye ;  
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,  
 To calme and tempest, let bee brought  
 With thee, that should hee but incline  
 To roughnes, claspe him like a vine ;  
 Or like as woole meetes steele, give way  
 Unto the passion, not to stay ;  
 Wrath if resisted over-boyles,  
 If not, it dyes, or else recoyles ;  
 And lastly, see you bring to him,  
 Somewhat peculiar to each lymm ;  
 And I charge thee to bee knowne  
 By n' other face, but by thine owne.  
 Let it (in Loves name) bee kept sleeke  
 Yet to bee found when hee shall seeke  
 It, and not instead of saint,  
 Give up his worth unto the painte ;  
 For (trust me girle) shee over-does  
 Who by a double proxie wooes ;  
 But least I should forget his bedd,

## 388 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 2-3 Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,  
 That is a Margarite, which lost,  
 Thou bring'st unto his bedd a frost  
 Or a colde poyson, which his blood  
 Benummes like the forgetfull floode.  
 Now for some jewells to supplye  
 The wante of eare-rings bravery,  
 For publike eyes ; take onely these,  
 Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas ;  
 They're nobly-home-breed, yet have price  
 Beyond the fare-fetch marchandize.  
 Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shy  
 Distance, and sweet urbanitie :  
 Safe modestie, lov'd patience, feare  
 Of offending, temperance, deare  
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all  
 The vertues lesse, or cardinall,  
 Take with my blessinge : and goe forth  
 Injewelld with thy native worthe.  
 And now if ther a man bee founde,  
 That lookes for such preparèd grownd,  
 Let him, but with indifferent skill,  
 Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till ;  
 Hee may ere longe have such a wife,  
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

### MR ROBERT HERICKE HIS FAREWELL VNTO POETRIE.

I HAVE behelde two lovers, in a night  
 Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen  
 delight,—  
 When this to that, and that to this, had given  
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heven :

## Additional Poems 389

Or while that each from other's breath did No. 3  
drinke

Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—  
Call'd on the suddayne by the jealous mother,  
Some strickter Mistress or suspitious other,  
Urging divorcement (worse then death to these)  
By the soone jingling of some sleepy keyes,  
Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew  
How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.  
Even such are wee: and in our parting, doe  
Noe otherwise then as those former two;  
Natures like ours, wee who have spent our time  
Both from the morning to the evening chime;  
Nay, till the bell-man of the night had told  
Past noone of night, yet weare the howers not  
old,

Nor dull'd with iron sleeps, but have out-worne  
The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne  
With flame, and rapture; drincking to the odd  
Number of nine, which makes us full with  
God,

And in that misticke frenzie, wee have hurl'de,  
(As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,  
And in a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast  
Att that which in her extasie had past;  
Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st  
mee flye

Like fier-drakes, yet didst mee no harme therby.  
O thou allmightye nature, who did'st give  
True heate, whearwith humanitie doth live  
Beyond its stinted circle; giving foode  
White fame, and resurrection to the good;  
Soaring them up, 'bove ruyne, till the doome,  
The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,  
That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should

**No. 3** (Wert not for thee) have crumbled ynto mould.  
 And with theyr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew  
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,  
 Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,  
 Nor fate, nor envye, cann theyr fames convince.  
 Homer, Musæus, Ovid, Maro, more,  
 Of those god-full prophets longe before  
 Helde there eternall fiers; and ours of late  
 (Thy mercie helping) shall resist strong fate,  
 Nor stoope to th' center, but survive as longe  
 As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;  
 But unto mee, bee only hoarse, since now  
 (Heaven and my soule beare record of my  
     vowe)

I, my desires screw from thee, and directe  
 Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte  
 And conscience unto priesthood; tis not need  
 (The skarcrow unto mankinde) that doth breed  
 Wiser conclusions in mee, since I knowe  
 I've more to beare my chardges, then way to  
     goe;

Or had I not, I'de stop the spreading itch  
 Of craveing more: soe in conceipt bee ritch;  
 But tis the god of nature who intends,  
 And shapes my function for more glorious ends:  
 Kisse, soe departe; yet stay awhile to see  
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee  
 In speach, in picture; noe otherwise then  
     when,

Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guilty  
     men,

Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde  
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind:  
 Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe  
     mourne

## Additional Poems 391

With thought thay goe, whence thay must ner No. 3  
returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell  
Cast, leading his Eurydice through hell,  
I strike thy love, and greedily persue  
Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.  
Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent  
From's native cuntrye, into banishment,  
Throwing his eye-balls backward to survaye  
The smoake of his belovèd Attica :  
Soe Tullye look't, when from the brooks of  
Rome

The sad soule went, not with his love, but  
doome :

Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise  
It, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.  
Such is my parting with thee ; and to prove  
Ther was not varnish (only) in my love,  
But substance, lo ! receave this pearlye teare  
Frozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,  
Then parte in name of peace ; and softly on  
With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon ;  
And when thou art upon that forked hill  
Amongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill  
A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,  
And quaff it to the prophets of our age ;  
When drunk with rapture, curse the blind and  
lame

Base ballad-mongers, who usurpe thy name  
And fowle thy altar ; charme some into froggs,  
Some to bee ratts, and others to bee hoggs ;  
Into the loathsoms't shapes thou canst devise  
To make fooles hate them, only by disguise ;  
Thus with a kisse of warmth, and love, I parte  
Not soe, but that some relique in my harte



## 392 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 3-4 Shall stand for ever, though I doe addresse  
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must proffess :  
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diviner muse  
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will use),  
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte upon her,  
 Though as a servant, yet a mayde of honor.  
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well  
 Doing's the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

A CHARROLL PRESENTED TO DR WILLIAMS, BP.  
 OF LINCOLNE, AS A NEWYEARS GUiFT.

Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember  
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,  
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare  
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,  
 And sing a carroll here.

'Twas brave, 'twas brave could we command the  
 hand  
 Of Youths swift watch to stand  
 As you have done your day ;  
 Then should we not decay.  
 But all we wither, & our light  
 Is spilt in everlasting night,  
 When as your sight  
 Shewes like the heavens above the moone  
 Like an eternall noone,  
 That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe up those flames, & though you shroud  
 Awhile your forehead in a cloude,  
 Doe it like the sun to write  
 I'th, ayre, a greater text of light ;  
 Welcome to all our voves,

And since you pay  
To us the day  
Soe longe desir'd,  
See we have fyr'd,  
Our holy spicknard, and ther's none  
But brings his stick of cynamon,  
His eager eye, or smother smyle;  
And layes it gently on the pyle,  
Which thus enkindled, we invoke  
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

*Chorus.* Come, then, greate Lord,  
And see our Alter burne  
With love of your returne,  
And not a man here but consumes  
His soule to glad you in perfumes.

SONG. HIS MISTRIS TO HIM AT HIS  
FAREWELL.

You may vow Ile not forget  
To pay the debt,  
Which to thy Memorie stands as due  
As faith can seale it you:  
Take then tribute of my teares,  
So long as I have feares  
To prompt mee, I shall ever  
Languish and looke, but thy returne see never:  
Oh then to lessen my dispaire,  
Print thy lips into the ayre,  
So by this  
Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,  
Whenas some kinde  
Winde  
I shall hither waft it; and in leiw,  
My lips shall send a 1000 back to you.

# 394 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 6-7

## Vpon PARTING.

GOE hence away, and in thy parting know  
'Tis not my voice, but heavens that bids thee  
goe ;

Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart  
I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.  
But voice of fame, and voice of heaven have  
thunderd

We both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :  
Fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare  
One Sighe of love, and coole it with a teare :  
Since part we must, let's kisse ; that done, retire  
With as cold frost, as erst we met with fire ;  
With such white vowes as fate can nere dissever  
But truth knit fast ; and so farewell for ever.

## UPON MASTER FLETCHERS INCOMPARABLE PLAYES.

APOLLO sings, his harpe resounds : give roome,  
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,  
Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to  
see,

With admiration both of them and thee.  
O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,  
To be with juice of Cedar wash't all over ;  
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes  
consent,

To raise an Act to full astonishment ;  
Here melting numbers, words of power to move  
Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for  
love.

*Love lyes a-bleeding here, Evadne, there*  
Swell with brave rage, yet comely every where ;

## Additional Poems 395

Here's *A mad lover*, there that high designe      Nos. 7-8  
Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)  
So that whene'er wee circumsolve our Eyes,  
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties,  
Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see  
None writes loves passion in the world, like thee.

### THE NEW CHARON.

UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS.

*The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.*

*The Speakers—Charon and Eucosmeia.*

*Euc.* CHARON, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th'  
Shore,

And to thy many, take in one soul more.

*Cha.* Who calls? who calls?      *Euc.* One over-  
whelm'd with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth,  
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;  
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

*Cha.* I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds  
A breath of Balm along th' Elizean fields.  
Speak, what art thou?      *Euc.* One, once  
that had a lover,

Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter  
over.

He was——      *Cha.* Say what.      *Euc.* Ay  
me, my woes are deep.

*Cha.* Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

*Euc.* He was an Hastings; and that one Name  
has

In it all good, that is, and ever was.

## 396 Herrick's Poems

**No. 8**      He was my Life, my Love, my Joy ; but  
                     di'd

Some hours before I shou'd have been his  
                     Bride.

*Chorus.* Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,  
                     For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

*Euc.* The hallowed Tapers all preparèd were,  
                     And Hymen call'd to bless the Rites.

*Cha.* Stop there.

*Euc.* Great are my woes.    *Cha.* And great  
                     must that Grief be,

That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.  
But now come in.    *Euc.* More let me yet  
                     relate.

*Cha.* I cannot stay ; more souls for waftage wait,  
                     And I must hence.    *Euc.* Yet let me thus  
                     much know,

Departing hence, where Good and Bad  
                     souls go.

*Cha.* Those souls which ne'er were drencht in  
                     pleasures stream,

The Fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them ;  
Where, drest with garlands, there they  
                     walk the ground,

Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs  
                     is crown'd.

But such as have been drown'd in this  
                     wilde sea,

For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè ;  
Where, with their own contagion they are  
                     fed ;

And there do punish, and are punishèd.  
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,  
When on the Flood that nine times circles  
                     Hell.

## Additional Poems 397

*Chorus.* We sail along, to visit mortals never ;    Nos. 8-9  
But there to live, where Love shall last for  
ever.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES  
& HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF DEAN  
PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON.

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when  
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men ;  
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent ;  
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.

What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-  
stones Pay ?

But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day :  
These Two asleep are : I'll but be Undrest  
And so to Bed : Pray wish us all Good Rest.

# HIS NOBLE NUMBERS

OR

## HIS PIOUS PIECES

Nos. 1-2

### HIS CONFESSION.

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;  
 And as our bad, more then our good Works are,  
 Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
 Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
 Things precious are least num'rous : Men are  
     prone  
 To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

### HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

X

FOR Those my unbaptizèd Rhimes,  
 Writ in my wild unhallowèd Times ;  
 For every sentence, clause, and word,  
 That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)  
 Forgive me, God, and blot each Line  
 Out of my Book, that is not Thine.  
 But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
 Worthy thy Benediction ;  
 That One of all the rest, shall be  
 The Glory of my Work, and Me.



TO FINDE GOD.

Nos. 3-6

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find  
 A way to measure out the Wind ;  
 Distinguish all those Floods that are  
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;  
 And taste thou them as saltlesse there,  
 As in their Channell first they were.  
 Tell me the People that do keep  
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;  
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,  
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;  
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares  
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;  
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence  
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :  
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him  
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,  
 And is the best known, not defining Him

UPON GOD.

GOD is not onely said to be  
 An Ens, but Supraentitie.

MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move ;  
 The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :  
 Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;  
 And with the last he still directs the Just.

## 400 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 7-14

### GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

GOD when He's angry here with any one,  
His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.

### GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

### GODS PART.

PRAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

### AFFLICTION.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,  
Though He may seem to over-act His part :  
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;  
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

### THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall Sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

### SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :  
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

### MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

### LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GODS MERCY.

Nos. 15-  
17

GODS boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)  
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean:  
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,  
    'tis ne're  
Known, or els seen to be the emptier;  
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

God, He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,  
And want their Poise: words ought to have  
    their weight.

TO GOD: AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE CHAPPEL AT  
WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

*Verse.* My God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
And sore without, and sick within:  
*Ver. Chor.* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
Salve for my body, and my mind.  
*Verse.* In Gilead though no Balme be found,  
To ease this smart, or cure this  
    wound;  
*Ver. Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with  
    Thee  
All saving health, and help for me.  
*Verse.* Then reach Thou forth that hand of  
    Thine,  
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.  
*Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for Ile endure  
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

## 402 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 18-  
24

### UPON GOD.

GOD is all fore-part ; for, we never see  
Any part backward in the Deitie.

### CALLING, AND CORRECTING.

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call,  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

### NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;  
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

### THE ROD.

GODS Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then  
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

### GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

GOD, when for sin He makes His Children smart,  
His own He acts not, but anothers part :  
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

### GOD IS ONE.

GOD, as He is most Holy knowne,  
So He is said to be most One.

### PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer :  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

TO GOD.

Nos. 25-  
29

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with Iohn,  
(Who writ that heavenly Revelation);  
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;  
Then let the Harps enchantments strike mine eare;  
Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdome, set  
Upon my head the golden coronet;  
There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:  
My sackcloth here; but there my Stole of white.

WHIPS.

God has His whips here to a twofold end,  
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

GODS PROVIDENCE.

If all transgressions here should have their pay,  
What need there then be of a reckning day?  
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
His Providence who would not question then?

TEMPTATION.

THOSE Saints, which God loves best,  
The Devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

My God! looke on me with Thine eye  
Of pittie, not of scrutinie;  
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.  
O then! for mercies sake, behold  
These my eruptions manifold;

# 404 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 29-  
33

And heale me with Thy looke, or touch :  
But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,  
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

## GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners :  
And though awhile He makes Requesters stay,  
With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

## PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,  
To make, not marre her, by this punishment :  
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,  
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

## PARDON.

God pardons those, who do through frailty sin ;  
But never those that persevere therein.

## AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In Numbers, and but these few,  
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !  
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
With sup'rabundant scorn here :  
Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
Hadst for Thy place  
Of Birth, a base  
Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures  
Of inter-woven Osiers ;  
Instead of fragrant Posies  
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;

*cf Milton -  
Ode on Nativity*

Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
As Gospell tells,  
Was nothing els,

Nos. 33-  
36

But, here, a homely manger.  
But we with Silks, (not Crewells,)  
With sundry precious Jewells,  
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee;  
And as we dispossesse Thee  
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber.  
Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
Of Ivorie,  
And plaister'd round with Amber.  
The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
But we will entertaine Thee  
With Glories to await here  
Upon Thy Princely State here,  
And more for love then pittie,  
From yeere to yeere  
Wee'l make Thee, here,  
A Free-born of our Citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read,  
The calfe without meale n'ere was offerèd;  
To figure to us, nothing more then this,  
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

IN Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?  
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we heare.



Nos. 37-

SIN SEEN.

39

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
And I cal'd on  
Him but awhile to stay ;  
But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,  
A Writing, as he went ;  
And askt me, when  
False man would be content  
To pay agen,  
What God and Nature lent.

An heure-glasse,  
In which were sands but few,  
As he did passe,  
He shew'd, and told me, too,  
Mine end near was,  
And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION.

IF warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,  
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
Lord ! let me never act that beggars part,  
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.  
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

TO GOD.

Nos. 40-  
41

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
With me in my miserie ;  
Suffer me to be so bold,  
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

HIS LITANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the houre of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artlesse Doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his Potion and his Pill,  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule :  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

# 408 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 41-  
43

When the tapers now burne blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decaid ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When (God knowes) I'm tost about,  
Either with despaire, or doubt ;  
Yet before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprize ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

## THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
God to bestow a second benefit.

## COCK-CROW.

BELL-MAN of Night, if I about shall go  
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.

Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin ;      Nos. 43-  
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;      47  
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on  
Here, for the righteous mans salvation :  
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

PAINE ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

To God.

ILE come, Ile creep, (though Thou dost threat,)  
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat :  
When I am there, this then Ile do,  
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;  
Next, when I have my faults confest,  
Naked Ile shew a sighing brest ;  
Which if that can't Thy pittie woove,  
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,  
And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE. ✕

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble Roof  
Is weather-proof ;  
Under the sparres of which I lie  
Both soft, and drie ;  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a Guard

*Is the praise of God not entirely  
secondary to Herrick's delight in the  
good things which the poem recounts ?*

# 410 Herrick's Poems

No. 47 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
                     Me, while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,  
                     Both void of state ;  
 And yet the threshold of my doore  
                     Is worn by th' poore,  
 Who thither come, and freely get  
                     Good words, or meat :  
 Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall  
                     And Kitchin's small :  
 A little Butterie, and therein  
                     A little Byn,  
 Which keeps my little loafe of Brea  
                     Unchipt, unfleat :  
 Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar  
                     Make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coale I sit,  
                     And glow like it.  
 Lord, I confesse, too, when I dine,  
                     The Pulse is Thine,  
 And all those other Bits, that bee  
                     There plac'd by Thee ;  
 The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe  
                     Of water-cresse,  
 Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
                     And my content  
 Makes those, and my belovèd Beet,  
                     To be more sweet.  
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth  
                     With guiltlesse mirth ;  
 And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,  
                     Spic'd to the brink.  
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
                     That soiles my land ;  
 And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,

Twice ten for one : Nos. 47-49  
 Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay  
 Her egg each day :  
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare  
 Me twins each yeare :  
 The while the conduits of my Kine  
 Run Creame, (for Wine.)  
 All these, and better Thou dost send  
 Me, to this end,  
 That I should render, for my part,  
 A thankfull heart ;  
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,  
 As wholly Thine ;  
 But the acceptance, that must be,  
 My Christ, by Thee.

TO GOD.

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,  
 Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;  
 And be the blow too what it will,  
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill ;  
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
 Yet, in torments, Ile commend Thee :  
 Examine me with fire, and prove me  
 To the full, yet I will love Thee :  
 Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,  
 But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,  
 Since I do sob and crie,  
 And swowne away to die,  
 Ere Thou dost threat me,

# 412 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 49-  
52

Lord, do not scourge me,  
If I by lies and oaths  
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
But rather purge me.

## NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY's that man, to whom God gives  
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives  
Near to the wishes of his heart :  
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

## TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
So very-many-meeting hindrances,  
That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?  
Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.  
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,  
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :  
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.  
I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,  
To see far off the smoaking Villages.  
Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,  
For feare of future-biting penurie :  
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be  
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

## ANOTHER.

THOU bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why,  
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given ;  
For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.



TO DEATH.

Nos. 53-  
56

THOU bidst me come away,  
And Ile no longer stay,  
Then for to shed some teares  
For faults of former yeares ;  
And to repent some crimes,  
Done in the present times :  
And next, to take a bit  
Of Bread, and Wine with it :  
To don my robes of love,  
Fit for the place above ;  
To gird my loynes about  
With charity throughout ;  
And so to travaile hence  
With feet of innocence :  
These done, Ile onely crie  
*God mercy* ; and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall  
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial :  
Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,  
Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :  
Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

THROUGH all the night  
Thou dost me fright,  
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
And day, by day,  
My Cup can say,  
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Nos. 56-  
58

Thou dost my bread  
With ashes knead,  
Each evening and each morrow :  
Mine eye and eare  
Do see, and heare  
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,  
(Ay me!) I feele,  
Upon me beating ever :  
While my sick heart  
With dismall smart  
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure ;  
But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me.

#### PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad :  
For why? My Saviour, with the sense  
Of suffering gives me patience.

#### ETERNITIE.

O YEARES! and Age! Farewell :  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' Sea  
Of vast Eternitie.

Where never Moone shall sway  
The Starres; but she  
And Night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

Nos. 58-  
60

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD; A PRESENT, BY A  
CHILD.

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower  
Unto thy little Saviour;  
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known:  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher:  
And tell Him, (for good handsell too)  
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,  
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,  
To charme His cries, (at time of need:)  
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;  
But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one;  
But poore thou art, and knowne to be  
Even as monillesse, as He.  
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
From those mellifluous lips of His;  
Then never take a second on,  
To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT.

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,  
Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:  
One onely lock of that sweet Hay  
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,  
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be  
The richest New-yeeres Gift to me.

## 416 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 61-

To God.

<sup>65</sup> If any thing delight me for to print  
My Book, 'tis this ; that, Thou, my God, art in't.

GOD, AND THE KING.

How am I bound to Two ! God, who doth  
give  
The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I  
live.

GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears :  
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with  
tears.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me Honours ! what are these,  
But the pleasing hindrances ?  
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
In the way 'twixt me, and home :  
Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a Love-Feast we both invited are :  
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,  
Over the golden Altar now is spread,  
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd ;  
The sacred Towell, and the holy Eure  
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure :  
Let's go (my Alma) yet, e're we receive,  
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.  
Who to that sweet Bread unprepar'd doth come,  
Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme.

# Noble Numbers 417

## To GOD.

Nos. 66-  
70

GOD gives not onely corne, for need,  
But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;  
Bread for our service, bread for shew ;  
Meat for our meales, and fragments too :  
He gives not poorly, taking some  
Between the finger, and the thumb ;  
But, for our glut, and for our store,  
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

## A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit  
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it :  
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist ;  
'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

## CHRISTS PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,  
To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes :  
Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part  
Of all the House : the best of all's the Heart.

## RICHES AND POVERTY.

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;  
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :  
Had all been rich, where then had Patience been ?  
Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen ?

## SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find,  
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

# 418 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 71-

ALMES.

73

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes ; if not, afford,  
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :  
*God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities.*

## TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
My private Protonotarie ?  
Can I not wooe thee to passe by  
A short and sweet iniquity ?  
Ile cast a mist and cloud, upon  
My delicate transgression,  
So utter dark, as that no eye  
Shall see the hug'd impietie :  
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,  
And winde all other witnesses :  
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd  
To lay thy pen and ink aside ?  
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?  
It will not be : And, therefore, now,  
For times to come, Ile make this Vow,  
From aberrations to live free ;  
So Ile not feare the Judge, or thee.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
To purifie this my Augean stable :  
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,  
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

## To God.

Nos. 74-

GOD is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show  
 No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :  
 His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd  
 Against the wicked, in another world.

77

## HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
 Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;  
 And powring still, Thy wealthy store,  
 The vessell full did then run ore :  
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,  
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
 By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed  
 Oft-times for waste, as for his need.  
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,  
 That has not bread, and some to spare.

## GODS BOUNTY.

GODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

## TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;  
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;  
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;  
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please  
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :  
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :



## 420 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 77- Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare;  
81 Call, and Ile come; say Thou, the when, and  
where.

Draw me but first, and after Thee Ile run,  
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

### HIS CREED.

I do believe, that die I must,  
And be return'd from out my dust :  
I do believe, that when I rise,  
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :  
I do believe, that I must come,  
With others, to the dreadfull Doome :  
I do believe, the bad must goe  
From thence, to everlasting woe :  
I do believe, the good, and I,  
Shall live with Him eternally :  
I do believe, I shall inherit  
Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :  
I do believe, the One in Three,  
And Three in perfect Unitie :  
Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed  
Of Gift from God: *And heres my Creed.*

### TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse:  
Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

### THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead ;  
Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguishèd.

### SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are: Ere hence we goe,  
Crosses we must have ; or, hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

Nos. 82-  
83

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,  
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER : SUNG  
BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !

O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !

O Virgin-martyr, ever blest

Above the rest

Of all the Maiden-Train ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round

Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;

And as we sing thy Dirge, we will

The Daffadill,

And other flowers, lay upon

(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.

Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,

Of Daughters all, the Deereſt Deere ;

The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen,

Of this ſmooth Green,

And all ſweet Meades ; from whence we get

The Primroſe, and the Violet.

Too ſoon, too deere did Jephthah buy,

By thy ſad loſſe, our liberty :

His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet

Thou paid'ſt the debt :

Lamented Maid ! he won the day,

But for the conqueſt thou didſt pay.

*not necessarily  
sacred.*

422 Herrick's Poems

No. 83 Thy Father brought with him along  
The Olive branch, and Victors Song:  
He slew the Ammonites, we know,  
But to thy woe;  
And in the purchase of our Peace,  
The Cure was worse then the Disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,  
We offer here, before thy Shrine,  
Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine;  
And to make fine,  
And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,  
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares:  
Receive this offering of our Haires:  
Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd  
With teares, distil'd  
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,  
Each Maid, her silver Filleting.

To guild thy Tombe; besides, these Caules,  
These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,  
These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide  
The Bashfull Bride,  
When we conduct her to her Groome:  
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed;  
No more, at yeerly Festivalls  
We Cowslip balls,  
Or chaines of Columbines shall make,  
For this, or that occasions sake.

No, no ; our Maiden-pleasures be                      Nos. 83-  
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :              84  
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave :

Or, if we have  
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice ;  
And make this place all Paradise :  
May sweets grow here ! & smoke from hence,  
Fat Frankincense :

Let Balme and Cassia, send their scent  
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir  
A wing about thy Sepulcher !  
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,  
To starve, or wither  
Thy soft sweet Earth ! but (like a spring)  
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,  
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with  
flow'rs :

May Virgins, when they come to mourn,  
Male-Incense burn  
Upon thine Altar ! then return,  
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

# TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE.

WHAT though my Harp, and Violl be  
Both hung upon the Willow-tree ?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darknesse have ?

## 424 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 84-      What though my healthfull dayes are fled,  
90      And I lie numbred with the dead ?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

### SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis  
prov'd,  
Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

### SIN.

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

### UPON GOD.

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels hence,  
Gives me a portion, giving patience :  
What is in God is God ; if so it be,  
He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

### FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit :  
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

### HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go :  
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :  
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :  
Grace is increased by humility.

### TEARES.

OUR present Teares here (not our present laughter)  
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

Nos. 91-

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife 93  
Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD.

DEER God,  
If thy smart Rod  
Here did not make me sorrie,  
I sho'd not be  
With Thine, or Thee,  
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since  
Thou didst convince  
My sinnes, by gently striking ;  
Add still to those  
First stripes, new blowes,  
According to Thy liking.

Feare me,  
Or scourging teare me ;  
That thus from vices driven,  
I may from Hell  
Flie up, to dwell  
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,  
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :  
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,  
God be thank'd for those, and these :  
Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
All are Fragments from His dish.  
He His Church save, and the King,  
And our Peace here, like a Spring,  
Make it ever flourishing.

# 426 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 94-

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

96

HONOUR thy Parents; but good manners call  
Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand;  
Cold as Paddocks though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a Benizon to fall  
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING  
IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

*Chor.* WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
Then a Caroll, for to sing  
The Birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the Voice! awake the String!  
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
Awake! the while the active Finger  
Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
And give the honour to this Day,  
That sees December turn'd to May.
2. If we may ask the reason, say;  
The why, and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
Smile, like a field beset with corne?  
Or smell, like to a meade new-shorne,  
Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and see



## Noble Numbers 427

The cause, why things thus fragrant be : Nos. 96-  
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth 97  
Gives life and lustre, publike mirth,  
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Chor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His  
showers,  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Musicall Part was composed by*  
M. Henry Lawes.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS  
SONG, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE  
AT WHITE-HALL.

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's come ;  
And be it sin here to be dumb,  
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,  
And have a care no fire gos out,  
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;  
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,  
How heart and hand do all agree,  
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less  
sweet then He.

## 428 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 97-  
98 4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,  
And tell us then, whenas thou seest  
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,  
And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries ;  
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;  
For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,  
Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,  
The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the work  
God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;  
And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,  
May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;  
Now singing, homeward let us carrie  
The Babe unto His Mother Maria ;  
And when we have the Child commended  
To her warm bosome, then our Rites are  
ended.

*Composed by M. Henry Lawes.*

### ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence prophane, and none appeare  
With any thing unhallowed, here :  
No jot of Leven must be found  
Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :
2. What is corrupt, or sower'd with sin,  
Leave that without, then enter in ;

*Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin      **Nos. 98-**  
 Before ye purge, and circumcise      **99**  
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see  
 That all things sweet and clean may be :  
 For, here's a Babe, that (like a Bride)  
 Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd  
 Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke  
 Heaven to come down, the while we choke  
 The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth  
 Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and  
 Earth ;

5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,  
 Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.  
 Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy Stall  
 Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall  
 Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing  
 His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

*Chor.* Long may He live, till He hath told  
 His New-yeeres trebled to His old :  
 And, when that's done, to re-aspire  
 A new-borne Phoenix from His own chast fire.

GOD'S PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasses here ;  
 For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

# 430 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 100-  
102

## SIN.

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,  
And was committed, not remitted there.

## EVILL.

EVILL no Nature hath ; the losse of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

## THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING ; SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

*The flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.*

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?  
Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find him out ?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

*Chor.* He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoyce, that we have found  
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring      Nos. 102-  
 Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,      104  
 Each one his severall offering ;

*Chor.* And when night comes, wee'l give Him  
 wassailing ;  
 And that His treble Honours may be seen,  
 Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother  
 Queen.

To God.

WITH golden Censers, and with Incense, here,  
 Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,  
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
 In, or without, all, all belongs to Thee :  
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
 Least loane of Thine, half Restitution ?  
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore  
 Ile kiss the Tally, and confesse the score.  
 Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write :  
 'Tis true, my God ; but I can't pay one mite.

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

ILE hope no more,  
 For things that will not come :  
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;  
 Wealth brings much woe :  
 And, since it fortunes so ;  
 'Tis better to be poore,  
 Than so t'abound,  
 As to be drown'd,  
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,  
 I'le learn to be content  
 With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.

# 432 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 104-  
106

What may conduce  
To my most healthfull use,  
Almighty God me grant;  
But that, or this,  
That hurtfull is,  
Denie thy suppliant.

TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the  
deed.

Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks' thighs,  
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would  
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd  
Both with the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
Part, or the whole of Thee,  
O happy place!  
Where all have Grace,  
And Garlands shar'd,  
For their reward;  
Where each chast Soule  
In long white stole,  
And Palmes in hand,  
Do ravisht stand;  
So in a ring,  
The praises sing  
Of Three in One,  
That fill the Throne;  
While Harps, and Violls then  
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.

Nos. 107-  
109

LAST night I drew up mine Account,  
And found my Debits to amount  
To such a height, as for to tell  
How I sho'd pay 's impossible :  
Well, this Ile do ; my mighty score  
Thy mercy-seat Ile lay before ;  
But therewithall Ile bring the Band,  
Which, in full force, did daring stand,  
Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)  
Made void for millions, as for me.  
Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go  
Unto the prison, Ile say, no ;  
Christ having paid, I nothing owe :  
For, this is sure, the Debt is dead  
By Law, the Bond once cancellèd.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring  
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;  
With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,  
And hazards those most, whom the most He loves ;  
For Sceva, darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus  
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius ;  
Death for stout Cato ; and besides all these,  
A poyson too He has for Socrates ;  
Torments for high Attilius ; and, with want,  
Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant :  
But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS.

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.



# 434 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 110-  
113

## THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,  
Not for the fault of Nature, but of Will.

### TO HEAVEN.

OPEN thy gates  
To him, who weeping waits,  
And might come in,  
But that held back by sin.  
Let mercy be  
So kind, to set me free,  
And I will strait  
Come in, or force the gate.

### THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me ;  
And fare it well : yet Herrick, if so be  
Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

### TO GOD.

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)  
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,  
Where round about Thou seest but all things  
vaine,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.  
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye  
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby ;  
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,  
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book :  
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,  
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

TO GOD.

Nos. 114-  
117

LORD, I am like to Mistletoe,  
Which has no root, and cannot grow,  
Or prosper, but by that same tree  
It clings about; so I by Thee.  
What need I then to feare at all,  
So long as I about Thee craule?  
But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,  
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have  
Before my last, but here a living grave,  
Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or stir,  
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;  
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,  
To hold things fitting my necessity;  
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,  
Might me excite to fore and after-grace.  
Thy Crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes  
sho'd be,  
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.  
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,  
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; *so end.*

SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
He teares and tugs us, then he did before;  
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

HELL.

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peepe in it.

Nos. 118-  
121

## THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,  
 Cuft with those watrie savages,  
 And therewithall, behold, it hath  
 In all that way no beaten path ;  
 Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
 Thou art our way i'th' wilderness :  
 And while we blunder in the dark,  
 Thou art our candle there, or spark.

## GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,  
 The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

## HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,  
 But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

## THE BELL-MAN.

ALONG the dark, and silent night,  
 With my Lantern, and my Light,  
 And the tinkling of my Bell,  
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
 Death and dreadfulness call on,  
 To the gen'rall Session ;  
 To whose dismall Barre, we there  
 All accompzs must come to cleere :  
 Scores of sins w'ave made here many,  
 Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.  
 Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall  
 To make paiment, while I call.  
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
 By the clock 'tis almost One.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

Nos. 122-  
123

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,  
And threaten to undo me,  
Thou dost their wrath asswage,  
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night  
Did seek my soule to swallow,  
But by the peep of light  
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,  
Though ills stand round about me ;  
Since mischiefs neither dare  
To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES : OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye, who see  
Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :  
Come pitie us ; ye Passers by,  
Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :  
Come pitie us, and bring your eares,  
And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

*Chor.* And when you are come hither ;  
Then we will keep  
A Fast, and weep  
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,  
Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;  
O modest Matrons, weep and waile !  
For now the Corne and Wine must faile :  
The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,  
Wherewith so many soules were fed,

*Classical  
spirit*

# 438 Herrick's Poems

No. 123

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever :  
And ah ! the Poore,  
At thy worne Doore,  
Shall be releevèd never.

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,  
That reav'd us of thee Tabitha !  
For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,  
The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale  
Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,  
That thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and Death hath taken  
Away from us  
Our Maundie ; thus,  
Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu  
We bid the Creuse and Pannier too ;  
I and the flesh, for and the fish,  
Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.  
We take our leaves now of the Loom, e,  
From whence the house-wives' cloth did come :

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
Thou being dead,  
The woosted thred  
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the Flax and Reaming wooll,  
With which thy house was plentiful.  
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and  
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.  
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,  
That ne're went out by Day or Night :

*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
That found a way  
By peep of day,  
To feed and cloth the Needy.

But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,  
And Olive Branch is wither'd now.  
The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,  
The Saffron and the Calamus.  
The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,  
The Storax and the Cynamon.

*Chor.* The Caroll of our gladnesse  
Ha's taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies !  
How worthy of respect and praise !  
How Matron-like didst thou go drest !  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their Plumes ;  
And jet it with their choice perfumes.

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing :  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see  
A deale of beauty yet in thee.  
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all diffusèd grace !  
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,  
And comely as the Chrysolite.

*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Cleane heap of wheat  
All set about with Lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will shew these garments made by thee ;  
These were the Coats, in these are read  
The monuments of Dorcas dead.

# 440 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 123-  
127 These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have  
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave :  
*Chor.* And after us (distressèd)  
Sho'd fame be dumb ;  
Thy very Tomb  
Would cry out Thou art blessèd.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.  
RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me ;  
But if it please my God, I be  
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
God make me thankfull still for it.  
I have been gratefull for my store :  
Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.  
THAT little prettie bleeding part  
Of Foreskin send to me :  
And Ile returne a bleeding Heart  
For New-yeers gift to Thee.  
Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,  
Mine's faulty too, and small :  
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,  
Because I send Thee all.

## DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants  
scare :  
The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre.

## THE POORES PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
That is the portion of the poore :  
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't  
But he takes tole of ? all the Griest.





Nos. 129-  
134

TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep; my Christ, I come  
To Thee, for curing Balsamum:  
Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,  
Affording salve of Sovereignty.  
My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound  
Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:  
For, rather than one drop shall fall  
To waste, my JESU, I'll take all.

TO GOD.

GOD! to my little meale and oyle,  
Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:  
And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,  
Give a wave-offring unto Thee.

FREE WELCOME.

GOD He refuseth no man; but makes way  
For All that now come, or hereafter may.

GOD'S GRACE.

GOD'S Grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
Celerity even it self is slow.

CORRECTION.

GOD had but one Son free from sin; but none  
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

## Noble Numbers 443

### GODS BOUNTY.

Nos. 135-  
141

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,  
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

### KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God, is known to be  
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

### SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say  
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way :  
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;  
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires.  
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,  
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

### LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be  
The sister to saturitie.

### TEARES.

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,  
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

### GODS BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
Unlesse God give the *Benedicite*.

### GOD, AND LORD.

GOD, is His Name of Nature ; but that word  
Implies His Power, when He's cal'd the *Lord*.

## 444 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 142-  
148

### THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He  
May feare it ever for uncertaintie :  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

### ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are callèd Gods ; yet of them, none  
Are Gods but by participation :  
As just Men are intitlèd Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

### LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to sin.

### TEARES.

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songs of sinners are.

### MANNA.

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,  
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

### REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove)  
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

### MERCY.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

WAGES.

Nos. 149-  
156

AFTER this life, the wages shall  
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith)  
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :  
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

GODS HANDS.

GODS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may  
fall  
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard  
I'th' Forum here, or Vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.  
THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,  
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part  
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

*HE that is hurt seeks help* : sin is the wound ;  
The salve for this i'th' Eucharist is found.

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

GOD in His own Day will be then severe  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here

# 446 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 157-  
162      MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF  
THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)  
Moses, and Iesus, callèd Joshua :  
The Prophets, Mountains of the Old are meant;  
The Apostles, Mounts of the New Testament.

## PRAYER.

A PRAYER, that is said alone,  
Starves, having no companion.  
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,  
And those great are, which ne're decay  
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;  
Ask not for gold, which metall is:  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
But earth: *such vowes nere reach God's eare.*

## CHRIST'S SADNESSE.

CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

## GOD HEARES US.

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence;  
If not to th' sound, yet, to the sense.

## GOD.

GOD (as the learnèd Damascen doth write)  
A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.

## CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds, descending to the publike Doome.

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

Nos. 163-

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be  
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

170

HEAVEN.

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He  
That made that fairest Canopie.

GOD.

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect Entitie.

HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction.

CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD,  
MY GOD.

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon,  
Had (as it were) a Dereliction ;  
In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one Beame from God's sweet Majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,  
No number of the Plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not hears  
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

ANOTHER.

THE shame of man's face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes Cassiodore.)



## 448 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 171-

BEGGARS.

178

JACOB God's Beggar was ; and so we wait  
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

GOOD, AND BAD.

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever :  
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

*SIN no existence ; Nature none it hath,  
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)*

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known  
No other, then Christ's full Affection.

YOUTH, AND AGE.

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease ;  
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.

GODS POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His Power can  
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)  
*A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)  
One part thereof left still unfinished :  
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own  
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

Nos. 179-  
183

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring  
An Asse unto Him, for an offering :  
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)  
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a  
teare :

Because the Law forbad to sit and crie  
For those, who did as malefactors die.  
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.  
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,  
And th' other Mary (Mary Magdalen)  
Sate by the Grave ; and sadly sitting there,  
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :  
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead ;  
And then to weep they both were licensèd.

TAPERS.

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,  
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have ;  
That soules departed are not put out quite ;  
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,  
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet  
Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown,  
At once, a Bud, and yet a Rose full-blowne.

## 450 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 184-  
189

### ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,  
No crack or Schisme leave i'th' subtill skin :  
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,  
But, in a Mother, kept a maiden-head.

### GOD.

GOD, in the holy Tongue, they call  
The Place that filleth All in all.

### ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come  
Nearer to that place, then to other some :  
Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impression of effect.

### ANOTHER.

GOD is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of His  
Implies or Essence, or the He that Is.

### GODS PRESENCE.

GOD's evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men, to the veritie :  
But with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis (as S. Bernard saith) but seemingly.

### GODS DWELLING.

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie :  
As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
His holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

Nos. 190-  
194

THE Virgin Marie was (as I have read)  
The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;  
Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore  
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

To GOD.

GOD's undivided, One in Persons Three ;  
And Three in Inconfusèd Unity :  
Originall of Essence there is none,  
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne:  
And though the Father be the first of Three,  
'Tis but by Order, not by Entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small,  
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call :  
But no more Woman, being strong in Faith ;  
But Mary cal'd then (as S. Ambrose saith.)

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,  
Plac'd North and South, for these cleane purposes ;  
That man's uncomely froth might not molest  
Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and  
West.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, (as S. Austine sayes :)  
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes ;  
The second is a Conscience trespass-free ;  
The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.

## 452 Herrick's Poems

NOB. 195-  
201

### THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)  
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

### SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit,  
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :  
As when we sin ; God, the great Chymist thence  
Drawes out th' Elixar of true penitence.

### GOD.

GOD is more here, then in another place,  
Not by his Essence, but commerce of Grace.

### THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made ; 'tis true :  
But He hath made the world to come for few.

### EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an Ease,  
As not to know, or feel some Grievances.

### BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;  
Judas began well, but he foulely fell :  
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so  
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

### TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise)  
commends  
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :

## Noble Numbers 453

First, that these goods none here may o're esteem, Nos. 301-  
Because the wicked do partake of them : 206  
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;  
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

### HELL FIRE.

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,  
To burn, not shine (as learnèd Basil saith.)

### ABELS BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the Blood of Abel cry  
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I ;  
Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on  
God, for an expiation.

### ANOTHER.

THE blood of Abel was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old World thought it fit,  
Especially to swear by it.

### A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant is of more esteem  
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst  
Him.

### PENITENCE.

THE Doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
That in this world, one onely day  
In true repentance spent, will be  
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

## 454 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 207-  
212

### GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD's present ev'ry where ; but most of all  
Present by Union Hypostaticall :  
God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles  
say)  
And nothing else is there, where He's away.

### THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

FOR each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,  
There's an up-rising but of one for one :  
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,  
Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one :  
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

### CHRISTS SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,  
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

### SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learnèd Schoolemen say)  
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent ;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

### TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,  
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

### PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love ; and gaine  
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.



GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE.

Nos. 213-  
218

God bought man here with his heart's blood  
    expençe ;  
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRISTS ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there  
His human Nature did, in part, appeare :  
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see  
Therein some beames of His Divinitie :  
So that, in all He did, there did combine  
His Human Nature, and his Part Divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone  
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd ? then, with haste, go on  
To make thy faire Predestination :  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please  
To change, or call back, His past Sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

# 456 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 219-

225

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone  
The cause of God's Predestination :  
And from God's Prescience of man's sin doth flow  
Our Destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

God's Prescience makes none sinfull ; but th'  
offence  
Of man's the chief cause of God's Prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,  
Christ is the one sufficient Remedie.

CHRISTS INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :  
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here :  
Yet it is given to the Labourer.

GODS KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes, which He reserves alone ;  
The first of Raine, the key of Hell next known :  
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;  
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE's no constraint to do amisse,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

Nos. 226-  
228

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no other man, but Christ.

HELL FIRE.

ONE onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall  
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
But look, how each transgressor onward went  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep  
The Larder leane ?  
And cleane  
From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of Flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with Fish ?

Is it to fast an houre,  
Or rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A down-cast look, and sowre ?

No : 'Tis a Fast, to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry Soule.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate ;  
To circumsise thy life.

# 458 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 228-  
230

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not Bin;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

## NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known  
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

## HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
Blest with the Meditation of my end:  
Though they be few in number, I'm content;  
If otherwise, I stand indifferent:  
Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,  
Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-  
stood;  
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good:  
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell  
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful  
knell:  
And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried:  
So shall the Blankets which come over me,  
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me:  
And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.  
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
I will believe, that then my body dies:  
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
Ile have in mind my Resurrection,

Which must produce me to that gen'rall Doome, Nos. 230-  
 To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come, 232  
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,  
 Without the least hope of affection.  
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence;  
 When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.  
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin  
 To shun the least Temptation to a sin;  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.  
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death;  
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,  
 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poore,  
 Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth  
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

To God.

COME to me, God; but do not come  
 To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,  
 In power; or come Thou in that state,  
 When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,  
 Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,  
 And sullen clouds bound up his head.  
 No, lay thy stately terrours by,  
 To talke with me familiarly;  
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.  
 Speake Thou of Love and Ile reply  
 By way of Epithalamie,

## 460 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 232-  
238 Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit  
To it my Violl and my Lute :  
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,  
Then come my God, and hap what will.

### THE SOULE.

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,  
O then, how restlesse do's she stray !  
And having not her God for light,  
How do's she erre in endlesse night !

### THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

### SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

### PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,  
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :  
But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

### GODS PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to whate're we do,  
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

### ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is, we cannot show.

THE POORE MANS PART.

Nos. 239-  
244

TELL me rich man, for what intent  
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
Whenas the poore crie out, to us  
Belongs all gold superfluous.

THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft  
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God;  
The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod:  
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,  
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more than our desert:  
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CONFESSION.

CONFESSION twofold is (as Austine sayes)  
The first of sin is, and the next of praise:  
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:  
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerful-  
nesse.

GODS DESCENT.

GOD is then said for to descend, when He  
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie;  
As when, in humane nature He works more  
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.



Nos. 245-  
249

## NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

GOOD and great God ! how sho'd I feare  
 To come to Thee, if Christ not there !  
 Co'd I but think, He would not be  
 Present, to plead my cause for me ;  
 To Hell I'd rather run, then I  
 Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

## ANOTHER, TO GOD.

THOUGH Thou beest all that Active Love,  
 Which heats those ravisht Soules above ;  
 And though all joyes spring from the glance  
 Of Thy most winning countenance ;  
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me ;  
 If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

## THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith ;  
 But that He rose, that's Christians' Faith.

## COHEIRES.

WE are Coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own  
 Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption :  
 The number here of Heires, shall from the state  
 Of His great Birth-right nothing derogate.

## THE NUMBER OF TWO.

GOD hates the Duall Number ; being known  
 The lucklesse number of division :  
 And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon  
 He did His curious operation ;

'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)      Nos. 249-  
 God blest His work done on the second day:      254  
 Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
 Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

#### HARDNING OF HEARTS.

God's said our hearts to harden then,  
 Whenas His grace not supples men.

#### THE ROSE.

BEFORE Man's fall, the Rose was born,  
 (S. Ambrose says) without the Thorn:  
 But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,  
 Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;  
 But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

#### GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

God doth not promise here to man, that He  
 Will free him quickly from his miserie;  
 But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
 Then He will give a happy end to it.

#### BAPTISME.

THE strength of Baptisme, that's within;  
 It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

#### GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for Tribute to the King;  
 The Frankincense for Gods Offring.

## 464 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 255-  
259

### To God.

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent ;  
Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;  
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,  
When I have done true Penance here for it.

### THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,  
We not divide the Hoof, but chew the Cud :  
But when good words, by good works, have  
their proof,  
We then both chew the Cud, and cleave the  
Hoof.

### CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure  
My soule's most desp'rate Calenture ;  
Thy second Advent, that must be  
To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

### TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

As my little Pot doth boyle,  
We will keep this Levell-Coyle ;  
That a Wave, and I will bring  
To my God, a Heave-offering.

### GODS ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathfull ; but we may conclude,  
Wrathfull He may be, by similitude :  
God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do  
That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

GOD'S COMMANDS.

Nos. 200-  
263

IN God's commands, ne're ask the reason why ;  
Let thy obedience be the best Reply.

To GOD.

IF I have plaid the Truant, or have here  
Fail'd in my part ; Oh ! Thou that art my deare,  
My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God !  
Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.  
I know, that faults will many here be found,  
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

To GOD.

THE work is done ; now let my Lawrell be  
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :  
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create  
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY : REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST  
GOING TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off Thy Robe of Purple, then go on  
To the sad place of execution :  
Thine houre is come ; and the Tormentor stands  
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.  
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,  
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude  
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,  
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !  
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his  
    speare,  
And that sowre Fellow, with his vineger,

# 466 Herrick's Poems

No. 263 His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost  
stay?

So do the Skurfe and Bran too: Go Thy  
way,

Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
But like a Person of some high account:

The Crosse shall be Thy Stage; and Thou shalt  
there

The spacious field have for Thy Theater.

Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man,  
That must this day act the Tragedian,  
To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,  
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see;  
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts  
with Thee:

Those act without regard, when once a King,  
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.

No, No, this Scene from Thee takes life and  
sense,

And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy  
Throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy Passion

To such an height, to such a period rais'd,

As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand  
amaz'd.

God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so  
blesse

Thee in Thy severall parts of bitterness:

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the  
Tree,

May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie  
Thee.

And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep **Nos. 263-**  
 The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ; 266  
 And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;  
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly burièd.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
 All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.  
 Let their example not a pattern be  
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF Thou beest taken, God forbid,  
 I flie from Thee, as others did :  
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,  
 As to accept my companie,  
 I'll follow Thee, hap hap what shall,  
 Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall :  
 And, if I see Thee posted there,  
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,  
 Ile take my share ; or els, my God,  
 Thy stripes Ile kisse, or burn the Rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye  
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
 Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
 Who suffers not here for mine own,  
 But for my friends transgression !

# 468 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 266- Ah ! Sion's Daughters, do not feare  
 267 The Crosse, the Cords, the Nailes, the Speare,  
 The Myrrhe, the Gall, the Vineger,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath  
 Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;  
 Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to taste, then for to shew,  
 What bitter cups had been your due,  
 Had He not drank them up for you.

## HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,  
 With one, and all parts, full of pain :  
 When I thy gentle heart do see  
 Pierc'd through, and dropping blood,  
   for me,  
 Ile call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Vers.* But yet it wounds my soule, to think,  
 That for my sin, Thou, Thou must  
   drink,  
 Even Thou alone, the bitter cup  
 Of furie, and of vengeance up.

*Chor.* Lord, Ile not see Thee to drink all  
 The Vineger, the Myrrhe, the Gall :

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine ;  
 Which done, Lord, say, *The rest is*  
   *mine.*



This Crosse-Tree here  
 Doth JESUS beare,  
 Who sweet'ned first,  
 The Death accurs't.

No. 268

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;  
 For long this work wil be, & very short this Day.  
 Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,  
 Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;  
 Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
 Bloud will be spilt;  
 Pure Balm, that shall  
 Bring Health to All.  
 Why then, Begin  
 To powre first in  
 Some Drops of Wine,  
 In stead of Brine,  
 To search the Wound,  
 So long unsound:  
 And, when that's done,  
 Let Oyle, next, run,  
 To cure the Sore  
 Sinne made before.  
 And O! Deare Christ,  
 E'en as Thou di'st,  
 Look down, and see  
 Us weepe for Thee.  
 And tho (Love knows)  
 Thy dreadfull Woes  
 Wee cannot ease;  
 Yet doe Thou please,  
 Who Mercie art,  
 T'accept each Heart  
 That gladly would  
 Helpe, if it could.  
 Meane while, let mee,  
 Beneath this Tree  
 This Honour have,  
 To make my grave.

# 470 Herrick's Poems

**Nos. 269-270** TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER: HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE, holy and all-honour'd Tomb,  
 By no ill haunted; here I come,  
 With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.  
 Ile not prophane, by soile of sin,  
 Thy Doore, as I do enter in:  
 For I have washt both hand and heart,  
 This, that, and ev'ry other part;  
 So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
 Then full affection, enter here.  
 Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone  
 With a warm lip, and solemne one:  
 And as I kisse, Ile here and there  
 Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.  
 How sweet this place is! as from hence  
 Flow'd all Panchaia's Frankincense;  
 Or rich Arabia did commix,  
 Here, all her rare Aromaticks.  
 Let me live ever here, and stir  
 No one step from this Sepulcher.  
 Ravisht I am! and down I lie,  
 Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.  
 Here let me rest; and let me have  
 This for my Heaven, that was Thy Grave:  
 And, coveting no higher sphere,  
 Ile my Eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT  
 THE SEPULCHER.

To joyn with them who here confer  
 Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;  
 Devotion bids me hither bring

# Noble Numbers 471

Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.  
Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,  
To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

Nos. 270-  
271

## HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord; Behold! the  
Stone

Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become  
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?  
Is He, from hencce, gone to the shades beneath,  
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?  
If so, Ile thither follow, without feare,  
And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there,

Of all the good things whatsoe're we do,  
God is the APXH, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.



## GLOSSARY

In the Glossary, Notes, and Index of First Lines, A. signifies *Additional Poems*, and N. signifies *Noble Numbers*; the reference is otherwise to the *Hesperides*.

- AMBER-GREECE, ambergris, grey amber. An article of perfumery, 1, 576, &c.
- BARLEY-BREAK, a game resembling prisoners' base. The captives were said to be in 'hell,' 101, 149, xii.
- BEADSMAN, almshouse-inmate, 974.
- BENJAMIN, the resinous gum benzoin, 332.
- BENT, bent grass, 224, 422, 679, &c.
- BESTRUTTED, swollen, 294.
- BRASS, money, 106.
- BRUCKEL'D, dirty, begrimed, 224.
- BRUGEL, a Dutch landscape-painter, identified with one of the Breughels, 385.
- BRUSLE, bristle the feathers, of a swan, 284.
- BRUTUS, conventional type of rigid virtue, 4, 773, &c. Cp. Martial, xi., xvi.
- BURLING-IRON, pincers to extract knots in cloth, 108.
- BUTTON'D-STAFFE, a knobbed staff, 378, 618.
- CALENTURE, delirium induced by extreme heat, N. 257. Cp. Wordsworth, *The Brothers*, 59-64.
- CANDIDATE, clothed in white, 816.
- CARKANET, carcanet, bracelet, 34, 88, 123, 331, 522, &c.
- CATO, conventional type of rigid virtue, 8, 773, &c. Cp. Martial, x., xix.
- CAULS, nets for holding the hair, N. 83.
- CECUBUM, Cœcuban, a Roman wine famous in Horace, 583.
- CEDAR, cedar-oil, used to preserve MSS., 129, 165. Cp. Horace, *A. P.*, 331-2.
- CESS, assessment by the parish, 100.
- CHAMLETS, stuffs made of camel's-hair, 133.
- CHERRY-FIT, throwing the cherry-stone into a hole, a rustic game, 49.
- CHIT, sprout, 639.
- CHIVES, shreds, 224, 334, 675.
- COCKAL, a game played with knuckle-bones, 224.
- CONSCRIPTS, conscript fathers, civic worthies, 467.
- COXU, a Flemish painter, identified with M. Van Coxcie, 385.
- CROSSE, coin, 763, 1057.
- CULL'D, cuddled, embraced, 1018.
- CUP-SHOT, tipsy, 1018.
- DARDANIUM, "a bracelet, from Dardanus so called" (orig. note), 88.
- DOMIDUCA, synonym with Juno, goddess of marriage, signifying home-bringer, 149, v.
- DRAW-GLOVES, a game of talking by the fingers, 244, 617, 774.
- DROSOMELL, honeydew, 493.
- EFFUSIONS, libations, drink-offerings, 72, 628.

- FANTASTICK PANNICLES, brain-cells of the fancy, 715.  
 FARDELL, bundle, burden, 752.  
 FATTS, vats, 251.  
 FELLON, a sore, especially in the finger, 173.  
 FETUOUS, feat, neat, 224.  
 FILL-HORSE, horse that fills the shafts, 251.  
 FORKED-FEE, a fee from both contending parties, 558.  
 FOX-I'-TH' HOLE, a rustic hopping-game, 320, 663.  
 FRUMENTIE, a decoction of wheat and milk, 251.  
 GOTIERE, or Gotire, identified with Jacques Gaultier, a French musician at the Court of Charles I., III, 852.  
 GREEN-GOWN, a tumble in the grass, 178.  
 GRUTCH, grudge, object, 284.  
 GUILDED BAIES, gilt bays, a former custom in wedding decorations, 618, 480.  
 HANDSEL, earnest-money, pledge, N. 50, N. 30.  
 HEVES, a country-dance, 522.  
 HISPED, *hispidus*, rough with short hairs, 558.  
 HOCK-CARTS, the laden carts at the festival of harvest-home, I, 251.  
 HUCKSON, huckle-bone, knuckle-bone, 639.  
 INARCULUM, described in the original edition as a twig of a pomegranate which the queen-priestess wore on her head at sacrificing, 540.  
 INCANONICALL, untrustworthy, 1101.  
 INCUBI, Mr Pollard glosses as "adulterous spirits," 466.  
 JIMMALS, double or treble links in a ring, 465.  
 LADY OF THE LOBSTER, a part of the lobster's digestive organs. Herrick was presumably writing by the sound, 224.  
 LAIS, conventional type of impurity, 587, 886.  
 LANIERE, Nicholas Laniere, Master of the King's Music in 1626, 852.  
 LATIIONS, attractions of the stars, 133.  
 LEMSTER ORE, Leominster (Herefordshire) wool, 444.  
 LEVELL-COVLE, even consecution, a term formerly applied to the game of "musical chairs," 1012, N. 258.  
 LUCRECE, conventional type of chastity, 587, 666, &c.  
 LUSTER, *lustrum*, period of five years, 69, 82, &c.  
 MAIDENHEAD, virginity, 106, &c.  
 MANCHET, white bread, 477.  
 MAUKIN, cloth, 251.  
 MAUNDS, baskets, 782, 1069.  
 MICHING, skulking, 725.  
 MOP-EV'D, short-sighted, 236.  
 NITS, nuts, 224.  
 ORE-RENETTED, with too much admixture of rennet, an ingredient of calf's-maw used to make curds in cheeses, 6.  
 ORGIES, hymns to Bacchus, 8, 773.  
 ORTS, scraps of food, 639.  
 PADDOCK, frog, N. 95.  
 PANCHATA, conventional land of spices, 149, N. 269.  
 PARASCEVE, παρασκευή, preparation, N. 65.  
 PELTISH, pelting (*K. Rick. II., ii. i. 60*), pettish, petty, 444.  
 PHILL, pet-name used as synonym with sparrow, 257, 498.  
 PIGGIN, small wooden vessel, N. 115.  
 PILL, pillage, plunder, 97.  
 PLACKETS, petticoats, 1027.  
 PLATONICK YEERE, the Great Year of the reversion to the original condition of things, 516. Cp. the "thirtieth thousand yeere," 795.

- POMANDER, *pomme d'ambre*, a hollow bead or ball filled with perfume. The beads were strung together to make a "pomander bracelet," 32, 376, 486.
- POSTERN-BRIBE, a bribe at the back-door, 558.
- PREW, or Prue, Prudence Baldwin, the poet's maid-servant, 725, &c.
- PROTONOTARY, chief clerk, N. 72.
- PURFLING, embroidering, embellishing, 576.
- PURSLAIN, a herb, N. 47.
- PUSH-PIN, a childish game, 44, 679.
- QUARELETS, squarelets, small squares, 75.
- QUINTELL, quintain, tilting-board, a village sport, 422, 663.
- REAKS, pranks, 149, v.
- REMORA, a sea-lamprey, alleged to retard a vessel by fixing its suckers in the keel, 35.
- RESPASSES, raspberries, 376.
- ROUND, a country-dance, 8, 275, 422, &c.
- SAGGE, laden, 294.
- SHOTS, debts, 28.
- SIMNELL, Lenten cake, 685.
- SMALLAGE, water parsley, 82, 219.
- SOUCE, pickle, 639. Cp. *soust*, pickled, 784.
- SPIKE, lavender, 720.
- SPRINGALL, stripling, 36.
- STORAX, styrax, a resinous gum, 332, &c.
- TABBIES, shot silks, 577, N. 60.
- TANSIE, cake made of dairy produce and sweet herbs, 691.
- TARDIDATION, retardation, delay, N. 137.
- TEEND, kindle, 785, 787, &c.
- TETTAR, scab, N. 231.
- THRUM, small thread, 195.
- THYRSE, *thyrsus*, a javelin twined with ivy, used in the Bacchanalian rites, 8, 111, 337, &c.
- TITTYRIES, the 'Tityre Tues,' members of a club which took its name from Virgil, *Ecl.* I. 1. Mr Saintsbury happily calls them "the Mohocks of Charles the First's reign." This explanation, due to Mr Alfred Pollard, disposes of the "bucolics" (Hazlitt) and "titularies" (Grosart), 320.
- TRASY, Tracy, the poet's favourite spaniel, 725.
- TRENTALL, a set of thirty (masses for the dead), a dirge, 219, 585, 687, &c.
- URBIN, Raffaele d'Urbino, 385.
- YIRKT, scourged, afflicted, 378; cp. *yerk*, smart, 1051.
- WAKE, village-festival, strictly at the consecration of a church, 1, 522.
- WATCHET, pale-blue, 224, 285.



## NOTES

### HESPERIDES

2. Cp. Martial, I. iv.

8. For the motive of this poem cp. Martial, X. xix. For the Bacchanalian figures of the Thyrses and Orgies cp. Catullus, LXIV., vv. 256 ff. For the festive custom of setting laurel to crackle in the fire, cp. Tibullus, II. i. 81-2, and the modern practice of snapdragon.

14. *First cast in salt, &c.* See 769, vv. 1-2.

21. The sentiment is amplified in 751.

38. *Babies in your eyes.* Cp. 298, 330 and 525. The "baby" refers either to the pupil of the eye or to the miniature reflection of the gazer.

72. Elizabeth Herrick, wife of the poet's brother, Thomas, to whom 106 is inscribed.

74. Cp. Catullus, V.

81. Cp. Anacreon, III.

82. The reason of the omission to acquaint the poet with his father's resting-place till "seven lusters" after his death is unknown. The elder Herrick was killed by a fall from the window when the poet was fifteen months old, and the suspicious manner of the death involved the widow and her family in some trouble about the inheritance.

86. An alleged extempore effusion when the poet was ejected from his Devonshire living in 1648. He was reinstated after the Restoration.

*Warty.* MS. reading, emended in some editions to "watry (watery)."

106. From the first line (cp. Hor. Odes, I. xiii. 7 and iii. 8) till the last (cp. Martial, X. xlvii. 13) this fine epistle is full of reminiscences of the classics.

112. Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland, is further honoured by the poet in 251 and 460.

117. Endymion Porter, a Caroline Maecenas, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., is likewise addressed

in 185, 493, 663 and 1072. For the Roman prototypes mentioned here, cp. Juvenal, vii. 94.

130. Mrs Elizabeth Wheeler's identity has not been established, but a Martha Herrick, first cousin to the poet, was married to a Mr John Wheeler. For the lady here complimented cp. 264 and 1069.

139. Cp. Anacreon, XL.

142. The "Vision" is Virgilian; cp. Aeneid, I. 315. The "wand" and "chiding" are Anacreon's; cp. VII.

146. Cp. the "Charroll" to the same Bishop, *Add. Poems*, 4. The Bishop was imprisoned for three years (1637-40) on a charge of disloyalty to the Crown. In the following year he was preferred to the Archbishopric of York. There is no evidence of his relations with the poet.

149. Herrick lays many marriage-customs under contribution in this Epithalamy to a worthy Sussex Knight. The 61st *carmen* of Catullus may be profitably read in connection with it.

153. Cp. Horace, *Ep.* I. xviii. 111-2.

159. Mr Pollard adduces the lament of the lover in (*Pseudo?*) Theocritus, xxiii., to illustrate this poem.

181. Cp. Horace, Odes, III. ix.

197. Two MS. variants of this poem are in the British Museum.

*Heav'n's Osiris* is glossed as "the sun" and *the heavenly Isis* as "the moon" in the orig. ed.

201. The opening recalls Horace, Odes, I. xxxvii. 1. The rest of the poem is full of Ovidian reminiscences, including the reference in *one Nose* to Ovid's name of Naso.

211. Cp. the famous "Exegi monumentum," Horace, Odes, III. xxx. The theme is common in Herrick. Cp., e.g., 219, *fin.*

219. The Virgilian opening recurs in N. 98. The hero of the dirge is the Earl of Lichfield, a son of the third Duke of Lennox, who lost his life in command of the King's Guard at Rowton Heath in 1645.

224. Mr Pollard, in the *Muses' Library*, includes "The Temple" under No. 223, and regrets that "the publisher's freak" separated it from 294 and 444. Some other differences of numeration, it may here be mentioned, are due to original sin on Mr Pollard's

## 478 Herrick's Poems

part. There is a confusion at No. 422 and elsewhere between his text of the *Hesperides* and his *Appendix of Epigrams* omitted.

The fairy calendar of saints in this poem is doubtless fictitious.

230. Cp. Anacreon (Pal. MS.), vi.

257. *Lesbia*. Cp. Catullus, iii.,—the classic lament for a sparrow. *Virgil's Gnat* is the *Culex* of doubtful authorship.

265. Cp., for the turn of the flattery in the last couplet, N. 2.

284. Two MS. variants of this poem are found in the British Museum.

Sir Clipseby Crew, whose marriage with Miss Pulteney in 1625 is thus celebrated here, is again addressed by the poet in 427, 490, 545 and 621. Lady Crew is the subject of 515.

294. See Note on 224.

*Shapcott*. Cp. 444 and 445. The poet's "peculiar friend, Mr Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer," was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1632.

303. Cp. 388, 553 and 783.

332. Cp. 467 and 546. The subjects of these poems are the sons of Sir Stephen Soame, once Lord Mayor of London, who married the poet's maternal aunt.

337. Mr Pollard collates this poem with an indifferent version in Egerton MS., 2725, where, he states, "it is entitled *Mr Herrick's Old Age to Mr Weekes*." Dr Weekes, or Wickes, is mentioned by Anthony à Wood. Cp. 671, 1057.

*Posthumus*. The name gives the key to the poet to whom many phrases in these stanzas are due.

*Baudery*. Smoke-stains.

376. Cp. 332. Anne was the daughter of Sir Thomas Soame.

498. *Virgil's Gnat* is the *Culex*. See *supra*, 257.

*Marshals Bee*. Cp. Martial, iv. 32.

520. See 541, and cp. Anacreon, xxxviii.

528. Cp. Anacreon, xxxiii.

616. Cp. the "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*" of Horace, Odes, III. 3.

685. *Mothering* is explained as the custom of visiting

near relations on Mid-Lent Sunday, when the words "Jerusalem, quæ est Mater nostra" occurred in the Epistle (Galat. iv. 21).

775, 777, 789, 808, 826. These five epigrams, among others, are suggested by phrases in Tacitus.

845. Cp. Martial, iii. 2, and Catullus, xcv. 7-8.

935. A neat combination of Herrick, the lyric lover, with Herrick, the Devonshire divine. Cp. Exod. xxi. 5, 6.

940. Cp. Martial, IV. xxii.

967. The "learned Friend" was educated at Winchester and Magdalen Coll., Oxford, in which University he was subsequently Professor of Greek. The poet's compliment to his "Romane Language" is based on classical models.

968. *Tracie* is the Trasy of 725.

1027. This Saint's-day is otherwise unknown.

1129. Cp. Ovid, *Ars Amor.* II., 733-4.

1131. See 625, and cp. Ovid, *Tristia*, II. 353-4.

#### ADDITIONAL POEMS

1. This poem is found in Ashmole MS. 38, where it is signed "Finis. Robert Herrick." It was also printed in *Witts Recreations* (1645) with the omission of the following lines: "In which the veynes implanted . . . like Muscadine"; "Or else that she in that white waxen hill . . . Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose"; "With plump softe fleshe . . . 'twixt two aspiring cloudes"; "Richer then that faire, pretious, vertuous horne . . . of the unicorne"; and "Unto the idoll of the work devine . . . I kiss her foot." Mr Pollard, in the *Muses' Library*, follows the abridged recension.

2. Similarly signed in same MS.

3. A signed version exists in same MS. Mr Pollard has collated it with a British Museum copy, to which is owed the reading "drinking to the odd Number of nine" (cp. *Hesperides*, 654) instead of the Ashmole reading "wyne (wine)," which previous editors failed to make intelligible.

The poem was obviously written at the date of Herrick's presentation to his Devonshire living.

## 480 Herrick's Poems

4. Cp. *Hesperides*, 146.
- 5 and 6. Found in MSS. at the British Museum.
7. Found in Beaumont and Fletcher's works.
8. Originally published in a collection of elegies on the death of Henry, Lord Hastings: "*Lachrymæ Musarum* . . . London, 1649."
9. Dr Grosart copied this epitaph from the monument in Dean Prior Church.

### NOBLE NUMBERS

The full title of this collection of poems is "His Noble Numbers; or, His Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of his CHRIST; and sighes for his *Saviour's* suffering on the *Crosse*."

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.
A BACHELOUR I will . . . . .	31
A christall Violl Cupid brought . . . . .	636
A funerall stone . . . . .	89
A Golden Flie one shew'd to me . . . . .	498
A Gyges Ring they beare about them still . . . . .	738
A just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth . . . . .	390
A little mushroome-table spread . . . . .	294
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine . . . . .	734
A long-lifes-day I've taken paines . . . . .	603
A Man prepar'd against all ills to come . . . . .	324
A mans transgression God do's then remit . . . . .	N. 82
A master of a house (as I have read) . . . . .	772
A prayer, that is said alone . . . . .	N. 158
A Rowle of Parchment Clunn about him beares . . . . .	942
A sweet disorder in the dresse . . . . .	83
A wanton and lascivious eye . . . . .	756
A way enchac't with glasse & beads . . . . .	224
A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here . . . . .	1089
A willow Garland thou did'st send . . . . .	426
About the sweet bag of a Bee . . . . .	92
Abundant plagues I late have had . . . . .	N. 57
Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both work on . . . . .	N. 44
Adversity hurts none, but onely such . . . . .	698
Afflictions bring us joy in times to come . . . . .	N. 45
Afflictions they most profitable are . . . . .	N. 24
After the Feast (my Shapcot) see . . . . .	444
After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd . . . . .	383
After this life, the wages shall . . . . .	N. 149
After thy labour take thine ease . . . . .	1124
After true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife . . . . .	N. 91
Against diseases, here the strongest fence . . . . .	1118
Ah Ben ! . . . . .	912
Ah Biancha ! now I see . . . . .	992
Ah, cruell Love ! must I endure . . . . .	191
Ah ! Lycidas, come tell me why . . . . .	493
Ah my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ? . . . . .	74
Ah ! my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see . . . . .	14
Ah Posthumus ! Our yeares hence flye . . . . .	337
Ai me ! I love, give him your hand to kisse . . . . .	838

# 482 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Alas! I can't, for tell me how . . . . .	1094
All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile . . .	1105
All has been plundered from me, but my wit . . .	831
All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me . . .	N. 112
All things are open to these two events . . .	488
<i>All things decay with Time</i> : The Forrest sees . . .	69
All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance . . .	543
All things subjected are to Fate . . . . .	584
Along, come along . . . . .	1052
Along the dark, and silent night . . . . .	N. 121
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe . . .	1120
Although we cannot turne the fervent fit . . .	N. 67
Am I despis'd, because you say . . . . .	164
Among disasters that discention brings . . .	775
Among the Mirtles, as I walkt . . . . .	264
Among these Tempests great and manifold . . .	1045
Among thy Fancies, tell me this . . . . .	330
An old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed . . .	327
And as time past when Cato the Severe . . .	963
And, Cruell, Maid, because I see . . . . .	159
And must we part, because some say . . . . .	136
Angells are callèd Gods; yet of them, none . . .	N. 143
Angry if Irene be . . . . .	567
Anthea bade me tye her shooe . . . . .	33
Anthea, I am going hence . . . . .	855
Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse . . .	1007
Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give roome . .	A. 7
<i>Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face</i> . . .	235
Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on . .	N. 216
As Gilly Flowers do but stay . . . . .	319
As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes . .	560
As is your name, so is your comely face . . .	993
As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay . . . . .	182
As lately I a Garland bound . . . . .	230
As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse . . .	719
As my little Pot doth boyle . . . . .	N. 258
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne . . .	80
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd .	114
As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in . . . . .	N. 184
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let . . .	530
As wearied Pilgrims, once possesst . . . . .	618
Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply . . .	932
Aske me, why I do not sing . . . . .	333
Aske me why I send you here . . . . .	581
At Draw-Gloves we'l play . . . . .	244
At my homely Country-seat . . . . .	394



# Index of First Lines 483

	No.
At Post and Paire, or Slam, Tom Tuck would play . . . . .	694
At Stool-Ball, Lucia, let us play . . . . .	691
<i>Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt</i> . . . . .	1009
Away with silks, away with Lawn . . . . .	403
BACCHUS, let me drink no more . . . . .	305
Bad are all surfeits; but Physitians call . . . . .	896
Bad are the times. <i>Sil.</i> And wors then they are we . . . . .	422
Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare . . . . .	604
Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe . . . . .	1008
Be not proud, but now encline . . . . .	233
Be the Mistresse of my choice . . . . .	666
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend . . . . .	N. 230
Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace . . . . .	841
Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame . . . . .	102
Before Mans fall, the Rose was born . . . . .	N. 251
Before the Press scarce one co'd see . . . . .	900
Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares . . . . .	176
Begin with a kisse . . . . .	728
Beginne with Jove; then is the worke halfe done . . . . .	322
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go . . . . .	N. 43
Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one . . . . .	446
Biancha, Let . . . . .	87
Bid me to live, and I will live . . . . .	268
Bind me but to thee with thine haire . . . . .	935
Blanch swears her Husband's lovely; when a scald . . . . .	99
Blessings, in abundance come . . . . .	315
Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet Boreman . . . . .	1026
Born I was to be old . . . . .	541
Borne I was to meet with Age . . . . .	520
Both you two have . . . . .	281
Break off Delay, since we but read of one . . . . .	745
Breathe, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest . . . . .	179
Bright Tulips, we do know . . . . .	494
Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come . . . . .	583
Bring the holy crust of Bread . . . . .	889
Brisk methinks I am, and fine . . . . .	997
Broomsted a lamenesse got by cold and Beere . . . . .	556
Brown bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right . . . . .	998
Buggins is Drunke all night, all day he sleepes . . . . .	1012

# 484 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Bungie do's fast ; looks pale ; puts Sack-cloth on	306
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether .	758
Burr is a smell-feast, and a man alone . . .	945
But borne, and like a short Delight . . .	180
By Dream I saw, one of the three . . .	400
By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known	N. 229
By so much, vertue is the lesse . . .	755
By the next kindling of the day . . .	825
By the weak'st means things mighty are o're- thrown . . .	703
By those soft Tods of wooll . . .	768
By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can .	295
 CALL me no more . . .	372
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these .	N. 51
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be . . .	N. 72
<i>Care keeps the Conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne</i> .	999
Case is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone .	976
Center is known weak sighted, and he sells .	402
Charm me asleepe, and melt me so . . .	228
Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere . . .	245
Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore	A. 8
Charon ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe thee	731
Cherrie-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry . . .	53
Choose me your Valentine . . .	94
Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes	N. 68
Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say .	N. 137
Christ never did so great a work, but there .	N. 214
Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He .	N. 222
Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own .	N. 159
Christ, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon	N. 167
Cleere are her eyes . . .	525
Close keep your lips, if that you meane .	739
Come, and let's in solemn wise . . .	871
Come, Anthea, know thou this . . .	679
Come Anthea let us two . . .	762
Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay . . .	717
Come, bring with a noise . . .	785
Come bring your sampler, and with Art .	20
Come come away . . .	341
Come down, and dance ye in the toyle . . .	15
Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie .	786
Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then	457
Come pitie us, all ye, who see . . .	N. 123
Come sit we by the fires side . . .	630
Come sit we under yonder Tree . . .	617

# Index of First Lines 485

	No.
Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take . . .	108
Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile . . .	251
Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings . . .	576
Come thou not neere those men, who are like Bread . . .	7
Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit . . .	516
Come to me God ; but do not come . . .	N. 232
Come with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be . . .	355
Comely Acts well ; and when he speaks his part Command the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence . . .	800
Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes) . . .	724
<i>Conformity gives comelinesse to things</i> . . .	N. 243
Conformity was ever knowne . . .	1041
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend . . .	76
Consider sorrowes, how they are aright . . .	934
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on . . .	811
Crab faces gownes with sundry Furies ; 'tis known . . .	750
Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me . . .	670
Cuffe comes to church much ; but he keeps his bed . . .	243
Cupid as he lay among . . .	109
Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat . . .	139
Cynthus pluck ye by the eare . . .	359
DEAD falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute . . .	147
Dean-bourn, farewell ; I never look to see . . .	309
Deare Perenna, prethee come . . .	86
Deare, though to part it be a Hell . . .	220
Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere . . .	103
Deer God . . .	628
<i>Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed</i> . . .	N. 92
Dew sate on Julia's haire . . .	1000
Did I or love, or could I others draw . . .	485
Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall . . .	558
Discreet and prudent we that Discord call . . .	1059
Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me . . .	709
Do with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with Iohn . . .	231
Do's Fortune rend me ? Beare with thy hard Fate . . .	N. 25
Down with the Rosemary and Bayes . . .	821
Down with the Rosemary, and so . . .	893
Dread not the shackles : on with thine intent . . .	981
Drinke up . . .	1035
	989

# 486 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Drink Wine, and live here blithfull, while ye may .	656
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head .	9
Drowning, drowning, I espie . . .	969
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine . . .	260
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these .	613
EACH must, in vertue, strive for to excell .	299
Eaten I have ; and though I had good cheere .	542
Eeles winds and turnes, and cheats and steales ; yet Eeles . . .	399
E'ene all Religious courses to be rich . .	201
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were .	431
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye . .	895
Ere I goe hence and bee noe more . . .	A. 2
Every time seemes short to be . . .	432
Evill no Nature hath ; the losse of good .	N. 101
Examples lead us, and wee likely see . .	760
Excesse is sluttish : keepe the meane ; for why ?	1110
FAIN would I kisse my Julia's dainty Leg .	350
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile ; The faire . . .	514
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see . . .	317
Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree . . .	468
Faire was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the Skies . . .	202
Faith is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall .	927
Fames pillar here, at last, we set . . .	1130
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare . . .	128
Fat be my Hinde : unlearned be my wife .	939
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome .	60
Fill me a mighty Bowle . . .	654
Fill me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus .	503
First, April, she with mellow showsrs . .	70
First, for Effusions due unto the dead . .	72
First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew .	512
First, Jollies wife is lame ; then next, loose-hipt	163
First, may the hand of bounty bring . .	920
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads .	371
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare	643
Flood, if he has for him and his a bit . .	1113
Fly me not, though I be gray . . .	528
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee .	249
Fold now thine armes ; and hang the head .	132

# Index of First Lines 487

	No.
Fone sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare	110
Foolles are they, who never know	232
For a kisse or two, confesse	985
For all our workes, a recompence is sure	850
For all thy many courtesies to me	805
For being comely, consonant, and free	591
For brave comportment, wit without offence	948
For civill, cleane, and circumcisèd wit	527
For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne	N. 208
For my embalming, Julia, do but this	328
For my neighbour Ile not know	209
For my part I never care	203
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts	302
For punishment in warre, it will suffice	336
For second course, last night, a Custard came	131
For sport my Julia threw a Lace	285
For thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and poor	973
For Those my unbaptizèd Rhimes	N. 2
For truth I may this sentence tell	1060
Fortune did never favour one	521
Fortune no higher Project can devise	536
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own	690
Fresh strowings allow	763
Frollick Virgins once these were	392
From me my Silvia ranne away	909
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free	300
From the dull confines of the drooping West	714
From the Temple to your home	634
From this bleeding hand of mine	217
 GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may	208
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne	178
Give house-roume to the best ; 'Tis never known	936
Give, if thou canst, an Almes ; if not, afford	N. 71
Give me a Cell	771
Give me a man that is not dull	1037
Give me a reason why men call	833
Give me honours ! what are these	N. 64
Give me one kisse	539
Give me that man, that dares bestride	90
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest	798
Give me wine, and give me meate	621
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st	N. 226
Give Want her welcome if she comes ; we find	606
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun	538
Give way, give way, now, now my Charles shines here	686

# 488 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win . . .	477
Glasco had none, but now some teeth has got .	129
Glasse, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want	386
Glide, gentle streams, and beare . . .	123
Glory be to the Graces! . . .	778
Glory no other thing is (Tullie sayes) . . .	711
Go hence, and with this parting kisse . . .	466
Go I must; when I am gone . . .	547
Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that . . .	1003
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower . . .	N. 59
Go wooe young Charles no more to looke . . .	612
God, as He is most Holy knowne . . .	N. 23
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known . . .	N. 135
God (as the learned Damascen doth write) . . .	N. 161
God bought man here with his hearts blood ex- pence . . .	N. 213
God can do all things, save but what are known	N. 166
God can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude .	N. 259
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore	N. 69
God did forbid the Israelites, to bring . . .	N. 179
God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines	N. 212
God doth not promise here to man, that He . . .	N. 252
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes . . .	N. 139
God gives not only corne, for need . . .	N. 66
God gives to none so absolute an Ease . . .	N. 199
God had but one Son free from sin; but none .	N. 134
God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft . . .	N. 240
God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone .	N. 224
God has His whips here to a twofold end . . .	N. 26
God hates the Duall Number; being known . . .	N. 249
God hath this world for many made; 'tis true .	N. 198
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move	N. 6
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers . . .	N. 30
God He refuseth no man; but makes way . . .	N. 131
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight . . .	N. 16
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He	N. 142
God in His own Day will be then severe . . .	N. 156
God, in the holy Tongue, they call . . .	N. 185
God is above the sphere of our esteem . . .	N. 4
God is all fore-part; for, we never see . . .	N. 18
God is all-present to whate're we do . . .	N. 237
God is all-sufferance here; here He doth show	N. 74
God, is His Name of Nature; but that word . . .	N. 141
God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His . . .	N. 187
God is more here, then in another place . . .	N. 197
God is not onely mercifull, to call . . .	N. 19
God is not onely said to be . . .	N. 5



# Index of First Lines 489

	No.
God is so potent, as His Power can . . .	N. 176
God is then said for to descend, when He . . .	N. 244
God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)	N. 14
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring . . .	N. 108
God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert . . .	N. 10
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease . . .	N. 175
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin . . .	N. 32
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares . . .	N. 20
God still rewards us more then our desert . . .	N. 242
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent . . .	N. 31
God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere . . .	N. 236
God tempteth no one (as S. Austine saith) . . .	N. 150
God then confounds mans face, when He not hears . . .	N. 169
God! to my little meale and oyle . . .	N. 130
God when for sin He makes His Children smart . . .	N. 22
God when He's angry here with any one . . .	N. 7
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence . . .	N. 87
God, who me gives a will for to repent . . .	N. 255
God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence . . .	N. 160
God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall . . .	N. 54
Goddesse, I begin an Art . . .	531
Goddesse, I do love a Girle . . .	338
<i>Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring</i> . . .	266
Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinful man) . . .	N. 15
Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse . . .	N. 76
Gods evident, and may be said to be . . .	N. 188
Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed . . .	N. 132
Gods hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall . . .	N. 151
Gods Prescience makes none sinfull; but th' offence . . .	N. 220
God's present ev'ry where; but most of all . . .	N. 207
Gods Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then . . .	N. 21
God's said our hearts to harden then . . .	N. 250
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He . . .	N. 189
God's said to leave this place, and for to come . . .	N. 186
Gods undivided, One in persons Three . . .	N. 191
Goe, happy Rose, and interwove . . .	239
Goe hence away, and in thy parting know . . .	A. 6
Goe, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return . . .	138
Goe thou forth, my booke, though late . . .	1126
Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard . . .	64
Gold I have none, but I present my need . . .	N. 105
Gold I've none, for use or show . . .	218



	No.
Gold serves for Tribute to the King . . .	N. 254
Gone she is a long, long way . . .	849
Good and Great God ! how sho'd I feare . . .	N. 5
Good day, Mirtillo. <i>Mirt.</i> And to you no lesse .	213
Good morrow to the day so fair . . .	413
Good Precepts we must firmly hold . . .	506
Good Princes must be pray'd for : for the bad .	97
Good speed, for I this day . . .	214
Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe please . . .	308
<i>Great Cities seldome rest : If there be none</i> . . .	1031
Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown .	487
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all . . .	668
Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin . . .	980
Grubs loves his Wife and Children, while that they . . .	1078
Grudgings turnes bread to stones, when to the Poore . . .	633
Gryll eates, but ne'er sayes Grace ; to speak the troth . . .	135
Gubbs calls his children Kitlings : and wo'd bound . . .	200
Guesse cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about .	240
 HAILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb . . .	N. 269
Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife . . .	843
Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare . . .	892
Handsome you are, and Proper you will be . . .	959
Happily I had a sight . . .	1019
Happy's that man, to whom God gives . . .	N. 50
<i>Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne</i> . . .	926
Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on . . .	748
Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're . . .	681
<i>Haste is unhappy ; what we Rashly do</i> . . .	814
Have, have ye no regard, all ye . . .	N. 266
Have I not blest Thee? 'Then go forth ; nor fear .	406
Have ye beheld (with much delight) . . .	441
He that ascended in a cloud, shall come . . .	N. 162
<i>He that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound</i> . . .	N. 155
<i>He that may sin, sins least ; Leave to transgresse</i> .	271
He that will live of all cares dispossess . . .	982
He that will not love, must be . . .	254
He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the Power . . .	554
He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile .	602
He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead . . .	1048

# Index of First Lines 491

	No.
Health is no other (as the learned hold) . . .	684
Health is the first good lent to men . . .	121
Heare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach . . .	298
Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He . . .	N. 164
Heaven is not given for our good works here . . .	N. 223
Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit . . .	N. 117
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds . . .	N. 120
Help me, Julia, for to pray . . .	1070
Helpe me! helpe me! now I call . . .	19
Hence a blessed soule is fled . . .	594
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have . . .	219
Hence, hence profane, and none appeare . . .	N. 98
Hence they have born my Lord; behold! the Stone . . .	N. 271
Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee . . .	620
Her pretty feet . . .	526
Here a little child I stand . . .	N. 95
Here a pretty Baby lies . . .	641
Here a solemne Fast we keepe . . .	451
Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay . . .	307
Here, here I live . . .	456
Here, here I live with what my Board . . .	553
Here I my selfe might likewise die . . .	795
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet . . .	765
Here lyes Johnson with the rest . . .	911
Here she lies, a pretty bud . . .	311
Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice) . . .	839
Here we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd . . .	57
Here we securely live, and eate . . .	545
Holy-rood come forth and shield . . .	474
Holy Water come and bring . . .	770
Holy waters hither bring . . .	975
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call . . .	N. 94
Honour to you who sit . . .	779
Horne sells to others teeth; but has not one . . .	596
How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give . . .	N. 62
How am I ravisht! when I do but see . . .	348
How can I choose but love, and follow her . . .	486
How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe, or boot . . .	705
How dull and dead are books, that cannot show . . .	360
How fierce was I, when I did see . . .	940
How long, Perenna, wilt thou see . . .	472
How Love came in, I do not know . . .	73
How rich a man is, all desire to know . . .	329
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art . . .	88
How well contented in this private Grange . . .	1004
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go . . .	N. 89

	No.
Huncks ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)	464
Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember . A.	4
I A DIRGE will pen for thee . . .	977
I am holy, while I stand . . .	652
I am of all bereft . . .	461
I am Sive-like, and can hold . . .	286
I am zeallesse; prethee pray . . .	857
I askt my Lucia but a kisse . . .	600
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read . . .	174
I beginne to waine in sight . . .	483
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will . . .	706
I bring ye Love. Quest. What will love do? .	1002
I burn, I burn; and beg of you . . .	140
I call, I call: who doe ye call? . . .	282
I can but name thee, and methinks I call . . .	332
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before . . .	769
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do . . .	574
I cannot suffer; and in this, my part . . .	448
I co'd but see thee yesterday . . .	829
I co'd never love indeed . . .	491
I could wish you all, who love . . .	290
I crawle, I creep; my Christ, I come . . . N.	129
I dare not ask a kisse . . .	664
I dislik't but even now . . .	408
I do believe, that die I must . . . N.	78
I do not love, nor can it be . . .	407
I do not love to wed . . .	423
I doe love I know not what . . .	586
I dream'd this mortal part of mine . . .	41
I dream'd we both were in a bed . . .	56
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse . . . N.	75
I dreamt the Roses one time went . . .	11
I feare no Earthly Powers . . .	170
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels . . .	13
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold . . .	1121
I have been wanton, and too bold I feare . . .	1096
I have behelde two lovers, in a night . . . A.	3
I have lost, and lately, these . . .	39
I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head . . .	1063
I heard ye co'd coole heat; and came . . .	414
I held Love's head while it did ake . . .	510
I lately fr'id, but now behold . . .	916
I make no haste to have my Numbers read . . .	624
I must . . .	994
I plaid with Love, as with the fire . . .	564
I prest my julia's lips, and in the kisse . . .	701

# Index of First Lines 493

	No.
I saw a Cherry weep, and why? . . .	23
I saw a Flie within a Beade . . .	818
I saw about her spotlesse wrist . . .	169
I send, I send here my supremest kiss . . .	1029
I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers	1
I sing thy praise Iacchus . . .	773
I who have favour'd many, come to be . . .	366
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd . . .	956
I will confesse . . .	947
I will no longer kiss . . .	1092
I would to God, that mine old age might have . . .	N. 115
If Accusation onely can draw blood . . .	529
If after rude and boystrous seas . . .	226
If all transgressions here should have their pay . . .	N. 27
If any thing delight me for to print . . .	N. 61
If, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be . . .	22
If hap it must, that I must see thee lye . . .	961
If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are . . .	507
If I have plaid the Truant, or have here . . .	N. 261
If I kisse Anthea's brest. . .	155
If I lye unburied Sir . . .	822
If Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be . . .	1103
If little labour, little are our gaines . . .	753
If meat the Gods give, I the steame . . .	66
If men can say that beauty dyes . . .	565
If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see . . .	165
If Nature do deny . . .	642
If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse . . .	582
If so be a Toad be laid . . .	588
If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere . . .	861
If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore . . .	501
If Thou beest taken, God forbid . . .	N. 265
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first . . .	6
If thou hast found an honie-combe . . .	910
If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore . . .	N. 39
If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast . . .	622
If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right . . .	310
If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare . . .	265
If wholesome Diet can re-cure a man . . .	1050
If wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere . . .	374
If ye feare to be affrighted . . .	1066
If ye will with Mab find grace . . .	557
Ile come, Ile creep, (though Thou dost threat) . . .	N. 46
Ile come to thee in all those shapes . . .	152
Ile do my best to win, when'ere I wooe . . .	91
Ile get me hence . . .	610

	No.
Ile hope no more . . . . .	N. 104
Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write . . . . .	659
Ile to thee a Simnell bring . . . . .	685
Ile write, because Ile give . . . . .	96
Ile write no more of Love ; but now repent . . . . .	1125
I'm free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare . . . . .	42
I'm sick of Love ; O let me lie . . . . .	421
Immortall clothing I put on . . . . .	820
<i>Imparitie doth ever discord bring</i> . . . . .	813
In a Dreame, Love bad me go . . . . .	629
In all our high designments, 'twill appear . . . . .	925
In all thy need, be thou possesst . . . . .	726
In Battailles what disasters fall . . . . .	914
In desprate cases, all, or most are known . . . . .	828
In doing justice, God shall then be known . . . . .	N. 234
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be . . . . .	N. 165
In Gods commands, ne'er ask the reason why . . . . .	N. 260
In holy meetings, there a man may be . . . . .	437
In man, Ambition is the common'st thing . . . . .	58
In Numbers, and but these few . . . . .	N. 33
In Prayer the Lips ne'er act the winning part . . . . .	N. 35
In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse . . . . .	8
In the hope of ease to come . . . . .	1028
In the houre of my distresse . . . . .	N. 41
In the morning when ye rise . . . . .	1065
In the old Scripture I have often read . . . . .	N. 34
In things a moderation keepe . . . . .	781
In this little Urne is laid . . . . .	783
In this little Vault she lyes . . . . .	145
In this misfortune Kings doe most excell . . . . .	933
In this world (the Isle of Dreames) . . . . .	N. 128
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse . . . . .	344
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be . . . . .	N. 140
In wayes to greatnesse, think on this . . . . .	662
In's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse . . . . .	1116
Instead of Orient Pearls, of Jet . . . . .	34
Instruct me now, what love will do . . . . .	1076
Is this a Fast, to keep . . . . .	N. 228
Is this a life, to break thy sleep . . . . .	671
It is sufficient if we pray . . . . .	153
It was, and still my care is . . . . .	675
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd ; that's not All . . . . .	445
JACOB Gods Beggar was ; and so we wait . . . . .	N. 171
Jealous Girles these sometimes were. . . . .	504
Jehovah, as Boëtius saith . . . . .	N. 168
Jone wo'd go tel her haire ; and well she might . . . . .	532

# Index of First Lines 495

	No
Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs . . .	398
Judith has cast her old-skin, and got new . . .	357
Julia and I did lately sit . . .	49
Julia, I bring . . .	172
Julia, if I chance to die . . .	59
Julia, was carelesse, and withall . . .	27
Julia, when thy Herrick dies . . .	500
Justly our dearest Saviour may abhorre us . . .	N. 209
 KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then . . .	 894
<i>Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will contemne</i> . . .	1098
Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes . . .	683
Kings must not only cherish up the good . . .	776
<i>Kings must not use the Axe for each offence</i> . . .	999
Kissing and bussing differ both in this . . .	513
Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away . . .	710
Know when to speake; for many times it brings . . .	1038
 LABOUR we must, and labour hard . . .	 N. 152
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be . . .	50
Lasciviousnesse is known to be . . .	N. 138
Last night I drew up mine Account . . .	N. 107
Last night thou didst invite me home to eate . . .	425
Lay by the good a while; a resting field . . .	923
Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall . . .	397
Leech boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone . . .	316
Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see . . .	151
Let but thy voice engender with the string . . .	253
Let faire or foule my Mistresse be . . .	580
Let Kings and Rulers learne this line from me . . .	972
Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may . . .	346
Let me be warme; let me be fully fed . . .	93
Let me not live, if I not love . . .	1083
Let me sleep this night away . . .	550
Let moderation on thy passions waite . . .	1039
Let not that Day Gods Friends and Servants scare . . .	N. 126
Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me . . .	876
Let others looke for Pearle and Gold . . .	N. 60
Let others to the Printing Presse run fast . . .	1023
Let the superstitious wife . . .	890
Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee . . .	117
Let us now take time, and play . . .	692
Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed . . .	10

# 496 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Let's be jocund while we may . . . . .	640
Lets call for Hymen if agreed thou art . . . . .	782
Let's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may . . . . .	454
Let's live with that smal pittance that we have . . . . .	608
Lets now take our time . . . . .	807
Let's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it . . . . .	1001
Life is the Bodies light ; which once declining . . . . .	577
Life of my life, take not so soone Thy flight . . . . .	186
Like those infernall Deities which eate . . . . .	827
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last . . . . .	194
Like to the Income must be our expence . . . . .	288
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde . . . . .	1044
Lillies will languish ; Violets look ill . . . . .	118
Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know . . . . .	382
Little you are ; for Womans sake be proud . . . . .	601
Live by thy Muse thou shalt ; when others die . . . . .	593
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see . . . . .	522
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate . . . . .	28
Long Locks of late our Zelot Peason weares . . . . .	844
Look how our foule Dayes doe exceed our faire . . . . .	N. 1
Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare . . . . .	354
Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear . . . . .	986
Looke in my Book, and herein see . . . . .	907
Lord, do not beat me . . . . .	N. 49
Lord, I am like to Missetoe . . . . .	N. 114
Lord, I confesse, that thou alone art able . . . . .	N. 73
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell . . . . .	N. 47
Lost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone . . . . .	955
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one . . . . .	356
Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day . . . . .	41
Love and the Graces evermore do wait . . . . .	761
Love bade me aske a gift . . . . .	250
Love brought me a silent Grove . . . . .	864
Love he that will ; it best likes me . . . . .	409
Love, I have broke . . . . .	459
Love, I recant . . . . .	247
Love in a showre of Blossomes came . . . . .	884
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere . . . . .	840
Love is a circle that doth restlesse move . . . . .	29
Love is a kind of warre : Hence those who feare . . . . .	873
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse . . . . .	951
Love is a sirrup ; and who er'e we see . . . . .	950
<i>Love is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent</i> . . . . .	677
Love, like a Beggar, came to me . . . . .	943
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came . . . . .	166
Love love begets ; then never be . . . . .	747



# Index of First Lines 497

	No.
Love, love me now, because I place . . .	860
Love on a day (wise Poets tell) . . .	261
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare . . .	85
Love's a thing, (as I do heare) . . .	287
Love-sick I am, and must endure . . .	157
Love's of it self, too sweet ; the best of all . . .	1085
Lulls swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose . . .	887
Lupes for the outside of his suite has paid . . .	970
 MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere . . .	 519
Maidens tell me I am old . . .	853
Maidens nay's are nothing, they are shie . . .	736
Make haste away, and let one be . . .	845
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God . . .	N. 48
Make me a heaven ; and make me there . . .	133
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never . . .	559
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part . . .	395
Man knowes where first he ships himselfe ; but he . . .	469
Man may at first transgress, but next do well . . .	1022
Man may want Land to live in ; but for all . . .	808
Man must do well out of a good intent . . .	918
<i>Mans disposition is for to requite</i> . . .	924
Many we are, and yet but few possesse . . .	471
May his pretty Duke-ship grow . . .	267
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed) . . .	1018
Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came . . .	40
Mease brags of Pullets which he eats : but Mease . . .	362
Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd . . .	708
<i>Men are suspicious ; prone to discontent</i> . . .	922
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke ; for we . . .	991
Men say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true . . .	242
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be . . .	N. 148
Mighty Neptune, may it please . . .	326
Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for why ? . . .	832
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine . . .	688
Mony thou ow'st me ; Prethee fix a day . . .	206
Moon is an Usurer, whose gain . . .	370
Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said . . .	236
More discontents I never had . . .	51
More white then whitest Lillies far . . .	105
Much-more, provides, and hoords up like an Ant . . .	188
Mudge every morning to the Postern comes . . .	966
Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming spel . . .	255
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go . . .	1069

# 498 Herrick's Poems

	No.
My faithful friend, if you can see . . . .	198
My God, I'm wounded by my sin . . . .	N. 17
My God ! looke on me with Thine eye . . . .	N. 29
My head doth ake . . . .	592
My Lucia in the deaw did go . . . .	730
My many cares and much distress . . . .	1017
My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres	225
My soule would one day goe and seeke . . . .	877
My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd ! . .	1128
My wooing's ended : now my weddings neere . .	480
NAUGHT are all Women ; I say no . . . .	886
Need is no vice at all ; though here it be . . .	699
Nero commanded ; but withdrew his eyes . . .	680
Never my Book's perfection did appeare . . . .	246
Never was Day so over-sick with showres . . . .	146
Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one . .	511
Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep .	N. 77
Night hides our thefts ; all thoughts then pardon'd be . . . .	587
Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark . . . .	865
Nis, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes . .	897
No fault in women to refuse . . . .	292
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill . . . .	1049
No man comes late unto that place from whence . .	657
No man is tempted so, but may o'recome . . . .	N. 211
<i>No man so well a Kingdome rules, as He</i> . . . .	1075
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim . .	954
No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray . . . .	571
No more shall I, since I am driven hence . . . .	334
No news of Navies burnt at Seas . . . .	320
No trust to Metals nor to Marbels, when . . . .	A. 9
No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas . . . .	616
Noah the first was (as Tradition sayes) . . . .	N. 195
None goes to warfare, but with this intent . . .	120
Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene . .	154
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd . .	764
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe . . . .	546
Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst .	1093
Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set . . . .	185
Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see . . . .	598
Nothing comes Free-cost here ; Jove will not let . .	470
Nothing hard, or harsh can prove . . . .	702
Nothing is New ; we walk where others went . . .	353
Now, if you love me, tell me . . . .	1056
Now is the time for mirth . . . .	201

# Index of First Lines 499

	No.
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim .	55
Now is your turn, (my Dearest) to be set .	790
Now, now the mirth comes .	1036
Now, now's the time ; so oft by truth .	149
Now Patrick with his footmanship has done .	419
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see .	968
O EARTH ! Earth ! Earth ! heare thou my voice, and be .	52
O Jealousie, that art .	453
O Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill .	740
O Thou, the wonder of all dayes ! .	N. 83
O ! Times most bad .	597
O Yeares ! and Age ! Farewell .	N. 58
O ! you the Virgins nine ! .	958
Of all our parts, the eyes expresse .	301
Of all the good things whatsoe're we do .	N. <i>fin.</i>
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre .	452
Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find .	766
Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth Gorrell boast .	221
Of foure teeth onely Bridget was possest .	420
Offer thy gift ; but first the Law commands .	958
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do .	723
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say .	379
Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week .	436
Old Widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill .	802
Old wives have often told, how they .	46
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get .	385
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest .	1010
One ask'd me where the roses grew ? .	45
One Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet .	N. 182
One Eare tingles ; some there be .	1097
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane .	462
One man repentant is of more esteem .	N. 205
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent .	517
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come .	635
One of the five straight branches of my hand .	566
One onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall .	N. 227
One silent night of late .	81
One silver spoon shines in the house of Croot .	1111
Onely a little more .	211
Open thy gates .	N. 111
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown .	674
Orpheus he went (as Poets tell) .	799

# 500 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind . . .	752
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate . . .	1016
Our Crosses are no other then the rods . . .	863
Our Honours, and our Commendations be . . .	297
Our Houshold-gods our Parents be . . .	648
Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye . . .	548
Our present Teares here (not our present laughter) . . .	N. 90
Out of the world he must, when once comes in . . .	549
PAGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then . . .	171
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather) . . .	N. 177
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat) . . .	N. 113
Pardon my trespasses (Silvia,) I confesse . . .	937
Parrat protests 'tis he, and only he . . .	502
Part of the worke remaines; one part is past . . .	1127
Partly worke and partly play . . .	1027
Paske, though his debt be due upon the day . . .	364
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well . . .	N. 200
Pauls hands do give; what give they, bread or meat . . .	732
Peapes he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if . . .	836
Permit me, Julia, now to goe away . . .	156
Permit mine eyes to see . . .	N. 106
Phœbus! when that I a Verse . . .	304
Physitians say Repletion springs . . .	952
Physitians fight not against men; but these . . .	647
Pievish doth boast, that he's the very first . . .	411
Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see . . .	210
Play, Phœbus on thy Lute . . .	389
Play their offensive and defensive parts . . .	N. 109
Please your Grace, from out your Store . . .	639
Ponder my words, if so that any be . . .	715
Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see . . .	928
Prat he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault . . .	693
Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two . . .	N. 9
Predestination is the Cause alone . . .	N. 215
Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come . . .	N. 97
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude) . . .	536
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run . . .	709
Prickles is waspish, and puts forth his sting . . .	904
Prig now drinks Water, who before drank Beere . . .	183
Prigg, when he comes to houses, oft doth use . . .	369
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they . . .	759
Prue, my dearest Maid, is sick . . .	303
Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play . . .	774

# Index of First Lines 501

	No.
Put off Thy Robe of Purple; then go on .	N. 263
Put on thy Holy Fillitings, and so .	899
Put on your silks; and piece by piece .	54
Putrefaction is the end .	433
 RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me. .	N. 124
Rare are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show .	524
Rare is the voice itself; but when we sing .	1102
Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know .	223
Reach, with your whiter hands, to me .	496
Read thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be	1090
Readers, wee entreat ye pray .	815
Reproach we may the living; not the dead .	626
Rise, Household-Gods, and let us goe .	279
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part .	N. 154
Rook he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie .	440
Roses at first were white .	259
Roses, you can never die .	1071
Rumpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can .	1107
Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether	1117
 SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes .	N. 194
Sadly I walk't within the field .	187
Sapho, I will chuse to go .	804
Science in God, is known to be .	N. 136
Sea-born Goddesses, let me be .	347
See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espie .	95
See how the poore do waiting stand .	351
Seeing thee Soame, I see a Goodly man .	467
See'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare .	349
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State .	816
Seest thou those Diamonds which she weares .	331
Shall I a daily Beggar be .	1015
Shall I go to Love and tell .	837
<i>Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis</i> <i>prov'd</i> .	N. 85
Shame is a bad attendant to a State .	489
Shapcot I to thee the Fairy State .	294
Shark when he goes to any publick feast .	293
She by the River sate, and sitting there .	744
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so .	743
Shew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighs	404
Shift now has cast his clothes; got all things new .	373
Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here	908
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night .	442
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring .	1055

# 502 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall . . .	N. 218
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone . . .	N. 219
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels . . .	N. 86
Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went . . .	N. 217
<i>Sin no existence; Nature none it hath . . .</i>	N. 173
Sin once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere . . .	N. 100
Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest) . . .	393
Since Jack and Jill both wicked be . . .	435
Since shed or Cottage I have none . . .	1057
Since to th' Country first I came . . .	490
Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleare . . .	391
Sinners confounded are a twofold way . . .	N. 210
Sitting alone (as one forsook) . . .	142
Skinns he dined well to-day; how do you think? . . .	410
Skrew lives by shifts; yet swears by no small oathes . . .	381
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call . . .	938
Sneape has a faee so brittle, that it breaks . . .	312
So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light . . .	248
So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small . . .	N. 192
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute . . .	229
So look the mornings when the Sun . . .	812
So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes . . .	104
So smell those odours that do rise . . .	376
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice . . .	67
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles . . .	197
Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew? . . .	75
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all . . .	555
Some salve to every sore, we may apply . . .	842
Some would know . . .	26
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse . . .	700
Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe . . .	N. 81
Sound Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small . . .	650
Speak, did the Bloud of Abel cry . . .	N. 203
Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres . . .	913
Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith . . .	885
Spokes, when he sees a rosted Pig, he swears . . .	983
Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet . . .	619
Spunge makes his boasts that he's the onely man . . .	455
Spur jingles now, and swears by no meane oathes . . .	1100
Stand by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes . . .	870
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here . . .	746



# Index of First Lines 503

	No.
Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise . . . . .	484
Stately Goddesses, do thou please . . . .	361
Stay while ye will, or goe . . . . .	207
<i>Still take advice; though counsels, when they flye . . . . .</i>	1040
Still to our gains our chief respect is had . .	352
Store of courage to me grant . . . . .	387
Stripes justly given yerke us (with their fall) .	1051
<i>Studies themselves will languish and decay . .</i>	1034
Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk .	N. 12
Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife . . . .	137
Sweet Amarillis, by a Spring's . . . . .	130
Sweet are my Julia's lips and cleane . . . .	858
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes . . . .	160
Sweet Bridget blusht, & therewithall . . . .	563
Sweet Country life, to such unknown . . . .	663
Sweet Oenone, doe but say . . . . .	791
Sweet virgin, that I do not set . . . . .	377
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is . . . .	256
TAKE mine advise, and go not neere . . . .	869
Tap (better known than trusted) as we heare .	830
Teage has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells . . . . .	881
Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayst move . . . . .	901
<i>Teares quickly drie: griefes will in time decay</i>	931
Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine . . . . .	646
Tell, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come	415
Tell me rich man, for what intent . . . .	N. 239
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits . . .	882
Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring .	957
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access . . . . .	964
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue . .	N. 102
Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse	N. 79
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite . .	N. 42
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherd's Tent)	508
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbear	204
That Christ did die, the Pagan saith . . . .	N. 247
That flow of Gallants which approach . . .	697
That for seven Lusters I did never come . .	82
That Happiness do's still the longest thrive .	793
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see . . .	127
That little prettie bleeding part : . . . .	N. 125



# 504 Herrick's Poems

	No
That Love last long ; let it thy first care be .	495
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last .	1084
That Manna, which God on His people cast .	N. 146
That Morne which saw me made a Bride .	272
<i>That Prince must govern with a gentle hand .</i>	1068
<i>That Prince takes soone enough the Victors roome</i>	269
<i>That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's</i> <i>just .</i>	1104
That Princes may possesse a surer seat .	439
That there's a God, we all do know .	N. 238
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be .	358
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever .	N. 172
The bloud of Abel was a thing .	N. 204
The Body is the Soules poore house, or home .	866
The body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon	1112
The bound (almost) now of my book I see .	1020
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say .	N. 206
The factions of the great ones call .	878
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath .	N. 202
The Gods require the thighs .	737
<i>The Gods to Kings the Judgment give to sway .</i>	270
The Hag is astride .	644
The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease .	N. 193
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)	N. 178
The lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease	N. 119
The Lictors bundl'd up their rods : beside .	921
The longer thred of life we spin .	N. 144
The May-pole is up .	696
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound	24
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)	N. 157
The only comfort of my life .	1053
The Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth fall	978
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent .	1074
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse .	846
The repetition of the name made known .	N. 174
The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd .	687
The Saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read .	585
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be	N. 163
The seeds of Treason choake up as they spring	17
The shame of mans face is no more .	N. 170
The staffe is now greas'd .	1123
The strength of Baptisme, that's within .	N. 253
The sup'rabundance of my store .	N. 127
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre .	N. 145
The time the Bridegroom staves from hence .	N. 153
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say) .	1047
The Virgin Marie was (as I have read) .	N. 190

# Index of First Lines 505

	No.
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there) .	N. 180
The work is done ; now let my Lawrell be .	N. 262
The worke is done : young men and maidens, set . . . . .	1129
Then did I live when I did see . . . . .	1021
There is no evill that we do commit . . . . .	N. 196
There's no constraint to do amisse . . . . .	N. 225
These fresh beauties (we can prove) . . . . .	37
These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd .	479
These Summer-Birds did with thy master stay .	388
These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends . . . . .	N. 201
<i>Things are uncertain, and the more we get</i> . . . . .	1033
This Axiom I have often heard . . . . .	673
This Crosse-Tree here . . . . .	N. 268
This Day is Yours, Great CHARLES ! and in this War . . . . .	824
This day my Julia thou must make . . . . .	806
This Ile tell ye by the way . . . . .	1064
This is my comfort, when she's most unkind .	1062
<i>This is the height of Justice, that to doe .</i> . . . .	615
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall .	438
This rule of manners I will teach my guests .	1006
This Stone can tell the storie of my life . . . . .	979
<i>Those ends in War the best contentment bring .</i> . . . .	1030
Those Garments lasting evermore . . . . .	N. 231
Those ills that mortall men endure . . . . .	396
Those possessions short-liv'd are . . . . .	712
Those Saints, which God loves best . . . . .	N. 28
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave .	N. 181
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never .	241
Thou art to all lost love the best . . . . .	263
Thou bidst me come away . . . . .	N. 53
Thou bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why .	N. 52
Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold .	237
Thou gav'st me leave to kisse . . . . .	365
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree . . . . .	384
Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead .	854
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be . . . . .	N. 40
Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne .	540
Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre .	872
Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here .	71
Thou saist thou lov'st me Sapho ; I say no .	867
'Thou say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lesse so I be .	1082
Thou sayest Loves Dart . . . . .	834
Thou say'st my lines are hard . . . . .	345

# 506 Herrick's Poems

	No.
Thou seest me Lucia this year droope . . .	974
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I . .	465
Thou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire shines . . .	367
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway . . .	875
Thou who wilt not love, doe this . . .	195
Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine .	158
Though by well-warding many blowes w've past . . .	689
Though Clock . . .	725
Though Frankinsense the Deities require . .	941
Though from without no foes at all we feare .	929
Though good things answer many good intents	276
Though hourelly comforts from the Gods we see	277
Though I cannot give thee fires . . .	325
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt	655
Though Thou beest all that Active Love . . .	N. 246
Thousands each day passe by, which wee . .	672
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin . . .	N. 11
Three lovely Sisters working were . . .	47
Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art thou . . .	106
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have .	735
Through all the night . . .	N. 56
Thus I . . .	476
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold . . .	175
Thy former coming was to cure . . .	N. 257
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire . . .	614
Till I shall come again, let this suffice . .	378
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go	767
Time was upon . . .	N. 38
'Tis a known principle in War . . .	291
<i>'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings</i> . .	930
'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet . . .	535
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend . .	N. 8
'Tis Heresie in others : In your face . . .	482
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord ; but he . . .	888
'Tis much among the filthy to be clean . . .	1043
<i>'Tis never, or but seldome knowne</i> . . .	789
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall . . .	1046
'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies . . .	63
'Tis not ev'ry day, that I . . .	715
'Tis not greatness they require . . .	65
'Tis not the food, but the content . . .	313
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends . .	718
'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among . . .	707
<i>'Tis still observ'd that Fame ne're sings</i> . . .	722

# Index of First Lines 507

	No.
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are .	995
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art.	809
'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show .	551
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be .	N. 221
To a Love-Feast we both invited are .	N. 65
<i>To an old soare a long cure must goe on .</i>	1013
To Bread and Water none is poore .	100
To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe .	274
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall .	141
To fetch me Wine my Lucia went .	505
To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed .	161
To gather Flowers Sappha went .	741
To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside .	12
To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go .	N. 133
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't .	1131
To house the Hag, you must doe this .	891
To joyn with them who here confer .	N. 270
To me my Julia lately sent .	32
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise .	252
To mortall men great loads allotted be .	716
To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares .	215
To paint the fiend, Pink would the Devill see .	273
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause .	449
To read my Booke the Virgin shie .	4
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must .	177
To seek of God more then we well can find .	N. 70
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite .	784
To this white Temple of my Heroes, here .	497
To work a wonder, God would have her shown .	N. 183
Tom Blinks his Nose, is full of wheales, and these .	835
Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can .	797
Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare .	852
Trap, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is .	1077
Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can .	645
Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state .	704
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin .	N. 13
True rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove) .	N. 147
True to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear .	339
Truggin a Footman was; but now, growne lame .	883
Trust me Ladies, I will do .	473
<i>Truth by her own simplicity is known .</i>	1095
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes .	903
Tumble me down, and I will sit .	678

# 508 Herrick's Poems

'Twas but a single Rose . . . . .	No. 144
'Twas Cesars saying : <i>Kings no lesse Conquerors</i> are . . . . .	826
'Twas not Lov's Dart . . . . .	427
Twice has Pudica been a Bride, and led	478
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say . . . . .	859
Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds . . . . .	25
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known . . . . .	862
<i>Twixt Truth and Errour ; there's this difference</i> <i>known</i> . . . . .	1032
Two instruments belong unto our God . . . . .	N. 241
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd . . . . .	18
Two parts of us successively command . . . . .	340
Two things do make society to stand . . . . .	848
UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare . . . . .	78
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers . . . . .	568
Urles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand . . . . .	578
Ursley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace . . . . .	544
VINEGER is no other I define . . . . .	965
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd . . . . .	125
Virgins, time-past, known were these . . . . .	167
WANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon . . . . .	906
Wanton Wenches doe not bring . . . . .	1099
Wantons we are ; and though our words be such . . . . .	625
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure . . . . .	1054
Wash your hands, or else the fire . . . . .	787
Wassaile the Trees, that they may beare . . . . .	788
Water, water I desire . . . . .	61
Water, Water I espie . . . . .	162
We are Coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own . . . . .	N. 218
We blame, nay, we despise her paines . . . . .	868
We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please . . . . .	905
We merit all we suffer, and by far . . . . .	N. 235
We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace . . . . .	794
We read how Faunus, he the shepherds God . . . . .	987
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre . . . . .	917
We two are last in Hell : what may we feare . . . . .	101
Weelcome ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse . . . . .	314
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light . . . . .	953
Weigh me the Fire ; or canst thou find . . . . .	N. 3
Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are . . . . .	962

# Index of First Lines 509

	No.
Welcome, Maids of Honour . . . . .	205
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us . . . . .	77
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late . . . . .	984
Were I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse . . . . .	84
Were there not a Matter known . . . . .	434
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents . . . . .	971
What can I do in Poetry . . . . .	335
What! can my Kellam drink his Sack . . . . .	919
What Conscience, say, is it in thee . . . . .	447
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see . . . . .	757
What God gives, and what we take . . . . .	N. 93
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit . . . . .	N. 88
What I fancy, I approve . . . . .	21
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve . . . . .	623
What is't that wastes a Prince? example shoves . . . . .	1106
What need we marry Women, when . . . . .	949
What needs complaints . . . . .	1025
What now we like, anon we disapprove . . . . .	518
What off-spring other men have got . . . . .	682
What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease . . . . .	1101
What's got by Justice is establisht sure . . . . .	1024
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day . . . . .	284
What sweeter musick can we bring . . . . .	N. 96
What though my Harp, and Violl be . . . . .	N. 84
What though the Heaven be lowring now . . . . .	509
What though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore . . . . .	212
What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-shows . . . . .	124
What was't that fell but now . . . . .	192
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do . . . . .	627
What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth . . . . .	134
Whatever comes, let's be content withall . . . . .	N. 55
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend . . . . .	1122
Whatsoever thing I see . . . . .	751
When a Daffadill I see . . . . .	107
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead . . . . .	N. 80
When after many Lusters thou shalt be . . . . .	665
When age or Chance has made me blind . . . . .	98
When all Birds els do of their musick faile . . . . .	727
When as Leander young was drown'd . . . . .	119
When Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries . . . . .	1087
When ere my heart, Love's warmth but enter-taines . . . . .	113
When feare admits no hope of safety, then . . . . .	1119
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write . . . . .	967



# 510 Herrick's Poems

	No.
When flowing garments I behold . . . . .	1011
When I a ship see on the Seas . . . . .	N. 118
When I a Verse shall make . . . . .	605
When I behold a Forrest spread . . . . .	561
When I behold Thee, almost slain . . . . .	N. 267
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay . . . . .	523
When I departed am, ring thou my knell . . . . .	280
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart . . . . .	122
When I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare . . . . .	653
When I love, (as some have told) . . . . .	570
When I of Villars doe but heare the name . . . . .	342
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasses here . . . . .	N. 99
When I through all my many Poems look . . . . .	227
When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie . . . . .	16
When I thy singing next shall heare . . . . .	68
When Jill complains to Jack for want of meate . . . . .	499
When Julia blushes, she do's show . . . . .	296
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while . . . . .	150
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see . . . . .	609
When man is punisht, he is plaguèd still . . . . .	N. 110
When my date's done, and my gray age must die . . . . .	112
When my off'ring next I make . . . . .	418
When once the sin has fully acted been . . . . .	N. 37
When once the Soule has lost her way . . . . .	N. 233
When one is past, another care we have . . . . .	48
When others gain much by the present cast . . . . .	375
When out of bed my Love doth spring . . . . .	405
When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was . . . . .	62
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone . . . . .	35
When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing . . . . .	363
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read . . . . .	N. 264
When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak . . . . .	1073
When to a House I come, and see . . . . .	1005
When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see . . . . .	1072
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more . . . . .	N. 116
When well we speak, & nothing do that's good . . . . .	N. 256
When what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring . . . . .	30
When Winds and Seas do rage . . . . .	N. 122
When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise . . . . .	321
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite . . . . .	847
Whenas in silks my Julia goes . . . . .	780
Whene I go, or what so ere befalls . . . . .	819
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears . . . . .	N. 63
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire . . . . .	874
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still . . . . .	173



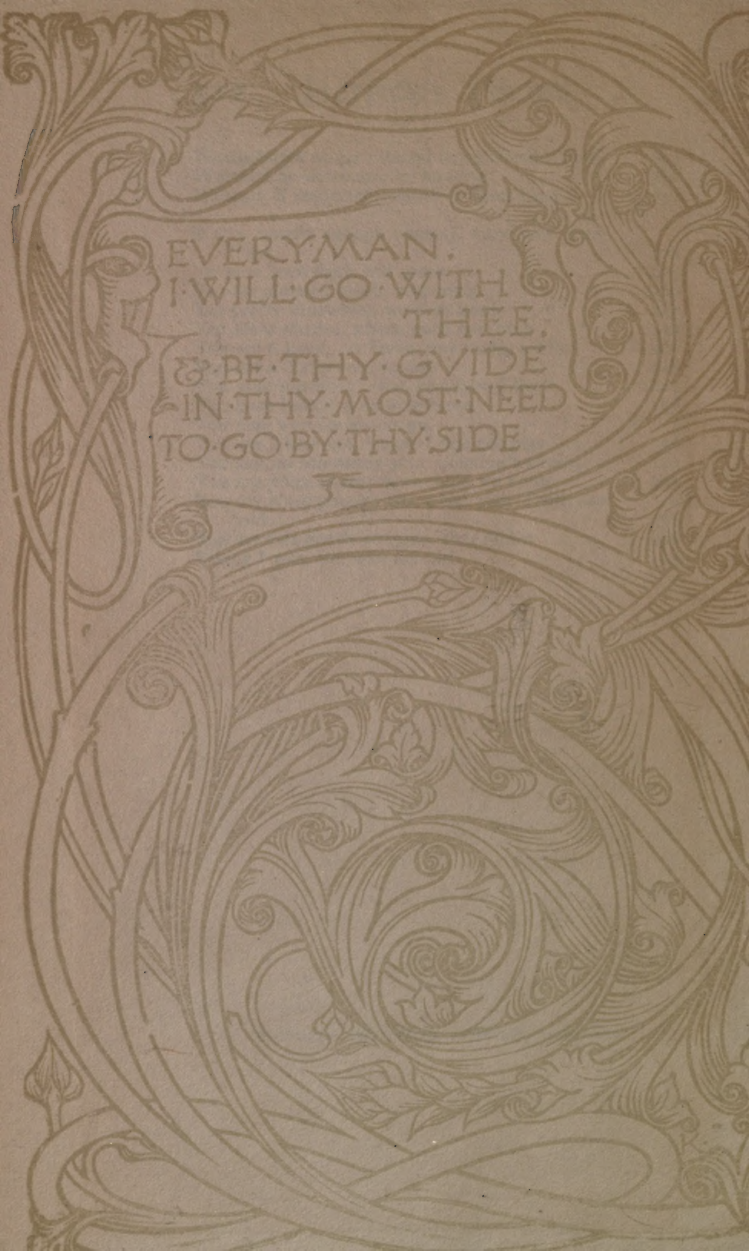
# Index of First Lines 511

	No.
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there	1088
Wherever Nodes do's in the Summer come . . .	823
Whether I was my selfe, or else did see . . .	1081
While Fates permit us, let's be merry . . .	458
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed . . .	196
While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee . . .	181
While the milder Fates consent . . .	111
While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd . . .	3
White as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles . . .	742
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know . . .	190
Whither dost thou whorry me . . .	416
Whither, Mad-maiden, wilt thou roame? . . .	2
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly . . .	115
Who after his transgression doth repent . . .	810
Who begs to die for feare of humane need . . .	856
<i>Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone</i> . . .	289
<i>Who may do most, do's least; The bravest will</i> . . .	1058
Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile? . . .	1061
Who, railing, drives the Lazer from his door . . .	695
Who read'st this Book that I have writ . . .	661
Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health . . .	1042
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when . . .	792
Who with a little cannot be content . . .	607
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can . . .	168
Whose head befringed with be-scatterèd tresses	A. 1
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare . . .	257
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Teares . . .	258
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart . . .	1091
Why I tye about thy wrist . . .	323
Why, Madam, will ye longer weep . . .	515
Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know . . .	996
Why so slowly do you move . . .	851
Why this Flower is now call'd so . . .	36
Why walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content? . . .	424
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare? . . .	N. 36
Will ye heare, what I can say . . .	343
Wilt thou my true Friend be? . . .	575
With blameless carriage, I liv'd here . . .	116
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here . . .	N. 103
Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes	222
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? . . .	417
Wo'd I woove, and wo'd I winne . . .	898
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get? . . .	720
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream? . . .	492
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife) . . .	79
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it	676

# 512 Herrick's Poems

Words beget Anger ; Anger brings forth blowes	No.
Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse	902
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time	368
	777
Y'AVE laught enough (sweet), vary now your	
Text . . . . .	278
Ye have been fresh and green . . . . .	275
Ye may simper, blush, and smile . . . . .	189
Yee pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know . . . . .	443
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here . . . . .	450
You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man . . . . .	460
You are a Tulip seen to day . . . . .	216
You aske me what I doe, and how I live? . . . . .	1014
You have beheld a smiling Rose . . . . .	193
You may vow Ile not forget . . . . .	A. 5
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play . . . . .	38
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong . . . . .	143
You say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know . . . . .	283
You say y'are young ; but when your Teeth are told . . . . .	463
You see this gentle streame, that glides . . . . .	721
Young I was, but now am old . . . . .	43





EVERYMAN.  
I WILL GO WITH  
THEE.  
& BE THY GVIDE  
IN THY MOST NEED  
TO GO BY THY SIDE





PKP  
1970

